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THE TIMES.

The Prentice-Chapleau enquiry at Quebec is as painful as it is pitiful. Mr. Prentice claims that by the production of these personal and private affairs he seeks neither reward nor revenge, but to demonstrate that he had actual authority from Mr. Chapleau to negotiate the loan for four million of dollars on behalf of the Quebec government, and at the same time to refute the charge that he made an effort to injure the credit of the Province. That he will succeed as to the first point is by no means likely. That Mr. Chapleau was a little unguarded in his business dealings with Mr. Prentice, giving him the opportunity of using his somewhat superabundant vanity as to his ability to negotiate loans, is already evident; and it is safe to affirm that it would have been vastly better had the Premier been more explicit with him. By assuming certain things which Mr. Chapleau did not take the trouble to deny, Mr. Prentice soon got to imagine, and probably to believe that his assumptions were matters of contract. Evidently Mr. Chapleau intended to secure a loan on the best possible terms, and if Mr. Prentice could have negotiated it more advantageously than any one else it would have been accepted. But Mr. Prentice did not offer the loan at any definite price until the very morning the cable brought information that the money could be obtained from Paris bankers at 98. Then Mr. Prentice wrote a formal offer to raise the loan at 98¼. But he did not give the names of the parties from whom the money was to be got, and when their names did transpire Mr. Chapleau had reason to know that Mr. Prentice had no authority to act on their behalf.

As to the second point Mr. Prentice is attempting to establish, it is on the whole a pity that Mr. Chapleau should have made the charge. To do anything by which discredit would be brought upon the Province would—as Mr. Prentice says—be a very “dastardly act,” and since he says that he would not do such a thing even if he could, we are bound to believe him; and we are equally bound to accept our own, and the general opinion, that he could not if he would. The bit of credit still pertaining to this over-burdened Province is not at the mercy of a broker whose commercial reputation—to say the kindest thing about it—is not exactly first class. In his haste Mr. Chapleau made that charge, and before he had rightly estimated his quondam friend's standing in the market, and now he can well afford to withdraw it at his leisure. One thing is certain, the credit of the Province will not suffer by its being made public that Mr. Prentice is no longer the trusted friend and financial agent of “*le Premier Ministre*.” If he could untie, or cut in the same summary manner, the knots which bind him to some others he would gain in reputation and public confidence.

So far as the people generally are concerned the enquiry can only result directly in a waste of time and money, but indirectly an incalculable amount of mischief will be done. Two men who have been

on the most intimate terms of personal friendship are now seated at opposite sides of a table, producing private letters and cipher telegrams, and retailing confidential conversations in the public ear. Mr. Chapleau was injudicious and hasty in reading that letter to the House which, of course, was published in the papers, but he has the excuse of great provocation on the part of others, and misapprehension on his own part. Since then he has been on the defensive, and Mr. Prentice is entirely responsible for what has taken place; he has revealed what should have been kept a secret, and has treated with the lightness of unreasoning anger what should have remained sacred to the end of his life. When friends are engaged in commercial transactions together, they may be expected to write letters and indulge in conversations which, if afterward repeated, may be made to look ugly for them both. Nothing is easier than to construe friendly overtures into gross corruption, and unconsidered silence into tacit engagements. But that is not the worst feature of the case; once again we have an exhibition of that miserable spirit which treats friendship as a thing of no value in the grave concerns of life. Mr. Prentice was Mr. Chapleau's friend for the sake of the money he could make by him. When one possible bargain had fallen through, and a hasty, injudicious step had been taken, all friendliness went by the board, and disappointment laboured for what the public will call revenge, whatever Mr. Prentice may choose to call it. If this is the way with friendship, what is the use of it? If the first business disappointment is to mean that secrets are to be betrayed and confidences broken, we had better have no friendship except that which is convertible into the current coin of the realm. Unfortunately, Mr. Prentice's conduct in this matter is not uncommon among us, and whenever it happens it is demoralizing, and whoever is guilty of it is mean and contemptible. It will be a state of things to be enjoyed when public opinion has put its brand upon the kind of friendship which only exists by the pleasure which is got by profit.

The twelfth of July has come and gone, and there has been not so much as the semblance of trouble. And this was altogether due to the generous reasonableness of the Orangemen. They decided to have no processions and to wear no regalia so as to give no pretext for a disturbance of the peace. Their programme was as unostentatious and inoffensive as a programme could be, and why there should have been “a call published on Saturday evening to the branches from No. 1 to 18 of the Roman Catholic Union to meet in the morning and wait orders” is inexplicable, except upon the ground that the said Roman Catholic Union thinks it is going to rule the city. The Orangemen made it plain that they are law-abiding citizens—that they do not wish to do anything which might provoke a disturbance of the peace, and even forebore from wearing a lily in the button-hole; but the Catholic Union had better be advised, and not attempt to show that it has coerced them into this peaceful policy. That would be a losing game and lead to R. C. U. disasters. The Orangemen are to be congratulated on their prudence; they have taken a step in the right direction, and we may well hope to hear no more of July processions—but the Roman Catholic Union must not put on airs, and constitute itself a church, a magistrate, and a special constable, after the type of the Beaudry lambs.

It is evident that we have entered upon a new phase of banking business. Extreme recklessness has given way to extreme caution, and a policy of directorial generosity has been substituted for the creed of non-responsibility. A little while ago the community was somewhat startled by the frank, manly, and business-like statement of the Manager of the Bank of Montreal. The reign of mere sentiment

was brought to an abrupt termination, and facts were presented and treated with the respect they deserved. The Manager and Directors of the Exchange Bank have followed suit. The report given at the last meeting of shareholders seems to have left nothing material unsaid. The Directors had gone carefully into every possible detail, writing off everything that looked bad, counting their property at its present value, and not keeping merely fictitious figures on the books to make a show, and actually shouldering burdens imposed by the mal-administration of their late Manager,—burdens which they might legally and morally compel all the stockholders to bear a share of. This is new, and altogether commendable; a few such instances will restore confidence among bank stockholders and put trade upon a sounder footing. The Exchange Bank deserves to succeed, and will succeed if this straightforward policy be pursued.

It is somewhat amusing to notice the various projects of tunnelling and bridging the St. Lawrence at Montreal. It is to be deplored that people of no practical knowledge of bridge-building rush into print with wild chimerical plans—perhaps they have a vague idea of being public benefactors; one plan is proposed by a Mr. Jones, which is that a bridge should be built just below the Victoria and should be so built that carriages, foot-passengers, and fishermen can cross over. It will be delightfully pleasant to sit on one of the piers on a hot summer's day and catch a few small perch. In winter very few people will cross over it after the ice-bridge has formed—besides there would be some difficulty in having a sufficient quantity of snow to make the bridge passable for sleighs, though to be just I must say that it has been proposed to cart in snow. As an investment the project is simply worthless—the Victoria Bridge not being used at present beyond half its capacity while a ferry boat could be put on the route at much less expense and with a better prospect of profit. It would be a very simple matter to prove that a ferry service could be maintained between the north and south shores at a comparatively small cost. At a rough estimate, the cost of running a ferry-boat is twenty-five dollars a day, and frequently the receipts amount to fifty or sixty dollars. A ferry-boat of a suitable character would cost twenty thousand dollars, and even allowing that the ferry was run at an annual loss of one thousand dollars, this loss, together with wear and tear and the interest on capital account, would be certainly less than the interest on a bridge costing a couple of millions. To speak of a bridge being a necessity for farmers is to talk nonsense and is on a par with a plan recently proposed at St. Lambert to build a bridge from that place to Moffat's Island and thence to the Island Park, so that the numerous residents could have a more easy means of access to the Park. This Bridge is to be taken up in the fall and packed away in a grand trunk in order to preserve it, and will probably when built equal in beauty the present long wharf at St. Lambert.

The principal taxpayers, if not the majority of the people of the Province of Quebec, were glad to read the disclaimer of M. Mercier and M. Joly on the immigration question. We were startled when we read that those gentlemen—to whom we had accredited a large share of patriotic common-sense—had declared in the House of Assembly that the Province of Quebec is the peculiar property of the French-Canadians, and that British emigrants are not welcome, and everybody felt that M. Chapleau had scored a point for himself and his government when he declared all kinds of good settlers welcome, and challenged a vote on his sentiment. For everybody knew that the Province would be reduced to bankruptcy if the British were to withdraw, and that the best possible policy for the Government is to encourage the settlement of British farmers among us. M. Chapleau and his government took a stand which is highly creditable to them all, and happily, MM. Joly and Mercier were misreported—they did not advocate shutting down upon immigration.

Mr. Gladstone is a man to be at once pitied and envied. He has been so far, since taking office, a mere victim of circumstances. Finding himself suddenly, and almost, if not quite unexpectedly, at

the head of a new government he had to handle at once a great and dangerous power. At once he was met by the demand to qualify the force of his electioneering remarks about Austria, and had to explain in an honest, but semi-dignified manner. Then came the Bradlaugh squabble—a mean matter brought forward at the instance of a mean man, but it had to be faced and fought. Mr. O'Donnell was next in the way with his contemptible attack upon the newly appointed French ambassador; and now, actuated by the best possible motives, and earnestly desiring to move along the lines of a true liberal policy, he finds himself opposed to the landed aristocrats of his own party. It has rarely happened to a Prime Minister to have so many grave difficulties to meet in so short a time, and it remains to be seen whether the man who has fought and won so many great battles in the strength of his own innate courage and honest conviction will go under before these unexpected and formidable troubles.

But when all that is said, it must be conceded that to Mr. Gladstone belongs the honour of sounding the first notes of a call to war which must result in victory for the opinions he holds. The Bradlaugh business is in itself ridiculous, but it has demonstrated the fact that oaths, however sacred, and affirmations however sincere, cannot stand in the way of the popular desire. The fight over the meaningless swearing in the House has been carried on for many generations, as Mr. Carlyle has pointed out, but in every instance the mere form has had to give way. Quakers refused to take the oath for conscience' sake, were maltreated in various ways, but at last succeeded as against the sacred custom. And when, after many years, it transpired that although the Quakers had not taken the oath they had borne themselves as true and loyal subjects, and that many who had taken it could not be relied upon for the carrying out of their solemn obligations, it was admitted that the oath was not a guarantee of political purity. Then the Jews, who for long had been refused the right to sit in Parliament on account of their creed, wrested a victory from their opponents in the name of reason and justice, and were accepted as loyal representative Englishmen. And so the Bradlaugh crisis must terminate. An old, but useless form will be swept away, and it is difficult to see what man or institution will be the loser.

But the opposition, and probable defection from the Liberal party of the aristocratic portion of it, is the most formidable difficulty Mr. Gladstone has ever met. Mr. Forster went to work in Ireland with a will to accomplish something worth the doing. The country was in a state of chaos. Private charities and Government aid alleviated, but did not remove the evils of famine. The poor people in many instances could not pay their rent, and evictions by the landlords were the order of the day. In some cases the penalty was well deserved, but in the majority of cases it was not deserved. He submitted a measure to the Government which denied landlords the power to evict their tenants until the famine was over, which Mr. Gladstone at once adopted. It is simply a mild measure of reform—a new departure forced upon the Government by the exigency of the times. But landed proprietorship can afford to yield nothing to exigency; better that people should starve and die by the thousand than that the sacred laws of landlordism should be meddled with. So the Marquis of Lansdowne resigned, and the Duke of Argyle is threatening to follow suit, and Mr. Gladstone's mild measure is likely to bring upon him mad retribution.

Will he fight it out? He is somewhat old, but full of energy and courage. The conflict between the landed interest, the Church Establishment, and the "Colonels" on the one side, and the tenant farmers, the commercial classes and the workingmen on the other is inevitable. A dissolution of Parliament now, or soon, would precipitate the whole question, and bring to the front for immediate settlement a difficulty which must sooner or later be faced. It may be that Mr. Gladstone will feel that he has not the years and vigour at command to warrant him in taking up the great question, but, none the less, to him must be accorded the honour of initiating the movement, which can result in but one thing—the amendment of the land laws of Great Britain.

EDITOR,

TORONTO AND ABOUT.

One-half at least of last Monday was a glad day in the Provincial Capital. From four o'clock in the morning until the hour of departure for Hamilton, and again at midnight, the discordant braying of trumpets was heard at times, mingling with the shrill notes of the ear-piercing fife, in strict accordance with the dismal thundering of the big base drum, all of which was the property of the ancient and everlasting Orange institution. It was worth losing a day's pay to see the sight; the glorious colours were interspersed charmingly in cool and immeasurable fields of white-washed pants and tunics; the commonest sash of the "Prentice boys" was enough to break the heart of the stoutest lass in Hamilton. Even the orange lilies were beyond compare, forced by enterprising florists for the occasion; the purple and crimson banners were magnificent to behold with the "gold fringe" and tassels reflecting back the hot rays of the scorching sun. The mingling of all colours of the rainbow with the glistening of cold blooded steel in the horny hands of gentlemen with stove pipe hats and frock coats, and pants of a spotless Chinese white, preceded by a new feature in Orangism, the negro or coloured element, formed a never-to-be-forgotten picture of unparalleled magnificence surpassing far in glory and ostentation the remarkable procession of Aladdin as he wended his triumphant way exultingly to the Emperor to claim the hand and heart of the radiant princess. Yes indeed! the gorgeous apparel of these significant celebrations excels a thousand times the brilliant displays made by some of your Oriental monarchs, of happy memory, in ancient or modern times. People learned in gathering statistics have estimated that it would require *one ton and a half* of brass to supply even the buttons for the tunics of those who took part in the celebration of the anniversary of the "battle of the Boyne" at Hamilton last Monday.

What with lager beer, and brass buttons, and brass bands, and crimson sashes, and a day's holiday, and gaudy banners, and one thing and another, including the simpering of the fair sex, it is no wonder Orangemen are annually overpowered with a sense of their own importance and the necessity of such a Protestant society in this Papist country, as their own exalted Orange order. When will people learn common sense and think rationally of the folly of such a parade, and the ridiculousness of such outlandish uniforms, and have some sort of consideration for their fellow citizens of both religions? Will some one inform me what it all amounts to, or what object is gained thereby? One fact is certain, namely, that much time is lost, angry feelings are stirred up, and oftentimes damage is done. The moral effect is certainly bad, and further, many of the Orangemen were never in Ireland, and have but a faint idea of the event they are commemorating in this childish manner.

The chairman of the Board of Works denies that he has any interest in procuring the consent of the Board to the adoption of the "Brisley patent" for sidewalks. He says Mr. Brisley is not his tenant, but Mr. Brisley's son is, and that Mr. Brisley lives with his son. This is all very pretty: suffice it to say that there is a natural interest between the chairman and Mr. Brisley, as between tenant and landlord. What the people want to know is this, why is not the Brisley patent adopted? There are to be \$15,000 worth of sidewalks laid down this year, beyond what has already been laid, about \$30,000 altogether; Mr. Brisley claims that his patent if used would save the city just one-half, and yet all the influence of the great chairman cannot procure the consent of the Board to its adoption. There must be other interest somewhere, greater than the chairman's for his tenant. Certain lumber merchants and contractors, and certain aldermen would make a nice ring.

I permitted myself the privilege of attending the services of the excellent new Methodist Episcopal Church on Delaware Avenue, Buffalo, a few months ago. After the service I examined minutely the appointments of the edifice, and in conversation with one of the officials of the church was led into a discussion of the much-talked-of sanctity of the Sabbath, and of churches and church debts in general in Toronto. He informed me, although I was well acquainted with

the truth before, that they were, comparatively speaking, in comfortable circumstances so far as the church debt was concerned, yet their great difficulty was the usual trouble of getting people to attend divine service on the Sabbath. "How is it managed in Toronto?" he asked, "for I understand everybody goes to church there." The answer to this question may be gathered indirectly from a truthful sermon preached by the Rev. R. Anthony Bilkey, Rector of Christ Church, Toronto a month or so ago. His announcement was most startling and apparently uncalled-for, and utterly took the people by surprise. The *Mail* the next morning published the sermon verbatim, and the citizens as they read it opened their eyes wide and laughed, and said "He is right." The sermon tickled them for the moment; but, alas! it went in at one ear and out at the other. He said, point blank, that not only was Toronto the most religious city he had ever been in, and it had been his good fortune to visit many, but it also was the very wickedest. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Yes; it is a solemn fact, Toronto, for its size, is the wickedest city in America, and in a great measure the churches are responsible for a great proportion of the deception and crime in her midst.

There are four religious bodies in Toronto of about equal strength, the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists; the Baptists being the weakest are the most sensational. These churches, in every sense, are rivals—it is, who shall have the largest church and most fashionable congregation? There is not a church in Toronto but has its scandal; Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian or any other denomination. There is not one church in Toronto but is struggling and floundering in hot water through great financial difficulties. How many Toronto ministers draw their nominal salary regularly? How many organists receive their stipend, whether it be \$1,000 a year or \$100? I know of very few churches in Toronto free from such troubles. How many citizens of Toronto never go to church? None. Or rather there are those who never enter a church or house of prayer, but their number is small and they hold no position in society. Out of curiosity I asked a hard-looking citizen last week if he ever went to church, and his answer was, "Why, d——n you, what do you take me for? You bet! I go to Knox's every lick, regular as the clock; how could a poor devil like me live without going to church? Where would I get credit from do you think?" True enough, I saw the profane, but devout "Christian," with his Bible and Hymn-book under his arm, with bowed head entering last Sabbath the *house of God*. Toronto has more religion than any other city on the continent, but it is the wickedest city in America. Who are the worse, the citizens of Buffalo who make no pretence of going to church, or Torontonians whose boast is that in the city of churches there are none who know not God's house?

As a result of building Railways upon the strength of bonuses, we need but look at the Credit Valley Line, only a few months in operation, and the men two months behind in their pay and on strike. This notion of granting bonuses to railways is like putting so much cash in the hands, or rather pockets of unscrupulous directors. This bonus business is a real Yankee notion, and belongs thoroughly to Americans; but the system is thoroughly bad; if a company is so poor that even with liberal government aid it finds itself unable to build the line, then such a company had better cease to exist and give way to a more wealthy corporation. We are disgusted with this sort of thing in Toronto. The Credit Valley Railway has eaten up our \$250,000 and would like to have more; we have not received the interest of our money yet. The Toronto Grey and Bruce wants more, like Oliver; and to crown all, the Northern cuts us to the heart by its ingratitude and contempt, whilst the charter, in the hands of Messrs. Gooderham and Leys, for the building of the Toronto and Ottawa Railway bides its time to "nail" us for our shekels.

There is not a day that passes now but we hear of some fresh burglary in the city. The *Telegram* talks of forming a vigilance committee to mutually protect property. The police and detectives appear to be worse than useless and the Chief of Police more foolish than them all.

Queen City.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

Dornbusch's List of June 28th contains the following:—that since 1874 the acreage of wheat cultivation has vastly extended and that to the resources of 1874 will be added in 1880 probably 20 million quarters of wheat from new lands in America, India and other countries, always supposing the yield per acre to remain the same. There is also another aspect in which the position must be regarded. In 1874 a plentiful year gave an excess of supply over demand and that excess was stored and could be drawn upon for the next season, nor can permanent cheapness be secured until the world does regularly store its supplies and the nations have their accumulations in reserve. Late years, since 1874 have caused this national storage of stocks to be more and more disregarded and the wheat trade has adopted the new policy of trusting to each year to give its sufficiency, relying upon a breadth of acreage to indemnify requirements even in the deficient seasons. For this reason there is a strong probability of 1880 marketing its yield at market prices, regardless of future shortcomings. This position has been brought about because the new acres cultivated are not in Europe, but in America, India, where the produce grown is for sale and cannot be well retained, it is, in fact, capital that must be called in to continue the enterprise of foreign production—for the wheat is thus manufactured for the market, only the market remains as an outlet. To suppose that American farmers will store reserves as formerly did the English, French, German and Russian farmers is to expect what is unlikely and almost impracticable. The wheat of the Atlantic States represents the wages of the husbandmen quite as much as the capital of the farmer and wages are wanted at least once a year, or the course of cultivation would be arrested. If this view be a true one and if as some persons assert, the Americans are giving English bankers a lesson in finance as well as English farmers a lesson in agriculture, the promised surplus of 1880 (already in part assured) will be rapidly and unreservedly offered to European buyers. Price although an important factor, will not be a first consideration. Doubtless the Old-world countries will still act with reserve and keep back their produce rather than compete with low-priced American supplies, but this power of withholding is relatively very restricted, especially when the future does not hold out its ancient promises such as always heretofore gave confidence to wheat speculators. At this moment the power of resistance to the downward tendency of value rests upon the demand that exists still on the continent. But how long can that be expected to last after the first week in July?—not a fortnight. In making the above remarks the fact is not forgotten that since 1874 the habit of eating breadstuffs has largely increased, as the population has also done, but when this counter-weight is put against supply, production is still gaining on consumption.

The cereal crops of Canada, according to the returns of condition from 400 places in the provinces, as given in the Toronto Globe, are generally satisfactory. Spring wheat shows a deficiency. Corn will be ten per cent. below an average. Apples and fruits above average. The reports from Manitoba and the North-West show an increased acreage of all kinds of crops, with promise of a good yield.

It has been telegraphed from Ottawa that Mr. F. N. Gisborne, Superintendent of Government Telegraphs, has submitted to the Dominion Government a very comprehensive scheme for telegraphic communication between Asia and Europe, the land service of which would be through British territory, and which, if carried out, would enable Canada to control a great part of the business. Mr. Gisborne proposes first to build the telegraph line from Edmonton to Cache Creek, thus establishing a direct line from the Pacific to the Atlantic in British territory and under Canadian control. He further proposes to lay a cable from the north end of Vancouver Island to the Aleutian Islands and thence to Japan via the Keurile Islands, to connect with the Asiatic Continent and with Australia. The cost is fixed at \$4,000,000. The country between Edmonton and Cache Creek is reported to be decidedly favorable for constructing a line, and the work would on that account not be expensive.

The meeting of the Eastern Trunk Line Managers takes place at Saratoga on the 20th inst. There are rumors that the percentage of the Chicago and Grand Trunk will be fixed at 7 per cent.; this was refused some time since, and the Grand Trunk now demands 20 per cent., but will most probably get less. It appears as if a split were imminent, and a fall in rates from the West will therefore take place.

It is stated that the syndicate of the Canadian Pacific Railway is composed of London bankers and great railway magnates, and also that an extensive colonization scheme is contemplated; the capital stock of the company is to be \$100,000,000. The Canadian Cabinet seems to be unable to increase the number of immigrants, and thinks by the aid of an interested railway company to succeed in colonizing the North-West.

The reports from the Northwestern States of the condition and prospects for the Spring Wheat crop have been quite generally of a favourable character, but telegrams this eighth day of July report more rain, and prospects much less favourable than they were a week ago.

The great ease of money in the London market is leading British investors to buy American railroad securities, despite the discouragement of the Reading failure.

In the Produce market everything is quiet. Butter is unsteady and weak; there is no immediate prospect of improvement, and buyers are holding off. There is a fair demand for mediums for the Lower Ports. The Cheese market is declining daily—this has been caused by the break in the English market. It is difficult to say when a reaction will set in, though holders are unwilling to sell. Eggs are in fair demand, and are held firmly. Fruits are arriving in large quantities and meet with quick sale; the price is ruled by the daily receipts, which vary considerably.

Clearances of Flour and Grain from Montreal for Europe for the week ended July 6th, 1880:—

Table with 5 columns: Steamer/Ship, Flour (brls.), Wheat (bush.), Corn (bush.), Peas (bush.). Rows include Steamer Ocean King, Steamer Waldensian, Steamer Brooklyn, Steamer Sarmatian, Ship Roseneath, Steamer Ossian, Total week July 6th, 1880, Total week June 29th, 1880, Total week July 8th, 1879.

Summary of exports for week ending July 2nd, 1880:—

Table with 7 columns: From, Flour (brls.), Wheat (bush.), Corn (bush.), Oats (bush.), Rye (bush.), Pease (bush.). Rows include New York, Boston, Portland, Montreal, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Total per week, Corresponding week of '79, *Barley.

BANKS.

Table with 9 columns: BANK, Shares par value, Capital Subscribed, Capital Paid up, Rest, Price per \$100 July 14, 1880, Price per \$100 July 14, 1879, Last half-yearly Dividend, Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price. Rows include Montreal, Ontario, Molsons, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants, Eastern Townships, Quebec, Commerce, Exchange, MISCELLANEOUS, Montreal Telegraph Co., R. & O. N. Co., City Passenger Railway, New City Gas Co.

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund. ‡Per annum.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

Table with 12 columns: COMPANY, Period, 1880 (Pass. Mails & Express, Freight, Total), 1879 (Total), Week's Traffic (Incr'se, Decr'se), Aggregate (Period, Incr'se, Decr'se). Rows include Grand Trunk, Great Western, Northern & H. & N.W., Toronto & Nipissing, Midland, St. Lawrence & Ottawa, Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay, Canada Central, Toronto, Grey & Bruce, Q., M., O. & O., Intercolonial.

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the week's increase is \$46,129. Aggregate increase is \$94,637 for two weeks.

The increase this year over the corresponding period last year in the Grand Trunk Railway traffic receipts for the six weeks ending 10th instant is \$279,953, or an average of \$46,660 a week.

†NOTE TO Q., M., O. & O. Ry.—Eastern Division receipts not included in returns for 1879.

TRADE AND ITS BALANCES.

An ably written article on "The Financial Situation in Canada" appears in the July number of the *Canadian Monthly*. It is replete with useful information, while the statistics supplied are likely to be quite reliable, because the author is in a position which makes it specially easy for him to verify them. What the article lacks is decisiveness. It states facts, but leaves the inferences vague and indefinite. It leaves open and unhurt the prevailing modern fallacies regarding the "balance of trade," although it is hardly to be supposed that its author is ignorant of the truth which underlies the mere outward appearance from which these fallacies are derived. The popular mind grasps most readily the idea that when we have imported, say \$100,000,000 of goods, and only exported, say \$80,000,000, we must have traded unprofitably, because we have still \$20,000,000 to export in order to balance. Yet this is an appearance only. If the Customs returns showed the debtor and creditor sides of each trader's ledger, no doubt this view would be correct. But such is not the case. The balance of twenty millions above-mentioned may, and generally does, mean really, partially at least, profit on the transactions, and partially debt not yet defrayed. The Customs returns show only the entered value of the respective commodities, and furnish no clue whatever to the realized price either of imports or exports. For example, goods which sell here at \$1.50, may be paid for by one bushel of wheat, costing 95 cents, which again may realize at its port of destination \$1.10. Does the difference in both cases cited, less freight and cost of handling, represent a balance of trade against the trader, or in his favour? Does any different line of reasoning apply to \$150,000,000 of goods realized at that price, and paid for by \$95,000,000?

The plain fact in political economy underlying these by no means original, and very antiquated statements, is so very simple as almost to require apology for its re-statement, were it not for the light which its acknowledgment pours upon some of the statistics contained in the article to which reference has been made.

Our total trade for the year 1872, as stated by Mr. Hedley, was:—

Imports.....	\$107,709,000
Exports.....	82,639,000

If there be any truth in the deductions now made, this would show an apparent profit of \$25,000,000 on that year's transactions. While in 1879 we find:—

Imports.....	\$81,964,000
Exports.....	71,491,000

or an apparent profit of only \$10,500,000. Granting that in the first-mentioned year (1872) part of the apparent large profits were not real, but represented increase of debt not yet due, still the same element cannot be wholly discarded from our calculations as regards the results of 1879; and the conclusion inevitably reached is, either that our debts were not so promptly paid in 1872 as in 1879, or else that a less ratio of profit was earned in the latter year. In view of the vast amount of debt piled up the years preceding 1879 which was never discharged at all, as evidenced by the Insolvent list, we modestly incline to the opinion that in 1872 profits were small and undischarged liabilities large, while in 1879 credits were much curtailed, and profits must have been relatively greater to enable us to show even such results as are exhibited by the returns. We think the experience of those interested in Canadian trade will fully bear out these conclusions. It is not in times of inflation that the prudent, careful and honest trader can show the best results as regards profits; yet it is precisely at such periods that the reckless speculator can boast of his enormous "turn-over" and the "prospects" which lie before him, not from the results of his present trade but its future increase.

There is little reason to doubt that our present trade, though much contracted, is sound and fairly profitable, although there is no immediate prospect of any considerable increase in volume. The point for our careful consideration is, how are we investing our profits? The "balance of trade," apparently against but for the most part really in our favour, is generally invested within the country where it is earned. The "N.P." is hardly vigorous or thorough enough to prompt belief in a possible monopoly of this market or to induce investments in manufacturing industries on the strength of it. All it can be expected to do is to temporarily cheer those who have already invested their all in these precarious enterprises which require fostering because they are not the products of superior genius, inventive talent and actual usefulness infused into the articles made. The result, therefore, as regards the public at large is a plethora of hoarded wealth seeking profitable investment and finding itself partially shut out by an ineffective Chinese wall from the channels of the world's trade. Unless we throw down that wall on hoarded wealth, capital will be tempted more or less into eventually unprofitable investment in manufactures which if left free to select, the community could obtain at less cost elsewhere. A decrease and shrinkage of values of all commodities within the country must inevitably ensue which will compel exports at whatever cost and thus decrease the balance of trade against (?) us and quite as really decrease our real profits.

This process is precisely what we have seen acted out before our very eyes by the neighbouring nation, while the wiseacres who constructed one fatally

attractive but delusive "N. P." have been pointing to the balance of trade in favour (?) of the United States although the fact actually showed a dead loss on their trade, as an evidence of prosperity to be copied by us.

It is quite proverbial what fate awaits those who are blindly led by the blind. If we would cease wilfully to blind ourselves with selfishness and choose to see, there is yet time to retrace our steps before the ditch is reached. We might safely trust trade to adjust its own balances free from governmental attempts artificially to construct "national prosperity" out of an "N. P." Government can derive its revenue by direct taxation without much difficulty so soon as it reduces itself to one central governing body. Its present eight auxiliary governments are as useless and far more expensive than the superfluous "tails" of that "Pasha" who rejoiced in so "many." Canada will wake and rub her eyes open some of these days; and neither "annexation" nor "independence" will be her cry, as she begins to see, but freedom from trade nostrums and economy and centralization in the administration of government.

Utilitarian.

THE USE OF ALCOHOLIC STIMULANTS.

So many articles and pamphlets have been published discussing the use and abuse of alcoholic stimulants and with so little apparent effect, that another dissertation in this place may not perhaps awaken any interest. There is no doubt, however, that if a definite conclusion could be arrived at from the evidence which has so frequently been placed before the public, the use of alcohol and its compounds, both medicinally and dietetically, would either diminish greatly, be entirely stopped, or be used to a greater extent. For if those among the respectable portion of any community were convinced of the absolute injury of these liquids they would discontinue their use, and very soon after adopt by general consent some system of checking or stopping completely the use of them among those who have less control over their appetites. On the other hand, if it could be shown that alcohol, pure and simple, or any liquid in general use as a stimulant into the composition of which alcohol enters, was of any dietetic or medicinal value, or of any benefit, greater or less, to mankind as mankind (degenerated physically if not mentally,) is now constituted, they or some of them would be used even to a greater extent than at the present time.

The subject has recently been referred to by Dr. R. M. Bucke, of London, Ontario, before a meeting of medical men held there, and further discussion invited by the issue and circulation of a pamphlet by him, decrying the use of alcoholic stimulants in any way, shape or manner and for any purpose. I do not intend to criticise his views point by point as they occur in his pamphlet, but will controvert some of his conclusions in the course of this paper. The general conclusion that I have come to may be stated in few words; viz:—That used dietetically, alcoholic compounds are of no positive injury to adult persons generally; and medicinally, they have proved themselves to be of no little value. These points I have arrived at from a careful consideration of the *data* furnished by well-known and able medical men, who from their every-day practice and careful experiments have deduced the facts hereinafter stated; and from the experience of many people around me, some of whom occasionally, whilst others regularly use alcoholic stimulants, and from no little personal experience and observation on my own part.

I will here say in regard to habitual drunkards that I believe no argument can be deduced from their circumstances against the general use of stimulants. My sincere belief is that those who use stimulants excessively and to such an extent as to become confirmed drunkards, are mentally and morally incapable of controlling their passions or animal desires in whatever direction they may tend or their bringing up or mode of life has taught them. With such lack of will or control over themselves, they will never become good citizens, and the sooner this class of people die out the better for the community. It is not necessary to say that it is pitiful that such persons should be allowed to continue in their degraded position without an effort being made to rescue them. But what can be done? Their degradation has resisted in many cases every effort; all the money and pains lavished on this cause seems to have failed in accomplishing the ultimate intention of the many certainly good and charitable people who spend their time and wealth in endeavouring to restore the lost to a sense of their manhood. It is a question now whether drunkards are worth the trouble they cause and whether a confirmed drunkard can be reformed at all. The penalty is their own. They place the chain about their necks with their own hands.

It is not justice that a whole nation should be denied what universal use has shown to be useful if not necessary, in order that an insignificant minority may be prevented from excessive indulgence. Useless also it is when even if liquor was impossible to get their evil tendencies would but direct them to another course equally degrading. It is gradually becoming a general opinion, as Dr. Paget remarked in an essay on alcohol, that drunkards and total-abstainers were two small minorities which could be set against each other and disregarded.

It is not my intention to offer any plea for the use of alcohol, or any preparation of it, for it is freely admitted, even by many advocates of its

use, that if a stimulant is not needed it is much better to leave alcohol alone. Let me say also that I am not in sympathy with those who use stimulants with the view of obtaining a transient pleasure therefrom. In my own opinion it smacks too much of the animal within us, and as tending to gluttony and to place us on a par with brute creatures devoid of reason.

Let us glance at the effect of alcohol in its purity on the system, and afterwards at some of the liquors in which it forms a part.

It has been proved by experiment that when introduced into the body, alcohol, like opium, tea, &c, diminishes the wear and tear of the system, thus rendering less food sufficient. Dr. Hammond says that "alcohol increases the weight of the body by retarding the metamorphosis of the old, and promoting the formation of new tissues, and limiting the consumption of fat." Dr. Hammond, during extensive and careful experiments, found that when the amount of food taken was below that necessary to maintain the body, the excretions were invariably diminished during the moderate use of this spirit; that no deleterious result of the system was produced: but when we were supplied with plenty of good nourishing food, pure air, and living under generally good conditions, that it was not beneficial, and was to many even injurious. "Hence the labouring man, who can hardly find bread and meat enough to preserve the balance between the formation and decay of his tissues, finds in alcohol an agent which, if used in moderation, enables him to dispense with a certain quantity of food and yet keep up the strength and weight of the body." This evidence is, in my opinion, corroborated by the fact that the English people of to-day are the descendants of several generations of moderate drinkers, and as a people they enjoy as general good health as almost any nation, and are no more liable to fevers and plagues, and have shown that in mental or physical abilities they have lost not one jot of that energy and ability which made them commercially and as a nation what they now are. I think that there are sufficient grounds, according to Dr. Hammond's conclusions, for the present general use of alcoholic liquors, as bodily fatigue shows that the nourishment of food previously eaten is exhausted, and if the person who cannot obtain sufficient nourishment is under those circumstances benefitted by moderately using alcohol, should not any one temporarily fatigued be benefitted in like manner?

The action of alcohol is that of a rapid stimulant, it is not a food, but takes the place of food by preventing the waste of tissue, which under ordinary circumstances is continually going on and must needs be continually renewed by fresh supplies of food. An after-effect of alcohol is a feeling of depression, which is by many considered a greater exhaustion than that to relieve which we made use of a stimulant. I do not think that this can be proved; it seems to me that this depression appears greater partly from the contrast with the immediately preceding stimulation, and partly from a natural appetite for food or more of the stimulant. I look upon the appetite developed after using stimulants much as I do upon that occasioned by the absorption of the nourishment derived from bread or beef or any kind of food. It is a natural appetite for a fresh supply which we constantly need to keep our system unimpaired. In physical exhaustion or fatigue I would use a stimulant only as a temporary aid, until I could obtain lasting nourishment from food. Those who find that this appetite becomes an irresistible craving for more and a greater quantity of the stimulant, should give up altogether every thing of the kind, as such ones will certainly become drunkards.

Brandy is the form in which alcohol is generally administered by medical men. It is composed, speaking roughly, of half water and half alcohol. It also contains an essential oil, the source of its flavour, derived from the grape, and a small quantity of acid. Dr. Richardson, the greatest exponent of total abstinence, affirms that the only scientific way of using alcohol is to prescribe it, pure and simple, in set form and dose. The *Times*, referring to this says: "No doubt he is right: but in saying this he none the less evades the whole practical issue. Medical men in general do not wish to use alcohol as a medicine, but to use wine, or beer, or brandy, or whiskey, liquids which contain alcohol, and which are indebted to it for some of their properties, but which also contain other and very various ingredients, some of which are perhaps fully as important as the alcohol itself. The fallacy of arguing from the effects of pure alcohol to the effects of all its compounds is so transparent, that such a course would scarcely ever suggest itself to the mind of a controversialist who was seeking for truth rather than for a temporary victory."

(To be continued.)

LOW-NECK AND SHORT DRESSES.

A notice in your paper of the 10th inst., revived an old thought which, if you will allow it a place in your columns, I should like to put before thinking women, asking their candid opinion upon the subject.

The announcement that Mrs. Osgoode had been graciously permitted to appear at Her Majesty's concert in a high dress, brought bye-gone feelings into force upon that, strange to me, long-continued fashion of low-necked dresses, and I have often wished some one would put it to the vote and let us have a fair idea of woman's—yes, and man's thoughts about it—(for the latter have to pay

their share in this to the physician, though so ably argued by that faculty for what is against their monetary interests on this topic) by counting the ayes for it, the noes against it.

It must surely be the custom of fashion, not the effect of sober judgment, which allows a really barbarous style of dress, in spite of the laces and all like paraphernalia, and exposes what is often a defect, instead of a supposed charm. Young girls may pass with their smooth, white skin, but when married ladies of a certain age essay the same thing, they, by right, should retire to back seats; but, not so, fashion and custom demand that broad fat shoulders should challenge admiration equally with the bony, scraggy ones; young, middle-aged, all alike come to the front, and in fashion's name imply that modesty is old-fashioned, while the less shoulders and bust we have, the more we show. Let but woman think calmly apart from fashion upon this, and from our good Queen down common sense would soon replace exposure by a tasteful arrangement, adding to the beauty and dignity of the wearer, not following in what may be a snare of the courtesan. But women are hard to be turned from the curse of every age—"Going with the multitude." Future generations with growing wisdom will have heeded the warnings so often repeated by the good and great men of this, and put into practice "their" rules for the guidance of those who value health too much to trifle with it; and, just as the young of the present day hear or read with half incredulous amazement of the singular taste displayed by the Virgin Queen in her amusements of tickling her ambassadors, so possibly, will the youthful far-off age listen to the startling revelation, that the most beloved monarch of old England, with all her greatness, yet only permitted what for them to see otherwise, would be with a feeling akin to what some in our day experience when in their travels to distant climes, they find women in nature's garb as unconcerned as if all creation followed their *example*: so unless our good Queen abolishes the custom, I suppose ladies high, ladies middle, ladies low, will still be of those who act without thinking; but, the absurdity of where modesty begins and where it ends was once brought so forcibly before me, that it speaks for itself.

"A certain lady, who had lived just as most of the well-to-do live, by one of those sudden strokes of fortune unexpectedly found herself raised upon a higher platform of society, through an obliging relative of her husband dropping off, leaving wealth that upset all the more homely ways of the past; but old fashions must give place to new; parties, balls, routs, to the dismay of the husband, now replaced quiet dinner parties, family meetings, and the like; and the adoption of the low-dress custom brought a train of disasters no mortal ever could have imagined. Following the lead of her new set, Mrs. C— had been revelling in the pretty nothings of an adroit admirer of the opposite sex. Individually, besides rejoicing in a handsome person, he had a title to boot, but one unlucky day he in all innocence upset the peace of a harmless family, and never recovered from the shock of surprise himself ever to be able to give a clear account of how it all came about. There was no friendly unknown to whisper. The affable lady of the mansion that particular morning had given strict orders she was "not at home" to any; for some bygone ways were yet in force, and the humble dressmaker of former days still had the honour of doing an occasional inexpensive garment, and was in the act of that mysterious operation, "trying on," when the fashionable Count so gayly mounted the steps and gave the orthodox rap-a-tap. Everything seemed in a conspiracy against the poor fellow. Buttons had been set to the periodical duty he most detested—cleaning windows—and the housemaid supplied his place at the door. Like all women, she could not resist the admiration of the other sex, and in listening to the gallant speeches of a neighbouring admirer unheeded the knock, until recalled to her duties by the anxious cook. But the mischief was done. The heir apparent of the family, a bright lad of some seven summers, who had been amusing himself surreptitiously shooting peas at Buttons and driving him to the verge of distraction in his endeavours to keep his equilibrium and at the same time make a return of the missiles to his tormentor, had just given the more than usual plentiful shower, but missing his mark hit the faultlessly attired gentlemen, who so good naturedly assured the penitent, "It does not matter," that the lad, in eager anxiety not to be outdone, officiously volunteered to conduct him to his maternal parent, and with all the boy's noisy clatter flung open the door of his mother's morning room with "Here's mama," but as the gentleman's face with its smiling greeting came in view, there arose such a shriek, such a scuffle, no imagination could suppose to be created by two persons, for the lady being tall and rather inclined to *ambonpoint*, and the dressmaker short and painfully thin, the attempt of the former to make a hiding place of the latter was about as tantalizing as a street urchin dodging a policeman behind a lamp-post. The astonishing feats displayed by the dressmaker would have made her fortune on the stage. With arms outstretched, she sidled, curvetted, did her utmost to accomplish the hiding of her patron especially, considering the imminent danger the sudden action had placed her in. Her calling obliged the use of many pins, and nature having supplied her bountifully with a capacious mouth, she used it in place of a pin-cushion. With a gulp that frightened the intruder, she piteously said something that sounded like "Got a hum." At this stage the astounded Count received such a pull of his coat from behind that in his hurried twist

to see what *that* meant, he received a bang on the head, making him see more stars in a second than he had ever seen in the sky in his lifetime, and before he recovered his sight there was a crash and a roar as if the very earth had suddenly collapsed. The roar came from poor Buttons, who with step-ladder on shoulder was making his way to polish the interior, having finished the exterior, and being quite unprepared for the combat at the end of the ladder, received the sudden thrust with such force as to back him down the steps, sending his ladder sticking through the stained window. The Count fled for his life, mentally wondering what it all meant, but never daring to make a second inquiry of what "Got a hum" was, it raised such a peal from those who heard his first; for none could see what "worms" had to do in the case, that being the nearest approach they could make of what Miss Jones did say, only the pins interfered—"Not at home."

Free from the Count, Mrs. S. came from her refuge and pounced upon her amazed son. Such a string of "You did it purposely," "you outrageous boy," "you ought to be ashamed of yourself," until the scandalised lady exhausted her stock of anathemas and her breath, only to find both again, as her husband made another astonished auditor of the scene.

Boys get riled as well as older people, and in angry amazement he appealed to his father to know what he had done.

"Done!" shrieked his mother.

"Done!" sighed Miss Jones. The uplifted eyes of the housemaid suggested that had she been able she too would have asked the same question. Buttons answered it with a knowing leer at the broken window, with his finger against his nose in the position vulgar boys make use of to express internal amazement.

"What is the matter?" queried Mr. S. angrily. "Have you broken that window?"

"I just brought a gentleman here, Papa; that's all I have done. He asked for Mamma."

"And I was not dressed," interrupted his mother excitedly. "I shall never face him again. Just fancy the Count seeing me so."

"Good gracious Mamma," shouted the boy, "he has seen you so dozens of times."

"Oh! you wicked, wicked, wicked boy," screamed his mother, and she appealed to her audience if he ought not to be sent out of the country for he was being ruined in it. But as nobody seemed to know how this punishment would work, they discreetly took refuge in sighs and groans, not committing themselves to words.

"I tell you," shouted the goaded lad, "the Count has had his arms round you when you were undressed, and you never made this fuss."

The scene that ensued baffles description. Mrs. S. fell back in a faint of some sort on the couch. Miss Jones hid her face in the dress goods, and another gulp told that the pins had been doing their best to give the coroner a fee.

The housemaid hurried to impart the astounding news to the servants below, whilst the master of the mansion felt a sudden creeping—up his spine, and had an invisible bath of icy temperature as certain remembrances of his wife's admiration for the fascinating foreigner came like accusing spirits before his view.

"Doesn't she go to parties every night undressed," cried the boy, in agony, "and doesn't she dance with the Count and lots of fellows, too," he added, triumphantly.

"Good gracious, this is shocking, he must be going mad," said the father, looking helplessly around. "Goes to parties undressed; bless my life, what does it all mean?"

"Why, sir," answered the dressmaker, excitedly, turning out a mass of pins in her hurry to explain, "if he doesn't mean his ma goes in full dress."

"You young idiot, how dare you try your jokes on us?" asked the exasperated father.

"It was mamma said it. I didn't know," cried the bewildered boy. "She said she wasn't dressed, and I only said the same. See, papa," he added, eagerly, "now look at mamma, what's the difference when she goes to parties and the way she is now, only she's dressed up finer then."

"Well, Maria, I think you had better answer that query," said the husband, significantly, "I do not pretend to understand fashions, but I tell you honestly, I never like to see you standing up before a lot of men as you do, in what you call full dress, and I have an old fashioned notion there must be a lack of nature's gift,—*modesty*, the crowning glory of woman, so that when any of your sex can stand before ours and have no sense of feeling, you are more likely to call forth all that is low in our nature than to win respect or admiration. Why you should shrink from being seen in your—your—"

"Bodice," modestly suggested Miss Jones.

"Well, whatever you call it, for *that* is not so outrageous as some of your dresses, you can best answer, for it puzzles me where such modesty begins or where it ends."

So, now, I ask the same question: Why should ladies be so dreadfully ashamed if caught in the bodice of a skirt in the morning, and yet know no

such feeling about a dress of the same nature in the evening? Is there no want of *right* thinking on the subject? I pause for a reply.

AFFECTATIONS.

The English characteristic is essentially robust; this is a sort of national pride. It has been written of Englishmen—"they are full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butcher's meat and sound sleep." But while this is true in the main, it must be conceded that there is another side to the character; and that every generation has given us examples of the Englishman's love of affectations and conceits. We have always had effeminate specimens of humanity, who gave themselves airs, adopted a fantastic style of dress and language, and despised the honest, blunt manliness of those by whom they were surrounded. We may trace the unbroken descent of these creatures from the fops of Queen Elizabeth's day down to the Crutch and Toothpick brigade of our own. Shakespeare has several specimens of the fop. There is that splendid description of Hotspur's of the "popinjay" who came upon the field of battle "neat and trimly dressed," and "perfumed like a milliner." In Osric, too, we have a portrait of a painted "water-fly" of this conceited order, who uses affected terms, and excites the scorn of Hamlet by his intolerable coxcomby.

The distinguishing mark of these fops was extravagance of style in dress even at a time when costume was carried so far that people in the pictures of the time look as if they were dressed for a masquerade. It was not enough that the gentry wore velvets and satins and made displays of jewellery, the "popinjays" and "water-flies" adopted bright colours, curious slashings and snippings of sleeves, clustered plumes in their caps, and roses in their ears! of course they carried themselves as if the earth were not good enough for them to walk upon, and ordinary mortals were too insignificant to be looked at, while their language was strained and pedantic to the last degree. In fact a new language may be said to have been invented for their use. One Lylly wrote a book, the chief character in which was *Euphues*, an elegant gentleman who talked in a fantastical style, his sentences being full of monstrous and overstrained conceits. This became the rage, and the young fellows about town adopted the style, the main point in which was to use some extravagant or unusual phrase for one common or familiar. It was the reverse process of calling a spade a spade. Shakespeare takes many opportunities of laughing at the "antic, hisping, affecting fantasticoes," as Mercutio calls them, and possibly some of his dialogue loses its force to modern audiences from the fact that words then novel and odd have now become familiar. Mercutio, for instance, seems to suggest that "very" was a form of affectation, and he gives some examples of it, such as "By Jesu, a very good blade!" "A very tall man!" We have its counterpart in these days in "awfully" which our swells apply to everything good, bad, and indifferent.

Puritanism tried to crush out these butterflies, and there could have been little place for them in the stern times which preceded the execution of Charles I.; but with the Restoration they revived in wondrous force. The Court was, indeed, one vast crowd of fops and demireps who flaunted in a style of costume so extravagant that the sense of being at a masquerade must have been stronger than ever. To this age belongs the credit, or the reverse, of inventing that contemptible creature—the Beau. The first of these was Beau Fielding, a handsome fellow, who gave himself airs and graces, and was succeeded by Beau Nash, who called himself King of Bath, and who in his time was imitated by Beau Brummel, who was, let us hope, the last of the silly race. Other varieties of affected mortals sprang up at other times, the Bucks, the Coxcombs, the Dandies (there were Dandizettes too) the Bloods and the Macaronies, some of them the most fantastic beings in dress ever beheld. Unhappily some of their descendants still "strut and fret their hour upon the stage," and scions of the old stock, a little modified it is true by modern civilization, are still to be met with, even in our good city of Montreal.

But affectation has not confined itself to dress, language and learning; it has found a wide field in literature and the Fine Arts. There was in Charles's time a school of what was called metaphysical poets, in which Cowley and Dr. Donne figured, their chief aim being to produce verses which nobody could understand, and which therefore everybody pronounced delightful. There was another school of writers who thrust their verses—not into the fire—that would have been sensible—but into the shape of urns, birds, and fiddles, and what not. It was quite in keeping with the taste of people who raved about these things that they should vote Shakespeare a coarse barbarian, and every writer who was clear and robust as unfitted for polite readers. For in that time everything and everybody was "polite." It was the cant phrase. To be "polite" was to produce verses of no strength or colour, with a monstrous deal of nonsense about "verdant meads" and "amorous swains" and "pensive nymphs" in them; heathen gods and goddesses were also plentifully introduced, and there was a total absence of real nature, passion, or feeling. The "polite" school infected the Arts, and people had great family pictures painted in which they figured as classical or historical personages—a mode which Goldsmith satirises in his description of the famous picture which was painted in the kitchen of the vicarage of Wakefield, and was found too big to get through the door. In that

the Vicar's wife was Venus and the Vicar in his gown and bands, with his wig on, was seen presenting her with a copy of his new book on the Whistonian controversy.

Later on, there sprang up a set of writers who took a new departure in affectation. Theirs was called the Della Cruscan School. They constituted themselves a Mutual Admiration Society, and wrote affected rubbish chiefly eulogistic of each other. They derived the name from Crusea, the Florentine Academy, because some of the founders of the school lived in Florence. They called themselves Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Orlando, Edwin &c., and wrote for one or two magazines which were much affected by the maudlin sentimentalism of the day. Unfortunately for them there arose a mighty satirist, Gifford by name, who simply brained them with a sledge-hammer, and they were heard of no more.

To-day we have the school of "Modern scepticism," and, if possible, still more dangerous, the worthless, wicked novel. Our present writers talk glibly of "evolution," "ethics," and "æsthetics;" they denounce the universe, so far as they know it, as a piece of botch-work; they cannot quite make up their minds whether the author of it is malignant or only stupid and incapable; and shake their sage heads significantly if they hear a hint that we have anything belonging to us which is not material. Of all the scepticism which has been preached to the world, very little can approach our current unbelief of the present day in its cruelly desolating tendency. As to our political economy, there are sapient essay writers who will prove that our National Policy was "evolved" like the rest.

It would be gratifying could we assert with truth that innate manliness of character had asserted itself, in conjunction with the spread of intelligence, to the extinction of such follies and affectations. Unfortunately, this is not the case, on the contrary, luxury and refinement have been fruitful of new absurdities. The young "swells" of to-day rival one another in inanity, in effeminate manners, in an insipid drawl and niminy-piminy pronunciation; while Art and Literature are infested with extravagances at once unwholesome and contemptible.

It would carry us too far to treat of affectations in building, in furniture, and in talk. Enough that the great object of a vast number of persons in these days appears to be to waste their time in frantic admiration of what is simply outrageous—their money in follies and eccentricities, and the little brains they have in making themselves simply ridiculous. But, as I have shown, there was always a tendency to this sort of thing in our blood, and it naturally crops up with most force when there is a vast addition to the lazy classes who have no legitimate object in life, and who yield to a desire to make themselves notorious, if only through the display of affectations.

There is a sister vice to affectation, which men call *CANT*, this I propose to analyse in another paper.

Quæredo Redivivus.

THE POPULAR PIETIST.

The habits of the Popular Pietist are rather peculiar. He goes to church and with rare devotion joins in prayers. When he takes the collecting-box, or bag round, there is a sweetly, cherub-like, insinuating air about him which seems to say "now, you must give liberally or be for ever disgraced in my eyes, a thing I am sure you would not like." As he stands up to sing he looks as if he found it the most difficult matter for him to keep his religious instincts within decent bounds. To cap all, he listens to the prosiest of sermons with an air of ecstasy, and would be shocked if it could be supposed that he had missed a word of the precious discourse. As he leaves the sacred building he relates to his neighbours how greatly he has been edified. Then he goes home with his wife and rebukes her for her extravagance, or talks of the great scheme for the making of his own fortune which he intends to put into operation on the morrow, or describes the fine furniture which he has decided to buy for his drawing-room, meanwhile regarding with something like horror the little urchins who are playing leap-frog in the street and have not been to church. With the remembrance of his devotions fresh in his mind, he sits down to dinner. After he has murmured a grace in an affecting way, and looked as if he were about to shed tears into his plate, he loses his temper because, when the cover is raised, the mutton is found to have been done a little bit too much or a little bit too little. He does not swear at his servants, of course, but he talks to them in such a way that they imagine it would be almost a relief if he would but indulge in strong language at their expense. He does not appear to perceive that it is an anomalous state of things for the individual whose heart is given up to Heaven, and who is accustomed to become angry because other people are not so religious as himself, to lose his temper over the cooking of a leg of mutton. While in vigorous terms he condemns the bestial excesses to which the lower orders are addicted, he knows "what is what" in the gastronomic way, and acts in such a manner as to inspire in one the belief that he would not be at home and happy in a paradise if it did not contain a thoroughly good cook.

The Popular Pietist is an excellent hand at driving a bargain. He gets the better of you as neatly and as completely as he could if he were unaware

that there was such a thing as a text and had never heard a psalm sung in his life. His clerks and *employés* fear him and, alas, that it should have to be written dislike him. The parents and friends of juniors are in the habit of believing that in him the unhappy juniors will find a true guide, philosopher, and friend, who will at one and the same time teach them the way to become rich and the way to reach the higher life. But the poor juniors themselves do not believe anything of the sort. They know that he is inexorable when holidays and increases of salary are asked for, and that he uses religion as if it had been a weapon specially designed for their humiliation.

When death carries off one of his friends the Popular Pietist mourns; but he comforts himself, and he comforts others, by unctuously remarking that there is another and better world, and that, in point of fact, the departed one is to be envied, not pitied. The bereaved are often left practically penniless, but he, believing we suppose in the righteousness of a fair division of labour, rests content with applying balm to their wounded spirits, and leaves others to minister to their merely temporal wants.

The Popular Pietist sees in the success which he has himself achieved in life striking and gratifying proof of the beneficence of Providence. He holds it aloft as conclusive evidence that those who do their duty will not fail to reap their reward, and, reasoning from it, argues that people who have not done well have evidently not done their duty, and should not, therefore, be assisted by any conscientious person, lest they should be thereby encouraged to persevere in their malpractices. This belief not only conduces, in a marked degree, to the preservation of the serenity of his mind, but also to the protection of his pocket from gross inroads which might otherwise be made on it. So it is not, perhaps, astonishing that he tenderly cherishes it. He is accustomed to relate how he has achieved his many triumphs, and it would seem that these have been contributed to not merely by his cleverness, his perseverance, and his assiduity, but by his godliness, the latter quality having enabled him to stick to his work and perform great feats when other persons would have deserted their posts. No doubt, by recording his own achievements—by trumpeting them forth on every occasion—he encourages people to follow his good example, and it is, therefore, gratifying that his worth is recognised by his compeers in a variety of ways, it being on record that monuments and statues have been erected to his honour.

Yet, in spite of his success, his goodness, and his religiousness, the Popular Pietist is not loved. It might not, indeed, be too much to say that he is not generally respected. The hardened children of darkness feel that he is cold, callous, selfish, and grasping; while some audacious persons go so far as to declare that he is hypocritical. They announce that he uses religion as a means to promote his own merely sordid ends. They declare that if his protestations were sincere he would become softened, refined, and pitying. Perhaps they are right to some extent. But it is a melancholy fact that even many undoubtedly sincerely religious persons are accustomed to display as much bad temper, unreasonableness, and selfishness as is displayed by those who do not pretend to love entering the temples of grace. We cannot pretend to be able to say why those sincerely religious persons have many of the small vices of irreligious persons with the addition of a spiritual priggishness peculiarly their own, which often renders their company scarcely bearable.—*Liberal Review.*

SOME YOUNG LADIES.

The ball-room may be said to be the peculiar province of a great many young ladies, therefore when at a ball they ought to appear to decided advantage. Though this statement may be true, one often hears that the young ladies who go to balls are rather a namby-pamby, disagreeable, or vapid lot. Holding this opinion you are excusable on the ground that you may have been unfortunate in your selections of partners. For instance, you may have "met" Miss Lillian, who may be in a general way a very amiable creature, but unhappily as far as you and other dancers are in the question, she is in love with Mr. Samuel; therefore at every ball she only cares to dance with him, and may be seen sweetly smiling at him and listening with keen pleasure and appreciation to every word from his lips. She may be seen clasped to him a little more closely than necessary, and she is not unwilling to lean somewhat more heavily upon him than—well, than she would upon another. She would probably dance with him the whole evening did not *les convenances* forbid; when, however, she is constrained to be your partner, what a change takes place; the smiles vanish from her face, her manner becomes chilling and really frigid if you attempt to be friendly and kindly conversational with her. In dancing you are obliged to hold yourself as far off as possible, and she soon becomes fatigued, forgetting that with Mr. Samuel she had danced the last waltz from beginning to end—this fact probably does not escape your attention, and you are thereby wonderfully flattered. Your conversational efforts are received with a *distrain* air, and your brilliant witticisms generally in grim silence—though sometimes she may rouse herself from her reverie and say "I believe you said something—what was it?" You are certain that she will not be heart-broken if you do not repeat your remark, and you are probably correct in your surmise; and should you have to tell your joke twice over, you feel that it will

not be appreciated, especially as you can hardly repeat it with the same vim. All this is very aggravating, and the only good purpose that young ladies of the Lillian type seem to be able to affect is to crush some inveterate punster.

Having escaped from Scylla you fall into the dangers of Charybdis in the form of the young lady Miss Marianne. Miss Marianne is one who prides herself upon her self-assertion and her mental powers—she talks didactically upon every subject and tells you that she reads Carlyle and Schopenhauer and Swedenborg; perhaps she is metaphysically or philosophically inclined and will ask your opinion of theories which you never can and never will fathom; and will mention the names of works of which you have never heard, and of the existence of which you would have remained in everlasting ignorance. Oftentimes you will look very wise and express an opinion at haphazard in complimentary blindness only to see her eyebrows arched in pitying disdain. Should you venture to pay her a few compliments you will be stopped with a frown, and when you ask her if she is fond of dancing, she will smile deliciously as she tells you she likes rational amusements, such as reading Smith's Wealth of Nations or skimming the theory of evolution mystified à la Herbert Spencer. She will take very great pains to inform you that she is not as other young ladies are, and is deeply ashamed of their "frivolous waddle" and lackadaisical sentimentality—she will also tell you that she feels deeply the reproach which is thus undeservedly cast upon her in consequence of their empty-headedness. So that after all your efforts to amuse Miss Marianne you are made to feel exceedingly small.

However, neither of the above are as great trials as Miss Arabella—she is very romantic and sentimental; thinking of nothing but admirers. She will dance through an entire evening utterly regardless of the propriety or of the tired feet of her partners. One good point is that she certainly does her utmost to be agreeable—and loving. She will agree with you in everything you say, even should you contradict yourself half-a-dozen times—but sad to say, she makes very few original remarks herself. She will make a frantic attempt on the first opportunity to talk about flirtations, love and engagements. She is seldom witty, and her "chaff" falls flat, giving you an impression that she is desirous of your making love to her. No matter how much you feel in good spirits and anxious to be conversational, by the time you have made your sapient remarks on the weather and similarly interesting topics, somehow or other silence ensues, and you puzzle your brains as to what you are to say next; you may, if you are very modest, immediately jump to the conclusion that you are a simpleton, and that Miss Arabella knows it. But she is so sentimental that she thinks your feelings are too deep for expression and not a thought enters her mind as to whether she is stupid or not, for failing to supply you from time to time with matter for conversation. She will stand with her arm in yours as complacently as if no such thing as conversation existed, while you in your misery wish you were at home or at the bottom of the river.

Young ladies will say that parties are stupid because young men don't dance or talk, and perhaps it is true.

Geo. Rothwell.

THE SUNSET YEARS.

The story that the world about us and in us has to tell, is one of rise and progress and decay. And the history of the inanimate world (if indeed there be such), together with the history of nations and the history of men,—all speak in the same strain, flinging over the brightest glory of the earth a strange, sad grace and melancholy. Everywhere in life we behold with Hamlet "the pity on't." Why all should fail and fade that once is born, we none of us can say; we can but accept the inevitable. Our heritage is the dust, and our duty, so to live that nobler dust may throng the coming years.

In viewing the individual life (as we may here) descending the other side of the hill, we cannot but be particularly impressed with that strange, sad feeling—that feeling for which we have no name; for over this portion of life the sadness is flung in darker hue. Then it is that the days of the keepers of the house are drawing to a close, the strong men bow themselves, the grinders cease, and those who look out of the windows are darkened. But notwithstanding this, most of us have painted for ourselves ideals of a tranquil and beneficent old age, which we greatly desire to enjoy, and do really hope to attain; that is to say, an old age of serenity and calm joyousness, whose sky is free from the clouds of care,—an old age rich with the experience of years, kind in its sentiments to all, helping and cheering all with timely word and advice, and unmarred by aught of selfishness or prejudice or wilfulness;—an old age wedded in fancy to spending its days under bright skies and 'mid waving wood, 'mid green meadows and by laughing streamlets, 'mid cooling winds and bounteous harvests;—an old age such as the poet saw when he said:

"Though old, he still retained
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remembered that he once was young,
His easy presence checked no decent joy;
Him even the dissolute admired, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleased put on,
And laughing could instruct."

And, truly, when at length one is fully reconciled to growing old, nothing can be more enchanting than the anticipation of such a hearty, generous old age. Even to the mind of active, joyous youth, there are few pictures more pleasing to the fancy than that of the ancient man—the snows upon whose head have neither numbed his brain nor chilled his heart—retired from the bustle of life, and sheltered from its dust and heat, and spending the sunset years in watching the sports of youth, and lending the light of a cheering smile to all. So pleasing to the fancy is such a picture, that one would suppose many would attempt to realize it, and that not a few would actually succeed. At first sight, few things would appear less difficult of attainment; but, alas! here again we behold the "pity on't." It is not easy—it is difficult, as Madame de Staël has said, to grow old gracefully.

"Years steal

Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim."

There is too much strife—too much struggle in life to permit many to grow old gracefully. Like he who when a youth carried heavy burdens upon his shoulders, we find ourselves *crooked*, far from graceful when years have passed. A graceful old age! How can we whose minds have been held at tight tension all through the years of life, by the many cords of the world, attain the graceful uprightness which a tantalising fancy depicts? How can the twig, bent by the rude blasts of harsh circumstances, incline as it otherwise would? Ah! here again we have the "pity on't" that the hard struggle of life should so often bend and twist the poor struggler who, under a happier star or a less tyrannous one, might have attained to the serene heights where peace and happiness dwell.

Viewing as we do how in so many instances our early-formed habits and opinions are but confirmed, we are led to ask how we should regard the counsel and injunctions of the aged. In general the advice of old age sincerely given, the young cannot do wrong in following; but there are many exceptional instances. "Great men," says some one in the Book of Job, "are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment. Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom." But how often is it so? Not very. How often, rather, does the clear mirror of youth become so cracked and marred as the years pass that naught can be viewed therein aright. How often those who having seen in youth with clear and searching vision evil and abuse and hypocrisy in the world, and having endeavoured with energy and enthusiasm to reform or abolish that evil, that abuse, that hollow pretence,—how often, I say, have they had their arms checked, their aspirations clogged by the bogs and morasses into which they were dragged. And even of those who struggled on in noble endeavour, with high and true intent, how many have faltered and trembled in much fear lest they should have journeyed too far and have reached forbidden ground, and have then painfully and slowly retraced their steps to where the common herd browsed, instead of manfully struggling through the short remaining distance that led to green pastures and softly flowing waters. The Radical of twenty-five becomes at fifty the bigoted champion of Use and Wont, the fierce opponent of urgent Reform; the chivalric and gentle prince becomes the tyrannous and selfish king; the sweet, confiding maiden grows into the haughty, suspecting dame. Various sad reasons explain all this. The strong inducements of selfish interest gradually bring about the change in some; the cares of the world, the pinches of poverty are very heavy and very sore, and he must be very strong who can bear them unmoved. Then, again, the years bring terrors to the old, as night doth fears to a child, and there are few who have been blessed by nature with that elasticity of mind and of body which can prevent the clear thought of youth from becoming beclouded by the trials that surround the lives of men, whether those trials be of prosperity or adversity. The physical infirmity and lessened vigour that, alas! follow in the wake of the years, so powerfully influence the opinions and action of mankind—so modify the outlook into the world, that the bright sun of early days seems enswathed in cloud; the world looks not so bright; fears are in the way; and the spirit, no longer so buoyant, eager, hopeful—no longer "leaping before"—longs for calm shelter, for quiet, rest, slumber.

That man, I think, is to be counted happy who has so lived in youth that he now lives in age unbound by any shackles; and just as I have seen a river working its way at the beginning of its flow through rocky defiles and tortuous windings, but at length journeying onward, unimpeded in its broad majestic course, to the parent sea, so have I seen the youth manfully buffet the narrowing deflecting tendencies of life and find his reward in a rich, ripe and generous old age.

I think that among the saddest of all sad words which poets have wedded to the theme old age, are those which Macbeth speaks when he says:

"I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf
And that which should accompany old age—
As honour, love, and obedience, troops of friends—
I must not look to have; but in their stead
Curses, not low, but deep, mouth-honour
Which the poor heart would fain deny
But dare not."

But if it be our happy lot, as indeed it may be if we live aright, to have that honour, love, obedience, those troops of friends which should accompany old age, of what shall we be able to complain? Troops of friends! What mirth, and laughter and music, and deep tranquil joy lie hidden in those words! Who could be unhappy in such way surrounded, living in the hearts of friends, and even when covered by the shadows of the night, still living, like the memory of sweet music? One could then say, with old Horace, as the Lamp of Life flickers:

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius
Non omnis moriar! multa que pars mei
Vita bit Libitinam.

Non omnis moriar? I shall not all die; the oblivion of the grave will not envelop all, the memory of me will be like the winds from Araby blowing over the Garden of Spices, giving and receiving odours!

THINGS IN GENERAL.

ON SHAKING HANDS.

Let us consider the value of our digital arrangements with reference to the venerable custom of "shaking hands." The classification is numerically significant of the varieties in the act itself. First, there is the one-finger variety, significant of extreme condescension and high-mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger, he distinctly says, semaphorically, that you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. Your are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is intended to impress you with the important fact. Then there is the two-fingered variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness. Still you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged parsons and other venerable by-gones to their parishioners and dependants, old uncles to their nephews and nieces, and so on. The three-fingered sort adds another increment of favour, condescension having almost vanished but not quite. Much, however, depends on the vitality of the touch. If alive and conscious, it may be almost friendly. If flabby, do not trust it. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly contradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In its perfection the flabby sort consists of all four fingers laid together, and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting this variety is by accepting it in precisely the same style. Two flat four-fingered fins thus meeting must be thrilling in the extreme. But when the flat sort is moreover clammy, it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality absolutely insulting, not to say sickening, in its very touch.—*Social notes.*

ORIGIN OF THE UNION JACK.

Before the crowns of England and Scotland were united under James I., the flag carried by English ships was white, with the red cross of St. George emblazoned on it; and that hoisted on board the ships of Scotland was blue with the cross of St. Andrew on it; the red lines of the first being perpendicular and horizontal, those of the latter diagonal. Some differences having arisen between the ships of the two countries, His Majesty, to prevent this in future, and to teach his people that they formed one nation, ordained that a new flag should be adopted, having the cross of St. George interlaced with that of St. Andrew on the blue ground of the flag of Scotland. All ships were to carry it at the main-masthead, but the English ships were to display the St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish that of St. Andrew. On April 12, 1606, the Union Jack was first hoisted at sea, but it was not till the Parliamentary union of the two countries in 1707 that it was adopted as the military flag of Great Britain. Both services, therefore, now use it as the national banner.—*Antiquary.*

WOMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

It is recorded that among the persons returned to the Parliament of 1361 (35 Edward III.) were "Marie, Countesse de Norff; Alianor, Countesse de Ormond; Philippa, Countesse de Atholl." In the preceding year, also, there had been writs tested at Roynton, on April 5, issued to divers earls, bishops, and to four abbesses, requiring their attendance at Westminster on the morrow of the Trinity, for the purpose of treating of an aid for the making the king's eldest son a knight, etc. It does not appear, however, that any ladies ever actually took their seats in Parliament by virtue of these summonses; but there are numerous instances on record of both squires and knights having sat in the House of Lords in right of their wives.—*Fireside.*

LAW OF GRAVITATION.—If Sir Isaac Newton had been in the Garden of Eden with our first parents, the law of gravitation might have been discovered soon after the creation,—not, indeed, by the simple fact that an apple fell from a tree, but by observing how quickly Adam fell when the apple struck him.—*Baxter.*

PATRIOTISM.

Protean Selfishness puts on no guise
More apt than "Patriotism" to blind our eyes:
Shall Briton, Frenchman, Russ, American,
Glory in things that would disgrace a man?
Set your own country foremost: work for her;
Hers to all private interests prefer.
But never dream that violence and fraud
In her name turn to praise and nobleness;
That lies are bad at home but good abroad;
That honour and fair dealing have a bound
Mark'd on the map; that any right can prove
Wrong to another, or make his right less.
And after all this, recollect—there's Love.
"Love one another!" "Yea, Lord!" look around!
After all this, there's Love—nay! Love comes first;
Else our pretended virtues are the worst
Of all the evils wherewith life is curst.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—In the last issue of your journal you commented on the sorry figure displayed at the French meeting in the lecture hall of the French Church on the evening of the day of the procession, showing the disapproval by a number of Catholic clergymen and others of the conduct of the French Government in expelling the Jesuits from that country. I recollect being in Montreal some years ago during the Franco-Prussian war; on a Sunday afternoon one of the largest processions I ever saw passed through several of the streets, headed by a large number of priests with lighted tapers, followed by men, women, little boys and little girls, with bands of music, for the success of the French nation in that contest; with all this outward display the French had to succumb before a superior force. Those who took part in that immense procession might ere this look back and see what effect it had in helping the French out of their trouble. Probably they believe that faith without works availeth nothing. Yet the out-door work on that occasion did not avail much. Still the French nation lived, and, apparently, to-day is as prosperous as ever, and I have no doubt that those who took part in that demonstration, which you refer to, will after reflection, feel that all their outward show and what they have done also, will have very little effect on the decision arrived at by the Government of France, to expel the Jesuits from that country. Notwithstanding this outward show during the day, and unnecessary inflammable speeches during the evening, the French nation will still survive, and so will French Protestants, and I have no doubt if the chairman of that meeting, Judge Loranger, were to confine his ability to his own position he would be of more service to the country than using language unbecoming his position. Whatever reason the French Government had in expelling this and other religious orders from their country, it is not a matter for us in this country to discuss. They must have some reason for it or it would not have been carried out. Why did not other cities follow the example of Montreal? there are quite as good Catholics as those in Montreal. I have no doubt they came to the sensible conclusion that they had enough to do to mind their own business and not meddle with the affairs of foreign powers. This, I hope, will satisfy those over-religious people that no outward show or demonstration can have any effect, but if it pleases those who take part in such processions, let them enjoy it; it cannot do any harm to any one else, except blockading the streets for a time. That being a Catholic country, Catholics cannot complain that they are expelled by Protestant bigotry. Hoping that this will be the last we shall hear of any foreign interference in the affairs of a foreign power,

I remain, yours,

Ottawa.

"YOU BE HANGED!"

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

The Montreal *Herald* in its issue of 9th inst., speaks of the elevation of Mr. Angers to the Bench, under the somewhat ambiguous heading, "Quem Deus vult pendere prius dementat." The use of the term, *elevation*, is, under the circumstances, very happy; we have heard of being "kicked upstairs," and of criminals being hanged with a "silken halter," &c. Every one at all conversant with the subject is aware that heraldic-Latin is often obscure and frequently Pickwickian in its application, but I protest against the writer of the paragraph in question, speaking of it as a quotation; probably his innate modesty prevented him from claiming it as a capital joke.

Yours, very respectfully,

Octopus.

Chess.

Montreal, July 17th, 1880.

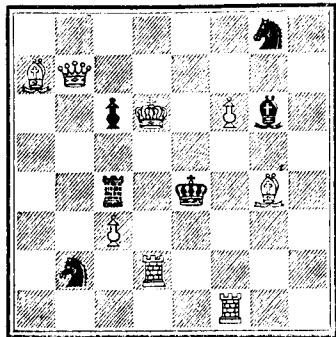
CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.

SET No. 7. MOTTO: Problematic Characters.

PROBLEM No. LXXXVI.

PROBLEM No. LXXXVII.

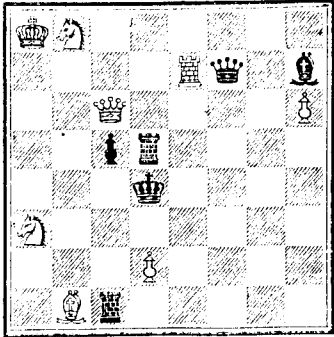
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO TOURNEY SET No. 4.—Now I will believe that there are unicorns.

PROBLEM No. 80.—Q to R 8.

This is the author's solution; but, unfortunately, this problem can also be solved by 1 B to B 5; and, again, by 1 R takes B (ch.)

Author's solution received from:—J.W.S.

PROBLEM No. 81.

Table with 5 columns: White, Black, White, Black, White. Moves listed for each side.

Correct solution received from:—Pax.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PAX.—With one exception you are right.

ROSENTHAL VS. ZUKERTORT.—We are indebted to the Field for the following score of the 15th game in this match, which we present to our readers as being not only the finest game in the match, but as leading, in the opinion of Mr. Steinitz, to one of the most brilliant end games on record.

GAME No. LXX.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Chess game record table with columns for White and Black moves, including annotations like '(a)', '(b)', '(c)'. Includes moves like 'Herr Zukertort. 1 Kt to K B 3'.

(a) The position is only slightly altered from the eleventh game of the match; and we cannot therefore alter our opinion that this is loss of time.

(b) Wrong, we have no doubt. Even in a close game he cannot afford to lose moves so early.

(c) It was quite good enough to advance the B P at once, followed by P to Q Kt 4. However much Black might have struggled to break the pawns by P to Q Kt 3 and P to Q R 4, he could never get rid of the phalanx, if White only brought out the B to Q Kt 2, and Black's game was badly blocked at once.

(d) He could have equalised the game now by B takes Kt, followed by P to K 4. White could then hardly allow the K P to advance further, as the opponent who has not yet castled on the same side, would obtain afterwards the usual sort of attack, viz., Q to R 5, and the subsequent pushing of the pawns on the K side.

(e) At any risk, we should have preferred attempting a diversion in the centre by P to K 4 at this point. The game might then have proceeded thus:

Small chess game record table showing moves like '14 P takes P', '15 P to B 4', '16 P to B 3', '17 Q B to B 3'.

(f) A good move, which forces White to submit to a weak point at K 3.

(g) But now he could have better utilised his previous manoeuvre. He should have advanced P to Q Kt 4, and either he would not create a block on the most vulnerable Q wing, or else obtain a good attack for himself, e.g.:

Small chess game record table showing moves like '16 P takes P in passing', '17 P to R 5', '18 P to R 5', '19 P to R 5'.

(h) Bad. As in the ninth game, he ought never to have taken, but should have moved Q to Q 2 at once.

(i) Worse. Once he had captured, he was bound to exchange both pawns, and not to allow himself to be blocked in altogether. Under any circumstances, if he intended to allow the hostile advance, he should have moved Q to K 2 at once, which saved him the trouble of gaining that post on the 23rd move.

(j) This manoeuvre prevents the hostile plan of breaking through in the centre with P to K B 3, followed by P to K 4; for, even should Black support this attack once more by R to K sq, White may keep him engaged by the answer R to R 8.

(k) Some bolder course was now imperative. He ought to have advanced P to Kt 4; for White could not take without losing an important P. Black would, therefore, open the K Kt file, followed by K to R sq and R to Kt sq, with some attack on the K side as a set-off for his cramped position on the other wing.

(l) Very feeble. He not alone blocks up his other B, but deprives himself of all chance of liberating himself in the centre. P to K B 3 was the right move, and would have kept most of White's pieces engaged to prevent the advance of P to K 4.

(m) The last two moves of the R were superfluous. He might have advanced the R P at once.

(n) But this time there is a great finesse in the movement of the R. He wishes either the hostile R or Q to remove from their present respective positions, in order to advance the R P, and then to be enabled to take with the B P in case Black replied P to K Kt 4. At present he would be in danger if he pursued that plan—e.g.:

Small chess game record table showing moves like '33 P to R 5', '34 B P takes P', '35 P to Kt 6 ch'.

(p) An excellent move. After this Black's game may be regarded as lost. (q) He is hampered in every direction. It would have been useless to attempt P to Kt 4, for White could take en passant; and if the R retook, he would give up the Q by R takes B. The Q Kt P was bound to fall ultimately by R to B 8 and R to B 7, even if the Q kept defending it, and then the passed P would win. It is also plain that if K B took P, White would win a piece by the answer Q to Kt 6, ch. (r) White makes it somewhat easier for the opponent, who intended to exchange queens, having prepared a brilliant winning manoeuvre on the other wing. (s) Had he played 1. to Q 2 the game might have proceeded thus:

Chess game record table showing moves like '43 B to R 5', '44 B to B 6', '45 B to B 6', '46 P to Kt 7', '47 B to B 7'.

(t) A master coup, which decides the game. (u) He could not hope for the least relief by sacrificing the exchange.

Chess game record table showing moves like '45 P to Kt 7', '46 P takes R, queening, ch', '47 P takes Q'.

(v) All this is in splendid style. (w) Finis. After this fine stroke winning becomes a matter of course.

Musical.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal. Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

HANDEL FESTIVAL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The scene at the Crystal Palace on Monday carries us back by its startling contrast to the reception of some of Handel's oratorios in London at the time of their first performance. "Israel in Egypt," which was given in April, 1739, was received with such coldness that it was announced "the oratorio will be shortened and intermixed with songs." It was owing to similar succeeding failures that Handel accepted the invitation of the "generous and polite nation"—as he termed the Irish—and thus to Dublin was reserved the honour of first recognising the beauty and grandeur of his sublimest work—"The Messiah." This was in April 13, 1742, at the Music-hall in Fishamble street, when Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Avolio sang, assisted by the choristers of St. Patrick's and Christ Church. Since then England has truly atoned for her neglect of the great master, not only by a progressive appreciation of his music, but by the various commemorations held in his honour. The first of these was in Westminster Abbey in 1784, when the performers numbered 525. In 1791 we find the number had increased to over 1,000; and this occasion was notable as being attended by Haydn. This year the orchestra alone numbers 450, and with the voices gathered from all parts of the kingdom, we have a sounding force of nearly 4,000. This gradual increase is a test of the rapid strides music is making in the country. One hundred and fifty years ago it was difficult to collect a chorus who were competent to interpret music such as Handel set before them. As an instance of this, Handel when on his way to Dublin, stayed at Chester, and sought out the organist (Mr. Baker) with a view to obtain singers to try portions of the "Messiah." At the rehearsal, after several attempts, they utterly broke down at "And with His stripes." Handel was furious and attacked one of them with, "You scoundrel, did you not tell me you could read at sight?" "Yes, sir," was the answer, "but not at first sight." The "Messiah" was the work chosen for Monday (the first day of the seventh triennial festival), and at two o'clock Sir Michael Costa was at the Conductor's desk. The scene was now truly imposing. The vast area from the orchestra to the stage was densely crowded, no vacant stalls being noticeable, as was the case on Friday, at the rehearsal, and the eager crowd extended far down the centre transept on either side. The north, south, and eastern galleries were also filled. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught who were present, occupied seats at the corner of the transept gallery. The vast multitude rose to the strains of the National Anthem, the second verse being taken by the contralti in the key of the dominant, the return to the original key by the full band and chorus having a magnificent effect.

To Mr. Barton M'Guckin was allotted the opening recitative and air, and in these, as in his other solos, he sang with much artistic expression, but he lacked the power of Mr. Maaz, who created a sensation by the true dramatic rendering of the tenor air, "Thou shalt break them," concluding with a magnificent rush to the upper A at its close. Signor Foli sang "Thus saith the Lord" and "For behold darkness," in his best style; but Mr. Santley who succeeded him in the second part, has been heard in better voice. Mme Albani sang the solos throughout; and her exquisite tones rang throughout the immense building. No contralto could have better portrayed the tender pity expressed in the music, "He was despised," and "He shall feed," than did Mme Patey. The choruses throughout the work were given with that energy and precision that always mark Sir Michael's conducting. The shades of tone-colouring were striking in the "Hallelujah," where the huge choir sink to a whisper at the words "The kingdom of the world." If the Wednesday and Friday performances are equally good with the work of Monday, this seventh Handel Festival will leave its mark on the music of our time.

In the days when Bach was almost unknown in this country and Beethoven was thought "heavy," pianoforte music was given over to those light-fingered executants whose power of playing a certain number of notes in a given time was considered the acme of musical skill. True it is that music for the mind has to a great extent replaced music for the finger, but brilliant and showy pieces are still played; and, provided they are good of their kind, there can be no reason why they should not be. How strange, then, does it seem that the majority of compositions, which at the time to which we refer were actually the rage, should have so completely passed away that the titles of them even are not remembered. A recent refreshing dip into the music of the past has not only recalled to us the many pleasant hours spent among composers who catered for the taste of the day, but has actually convinced us that in many respects the pieces are infinitely superior to much of the light music of the present time. We could name, for example, twenty compositions of Henri Herz which for refinement and delicacy of style, exquisite beauty in the construction of the passages, and excessive melodiousness, will bear comparison with any of the modern works. How then is it that these pieces are not reprinted? Even supposing that they are in the slightest degree antiquated—which, by the way, we do not at all admit—we are now so constantly going back to the fashions of our forefathers that this peculiarity would doubtless be an additional attraction. At all events we firmly believe that any publisher would consult his interest by giving a selection of them to the world, for many who could not welcome them as old friends would doubtless be glad to have the opportunity of making their acquaintance.—Ex.

