

Pages Missing

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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
WHAT WE SEE.
FLOGGING.
THE IRISH EVIL.
ARE AMERICANS A RACE.
FREE-MASONRY.

FROM WINTER INTO SUMMER.
DOES IT MATTER WHAT A MAN BELIEVES, a Sermon by Rev. A. J. Bray.
CARMEN, a Spanish Story.
CORRESPONDENCE.
CHESS.
&c. &c. &c.

THE TIMES.

There is a good deal which to my lay mind is quite bewildering in the trial of Jones for the McNamee robbery—I mean as to the evidence given by Mr. McNamee himself, and the prisoner's counsel, Mr. Archambault. A little more light on the matter would be acceptable, but those who are not lawyers had better not put too many leading questions, perhaps, at this stage of the strange proceedings.

A friend writes:—

“In view of the continued losses of life and property through derangements in the train service on this continent, it is urged on the attention of the railway companies that the lines require a new class of officers for their daily working, who, beyond the duty of supplying statistical information to his fellow-officers, would report to the General Manager alone. They should be called safety officers. There should be one such officer to each principal station or shunting ground, and his duty would be to post himself so as to be in constant possession of the movements of all trains to and from such station, comparing the actual expectations of arrival with the time-tables, and enforcing punctuality in departures. The safety officer would also exercise an effective oversight by telegraph or telephone, so far as possible, over the position and course of trains going and coming between his own and the next stations up and down the line. He would have to see that all operations in shunting, coupling, &c., were conducted in such a way as to keep the line clear for advancing trains, and to have all work performed so as to ensure the safety of the lives of the public and the employees in connexion with it. He would have especially to see that the rules of the line were attended to as to the intervals between the starting of trains, their limit of speed, and the starting and signalling of extra trains, enforcing punctuality as stated. The station masters and train dispatchers of his own station should be bound to report *viva voce* to the safety officer when called upon to do so, and from distant stations through telegraph or telephone, but except in cases of emergency he would not apply to them when busily engaged in their duties. The safety officer would have a general oversight over the position of all the rolling-stock that might seem to him to threaten danger by its position. He should have access to all telegrams and despatch books, and also precedence in the use of telegraph and telephone—this last privilege to be used with discretion. Brakemen, trackmen, and employees of the locomotive and car department and the fire engine corps, with all their superior officers, would always have to reply to any questions in their several departments put by the safety officer of the station. The report of the safety officer for the fine or dismissal of any employee should always be considered by the General Manager, and in certain cases such powers should be vested in him without reporting. Beyond the duties enumerated, and others of a like kind, there would be no claims upon the time nor attention of these officers, and the most suitable men being chosen for the duties, a great accession of safety to life and property should result. The expense of the new arrangement would be far more than covered on most lines, although it is of course understood that where human life is concerned, expense is not the principal consideration. If the companies should

not see their way to arrangements of the kind described—the situation is quite serious enough, now, to demand the attention of legislative bodies all over the northern continent. Safety to life must be had, in all contingencies, so far as it is possible to attain to it.”

I am glad to see that Mr. Frechette is to be banquetted at Quebec, and I hope it may be as great a success there as it was in Montreal. It was really a very fine gathering and a great occasion here, giving promise that we are about to learn the value of the higher branches of literature. But if I might offer one word of advice it would be after this fashion somewhat: not to have too many speeches at the banquet, and not to insist upon it that the hero of the hour shall first name himself a poet and then extravagantly laud all poets.

That is a very pretty bit of rumour which the newspapers have been circulating, to the effect that Argyle is to come to Canada and make enquiry as to the general state of Canadian opinion with regard to the question of annexation. How would they put the Duke to work, and where? Would they have a private commission or a plebiscite or a series of meetings and a show of hands at each? Why not do a little work for his grace before he comes—in the way of testing or creating public opinion by asking for an expression of opinion in the correspondence of the columns of the newspapers, or by those who approve of it offering a better chance of office to “the other fellows,” or something of that kind? Then the Duke would find the way prepared and easy.

The following communication from a gentleman is so good and so timely that I would like to commend it to the attention of all my party-giving readers:—

“Winter is coming on; society is beginning to gather itself together again; hostesses are making arrangements for entertainments; *patres-familiarum* contemplate with more or less horror the prospect of bills and accounts; maidens are working out, in their own minds, plans and tactics for conquests; and men (young and old) of the dancing class and the party-going class are filled with dread and alarm at the idea of another season's dissipation and frivolity. I propose to speak from the standpoint of a society-man, if I can; for the *genus* is by no means alike in thought or feeling. Therefore, I doubt my ability to represent it. What does winter mean to us? What significance is there to us in the announcement that the season is *on*? A round of balls and parties; of all kinds and descriptions; a succession of evenings with the mazy waltz; night after night of dance, and rapid conversation, indigestible supper and insufficient sleep. Morning after morning of parched lips and aching heads, tired limbs and unwilling awakenings. Day after day out of all condition for business; weary, worn-out and exhausted. Why is this? To be plain and brief, because of the insane edicts of society. Edicts which say that it is bad form to commence a party before half-past nine or ten. Edicts which say that it is not etiquette to cease earlier than two or three in the morning. Women who can sleep it out next day; who can rest their jaded bodies are better off than are we. We must be off to work—the bank, the desk, the office, as usual. We must try to work a day's work and then go at it again. Is it pleasure? Is it enjoyment? Why is the end of the season hailed with delight by men? Simply because they are fagged out. Now, to be practical and plain—would not all this discomfort be avoided if hostesses began their parties at half-past eight and closed them, say at twelve. We could then get a decent night's rest and feel bright in the morning. Four hours of it ought to satisfy the most ardent dancer. In other places than Montreal—in Ottawa, I

believe—from eight to twelve is found long enough to give satisfaction. Won't somebody make the experiment in Montreal? If the custom became general, and it soon would, "going-out" would be a pleasure instead of a monotony! Ladies! think of it. Think of the physical and mental effects of six nights a week of parties, and six days a week of work, such as it is!"

A friend well versed in the science of heating houses communicates the following important information:—

"As has already been explained in the columns of the SPECTATOR, the single hall-stove system of heating a dwelling is one of the most defective yet attempted, and it is defective because it never can give the upper floor a moment's chance of an equalized air, as to temperature, for breathing during the hours of sleep, when the human lungs are the most sensitive to atmospheric disturbance and changes. There are two forms of approximate cure for this evil. Leaving for after-discussion the question of the point of admission of the air-supply and the best form of exhaust, there are two modifications of the stove-heating which are important improvements upon the single hall-stove. The one is managed by putting the self-feeding coal-stove into the front parlour on the side next the street, and by closing the parlour door nearest the stove and opening the one furthest away from it, thus resolving the parlours into a modified "warm-air chamber," from which a circuitous stream of comparatively homogeneous air will rise to the upper floor in place of a more direct current formed of hot and cold streams intermingled. The other and additional method of obviating the difficulty is to have a second stove favourably located on the upper or dormitory floor. There is no physiological law more certain than that the human lungs during sleep cannot properly perform their functions in an unequally heated atmosphere. The sofa, if placed entirely out of the drafts in the room containing the self-heating stove, will be found to supply excellent conditions for surface heating and respiration, if adopted in the coldest weather as a sleeping place."

A Toronto paper has the following:—

"The only objectionable feature in our national game is its roughness. It may, it is true, on this account develop a hardy race, but, as a rule, people are not benefitted by witnessing sports which are spiced with bruised joints and cracked heads. Two members of the home team were pretty badly cut up at the match on Saturday, and we venture to say, there were not three men in both teams who did not awake from sleep yesterday morning, as the hymn saith, 'in groans, and sweats, and pains, and blood.' Much of this roughness could be avoided by exacting strict adherence to the rules of the game, though we fear there will not be much improvement until either sticks become softer or heads harder."

With this I quite agree and hope that some plan will be announced for the prevention of roughness. Anent the Shamrock-Toronto match I have been informed that the Shamrocks were not treated very fairly in Toronto; the efforts of the Toronto club were cheered to the echo whilst those of the Shamrock were looked upon with disapprobation. This is not as it should be and tends to stir up bad feeling and an unfair spirit; such complaints, whether true or not, have been previously made and I would invite correspondence upon the subject.

I want to advise a little paper in the West, calling itself the *World*, not to publish leading articles in criticism of theological discussions in other periodicals, until it has secured the services of a man having some understanding of these matters. It recently ventured upon some remarks upon an article which had appeared in this journal upon the subject: "Is there faith in the earth?" The *World* credited me with the article, said it was an onslaught upon Religion, and a glorification of Col. Ingersoll,—every statement being absolutely and completely wrong.

The Brome election may fairly be taken as an indication of public opinion just now, and in proof that, while the N. P. may not have accomplished all that was promised and expected by the most sanguine, it has so well succeeded that there is no very general desire to return to the old custom and the Liberal Government. These bye-elections have a great deal of significance, especially when the candidates are equally matched as to local influence, as was the case with

Messrs. Manson and Fisher at Brome. The Liberals smile at all this, and say they are content to wait for the general elections, when the N. P. will be swept out of existence and the Conservatives ousted from office. But it must be confessed that if the Liberals have this contentment they are very easily satisfied.

Mr. Parnell appears to be undecided, with a strong leaning toward retirement into a less prominent position. While treasonable talk involved no sort of personal danger Mr. Parnell talked wildest treason; he inflamed the passions of the people and inspired them to the committal of shameful outrages, but when the government began to move against those who were prompting the unreasoning crowd, Mr. Parnell began to talk of the need for him to pay another visit to America to replemish his exhausted agitation exchequer. That project is evidently abandoned and the brave agitator is beginning to be rather halting and uncertain in his speech. That is often the way with agitators, and that is generally the kind of courage mere demagogues display.

ADDRESS IN WELCOME TO THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

GENTLEMEN,—When your representative in this city requested me to open the proceedings of your Convention with prayer to Almighty God that He would vouchsafe to you the guidance and inspiration of His Holy Spirit of Truth and Wisdom, I most willingly consented; for the request assured me, in a plain and practical manner, that your Conference is intended to promote the best interests of yourselves and those with whom you are industrially and socially related. You desire that wise counsels shall prevail, that truth shall be spoken and done, that justice shall be honoured, and that brotherhood shall rule in all your gatherings; therefore, you with united minds and hearts and outstretched hands of pleading, lift your eyes to the face of Him who is all wise, all true, all just and all loving, and say, God help us, God bless us. Gentlemen, I honour the sentiment which moves you to that. I am glad to see a society—a band of earnest practical men—men of thought and action, and not likely to be accused of superstition, not ashamed—nay, glad to open their session of reports and debates with an acknowledgement of their conscious dependence upon the Infinite Wisdom and Goodness. From church congresses and other ecclesiastical gatherings we look for such things, and in the eyes of a scoffing world they go for but little—but from a non-ecclesiastical convention like this it is different. The example is great—it is good. In honouring God you have brought glory to yourselves.

But I am to say a word of welcome to you on this your visit to our fair city of Montreal. And if my tongue can utter "the thoughts that arise in me," it will be heartily done. Welcome you are, gentlemen—you and your wives, and your sisters and your—but I forbear. I have no particular right to represent the people of this city, but I am sure that they will endorse the warmest words of greeting I can give you. You will enjoy the beauty of our scenery, I know. We have a few fine public buildings which will interest you; some good educational institutions; some hospitals and nunneries under the control of the Roman Catholics here; some fine churches, and a great deal too many of them. And in this connection—if you desire a prolonged study of that curious kind of ornamentation, which we have had to borrow a word from the poetic French to express—viz., mortgage, you will have ample opportunity. We have magnificent streets—and if you please, gentlemen, keep to the best of them—it will be better for you, and more creditable to us. If all these things cannot satisfy you, then by the abundance of our interest in your proceedings, and our hospitality, we shall convince you that we know how to appreciate the compliment the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have paid us by calling this Convention here.

I am particularly glad to welcome to Canada the members of this society who have come from that great country which lies across the border. We shall be glad to show them that we are a progressive people, and that in the matter of railways we are progressing rapidly. We shall not be ashamed to take them over our Grand Trunk line, and whisper in their ear our hope and confident belief that in the near future we shall have a double, instead of a single, track to Toronto. Of the other leading lines we can speak with more or less pride; and then—we can tell you of that great project—that magnificent project, which we hope to see carried out soon—the construction of a road which shall reach across the Rocky Mountains and link the Pacific sea to the Atlantic—a project worthy of the enterprise and wealth and hardihood of even all America. Canada at this time can make her boast of her daring; and of all men, Engineers should let it pass without one word of rebuke, for we shall offer much employment to them before long—and if they may have to take long and somewhat difficult journeys, they will not have to take them often; and it is even within the limits of one's fancy that those who have to conduct the travel and traffic—say from Manitoba to the Pacific slopes—will be allowed to take

their wives and families along, now and then, just to show that a passenger business can be done in that distant part of the world. But this I am sure you will allow, that four millions of people with a National Policy, and a Northwest, and a projected Pacific railway, and an actual Grand Trunk that pays a dividend and an Intercolonial that doesn't—we are a brave and enterprising people. The British believe in us still, and invest their money with us, and we hope you will not refuse to invest your labour with us, for if the British never get their capital again, you are sure to get your wages.

I need not dilate before you gentlemen upon the greatness of your organization, and the importance of the interests you have to conserve. You know more of that than I could tell you, and your presence here in sober and earnest convention is proof that you appreciate the position you are called upon to fill. You are engaged in a work which makes peculiar and unceasing demands upon each individual man. No organizing can lighten the load of your personal responsibility; no brotherhood, however great, can make less needful the clear eye, the cool head, the brave heart, and the strong and skilful hand; our trust, the trust of the great travelling public, who allow you to take them with such wonderful speed from city to city, who sleep at night without one thought of fear that the man on the engine will not do his man's whole duty, cannot be transferred to a society; we trust the individual man, and put our lives in his hands. But when that is said, this also may be said, that organization can do much, very much for each individual member of it. I read the address of your Grand Chief at the last year's Convention at Kansas; an earnest, manly, noble speech it was, showing plainly the right and reason of your Brotherhood. The continent is being vigorously opened up in every part of it; the mere track has given way to the road, and the road is giving way to the rail; it is being covered over with a very net-work of steel; more and more the engineers must increase; more and more their work will increase in importance, and more and more will be the need for such an organization as your Brotherhood, and such conventions as this. You have mutual sympathies, joint cares and perplexities, a community of interests, and you are right to seek the strength of union and the wisdom of conference. For, as I understand it, you are not banded together to promote injustice and oppression; you do not seek to stir up strife between capital and labour, between employers and employed; you do not seek to shield the indolent, and vicious, and brainless members of the community; you do not propose, by the mere strength of numbers, to bar the claims of equity; in a word, you are not organized to promote strikes, but rather to prevent them, by sound reasoning and just appeal to those who are in the wrong. Your aim is to ennoble honest industry; to give to each engineer a sense of duty and responsibility; that he shall earn the confidence of the public and his employers, and good wages by good and manful service; you desire to advance the men of your calling by making them worthy of advancement; you make, in fact, an organized and intelligent effort to make the men worthy of their work, and the work worthy of the men. You know that great industrial interests and many lives are always committed to their care, and you have combined that, jointly and severally, as the lawyers say, you may be held responsible by the public for the providing of men of skill, of good character and good conduct, and worthy of confidence. So far, I may well say, your organization has justified its own existence. No one can, with show of reason, say that it ought to be improved off the face of the earth. I am not aware that you have been guilty of anything which need make you ashamed to lift up your heads and your voices in this or any other city of this continent. As a class, I believe you are singularly free from vices; as a body, you have earned a good and sound reputation. All who think, and understand the matter, will acknowledge your power—and all for whom you need to care will bear willing witness to your worth.

Gentlemen—this address of mine in welcome to you all must of necessity be brief. You have doubtless great and grave questions to discuss; others will tell you in better thoughts and language than I can command what your union is, and what the work it has to do—and no mere prosing of mine must stand between you and that. Besides—I shall have one more opportunity for speaking of you, and to you—for I have been requested to ask you to attend the services at the church in which I have been called to minister on Sunday—which I do with all my heart, and with the promise that you will be welcomed. In the evening I shall speak to you more particularly, and beg you to lend me your ears for the time.

And now in a word I would say—welcome to Montreal. We are glad of your presence. You are going to discuss many things of importance to yourselves, and to the general community. Let me say: For your life of work you have to exercise two great qualities—or virtues if you like the term better—courage and prudence. You have to drive steadily and swiftly along—through the bright day and the dark night—through blinding storm and bewildering mist—you have to be always on the intensest watch—quick to read a signal and interpret a sign—you have to know all the way, and the angle of every radius and curve. So that to the courage which knows no fear you are compelled to add the cardinal virtue of prudence. That is the indicator—that is the regulator. When great responsibilities are put into your care you are charged to be before all things prudent. So I charge you now: Be brave. Have small respect for mere tradition—do not be afraid to debate anything—to amend anything—to destroy anything, do that which may appear to you best—say that which may appear to you right—only: be prudent; exercise a careful care. Deliberate; take counsel. Be well advised. Seek the good of all, and not personal advancement. Now—and in all your life, "Trust in God and do the right."

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

The following letter has been submitted:—

To the Chairman of the Board of Trade, Montreal:

SIR,—I beg to submit the following plan to remove forever the shoving of ice opposite the city, flooding of Griffintown, and blocking up of ice at Isle Ronde, caused by Moffat's Island and other projections in the main channel between the Island and St. Lambert, which is twice as wide at Isle Ronde. I propose to have all the obstructions removed, leaving a level bottom and clear run for the entire St. Lawrence to pass on the southeast side of St. Helen's Island, and with the material taken out for the channel build a peninsula from St. Helen's Island to Point St. Charles, a distance of 9,000 feet from bank to bank by 900 feet wide, thus raising the water two feet in the river and lowering it two feet in the harbour, making a still-water harbour, removing St. Mary's current and giving a head of four feet for mills, elevators and factories and transporting of freight, and would give ample accommodation for railroads along it to Isle Ronde, a distance of three miles. It would also give a roadway across the river for all coming traffic by a bridge from St. Helen's Island to St. Lambert, which is 2,700 feet, thus obviating the making of a tunnel at Hoche-laga or a bridge at Isle Ronde. It would also make a highway from the city to St. Helen's Island and St. Lambert. This embankment would give a site for water works with pumping power, and pure water for the city could be obtained from the St. Lawrence. The facilities this enterprise would afford, not only to the city and harbor but to the whole country, are beyond the comprehension of any one at present.

Respectfully yours,

James Shearer, St. Gabriel Locks, Montreal.

To Mr. Shearer much credit is due for the interest he has shown in thus preparing a plan to improve the harbour and facilitate communication between the two shores. The project is, however, still in a crude state, and it is a very serious question as to what depth of water would be gained by so turning the main current that it would flow on the south-east side of St. Helen's Island. If the depth were but slightly increased, the blasting out of a channel would be very expensive, as the bed of the river consists of trap rock, one of the hardest rocks known. On this subject may be read with advantage the paper of Sir W. E. Logan regarding the action and movements of the ice, and which was found very valuable in considering the Victoria Bridge project.

Without at the moment referring to the cotton and sugar monopolies which have been established, in the opinion of many, by the National Policy, a few remarks may be devoted to the coal oil monopoly. In order to secure the market for Canadian producers, on the accession of the Macdonald Government, the fire test on American oil was increased to 120 degrees; of course the result is that the crude oil product of the country is controlled by a few and prices have doubled, and a monopoly of a very grievous character has been created. Even with the discrimination against the American coal oil, many still prefer it on account of its superior qualities, while the fire test being higher, it is much more safe for use.

Clearances of Flour and Grain from Montreal for Europe for the week ended October 12th, 1880:—

	Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Peas, bush.
October 6—Steamer Mayo, Liverpool.....	11,524	5,517	34,715
" 7—Steamer Toronto, Liverpool.....	500	28,028	270	41,398
" Steamer Lake Nepigon, Liverpool.....	600	20,671	26,200
" 8—Steamer Sardinian, Liverpool.....	16	39,516	8,622
" Steamer Sharesbrook, London.....	66,695	2,981	1,800
" 11—Steamer London, London.....	14,854	270
" 7—Steamer Scynthia, Glasgow.....	2,567	36,563	16,649
" Steamer Grecian, Glasgow.....	1,426	9,591	3,992	65,702
" 12—Steamer Orchis, Glasgow.....	3,922	17,070	17,694
" 7—Bark Copsefield, Cork.....	23,371
" Bark Sarah, Cork.....	41,621
" 12—Bark Annie Austin, Cork.....	25,928
" 7—Ship Abeona, Avonmouth.....	23,877	27,105
" 8—Bark Rosita, Swansea.....	13,356
" 7—Steamer Sowerby, Antwerp.....	50,084
" Steamer Enmore, Hamburg, [74,065 buhs rye].....
" 12—Blagdon, Havre.....	60,251
Total week October 12th, 1880.....	24,865	328,041	90,540	302,570
Total week October 5th, 1880.....	120	162,866	275,563	112,003
Total week October 14th, 1879.....	10,196	414,870	95,125	138,345

The cutting in rates done by the different Fire Insurance Companies has very much increased of late, and it is stated that the brokers have the business entirely in their own hands, the managers being at their mercy. It may be a good thing to have cheap insurance, but it may become too cheap, and as there are several Canadian Companies whose capital is seriously impaired, insurers should be very particular in placing their risks.

Until quite recently American grain could only be exported to the other side at a loss, and even at present the margin is small. Now, for some years past the increase of acreage has been stimulated by the deficiencies of harvests

in Great Britain and the Continent, but in nearly all cases the margin of profit has been small, and as American farmers cannot afford to grow wheat at a loss, two or three good harvests will give a serious check to the increase of the number of acres in cultivation. The growth of population in the United States will yearly demand more to supply its wants, but the development of the Dominion in the North west, by the building of railways will more than counterbalance this. The probability is that, even now, lower prices will rule, and this is borne out by the fact that there are heavy stocks held by the farmers all over the country.

"There is a 'boom' in the lumber trade and timber limits have been recently sold at prices much higher than two years ago. It is currently reported that a great deal more square timber will be taken out this winter than there was last. Prices rule higher and the formation of a large lumber syndicate has given a great impetus to the business. Twenty-five rafts of square timber came down this summer and the cut at the Chaudiere mills alone will be, it is stated, some twelve or fifteen million feet more than last year, and will be about one hundred thousand million feet; there will also be about the same quantity cut at the other mills in Ottawa making a total of two hundred thousand million feet, add to this the quantity cut in the St. Maurice and other districts and the total will be very large, so it may be truly said that there is a 'boom' (in two senses) in the lumber trade.

The number of failures reported by the *Mercantile Agency* as occurring in the Dominion of Canada for the third quarter of 1879 was 417, with liabilities to the amount of \$6,998,617; and for the third quarter of 1880, it was reduced to 130, with liabilities reaching to \$1,219,763. For the three quarters of 1879 (nine months) the number was 1484, with liabilities aggregating \$24,424,570, and for the same period of 1880 the number of failures was 779, with liabilities to the extent of \$6,880,611. This is no doubt a very gratifying statement, and indubitably shows a great improvement in trade. Credits have been much curtailed, though it would appear that there is still a necessity for a further curtailment. With the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the prosperity of the country will doubtless be further increased, and a great impetus given to all branches of trade. After the severe losses of the past few years this is very gratifying, and the railroads, as the tables below will show, are sharing in the general prosperity, while the price of bank stocks has materially advanced. Now, therefore, is the time to prepare for the disbursements made in past years which are a heavy load upon the resources of the country, so the object of all financial legislation should be to prepare to meet these national obligations.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100. Oct. 20, 1880.	Price per \$100. Oct. 20, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per an- num of last div. on present price.
Montreal	200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$152½	\$136	4	5.24
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	88½	64	3	6.84
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,695	100,000	79	69	3	7.59
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	132½	114	3½	5.28
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	92	59½	2½	5.43
Mercantile	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	108½	84½	3	5.54
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	3½	..
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	99	..	3	6.06
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	128½	113½	4	6.21
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000
MISCELLANEOUS								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	130	82½	4	6.15
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	..	53½	37½
City Passenger Railway	50	..	600,000	163,000	115	..	16	5.22
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	..	143½	118½	5	6.98

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. & Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk	Oct. 16	74,171	164,468	238,639	213,880	24,759	..	16 w'ks	579,384	..	
Great Western	" 8	53,407	69,935	123,342	102,504	20,838	..	15 "	257,790	..	
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 8	7,516	15,874	23,690	32,017	..	8,237	14 "	53,001	..	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 7	1,577	3,858	5,435	5,757	..	322	14 "	4,311	..	
Midland	" 7	2,074	8,468	11,142	10,307	835	..	14 "	29,654	..	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 9	1,664	1,326	2,990	2,907	83	..	fm Jan. 1	..	264	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 14	638	1,922	2,560	2,415	145	..	"	15,036	..	
Canada Central	" 7	3,802	6,410	10,212	8,593	1,619	..	14 w'ks	32,344	..	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 9	2,517	5,244	7,761	7,450	311	..	"	1,427	..	
†Q., M., O. & O.	Sept 30	8,694	7,353	16,047	7,630	8,417	..	12 "	116,054	..	
Intercolonial	Month July 31	64,430	81,884	146,314	107,873	38,441	..	1 m'nth	3,441	..	

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The River du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for sixteen weeks is \$607,584.

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

WHAT WE SEE.

The truth of the saying that "an Englishman's house is his castle" is, perhaps, nowhere better illustrated than in our good city of Montreal. To insinuate that the commercial capital of the Dominion is a solitary example of the fulfilment of this maxim would, of course, be an exaggeration; but the question arises, Can nothing be done to attract a little more attention than hitherto has been the case, in an endeavour to preserve some degree of harmony in the outward appearance of our houses?

Many methods might be suggested to solve the problem, some more simple than others; but, unfortunately, people nowadays, however much they may theorize, are not the most willing to carry out in a practical manner what would in the end prove a lasting pleasure. More especially is this the case when the domain in which the "mighty dollar" reigns supreme is encroached upon.

That peculiar something termed "Fashion," however much disliked by those whose aspirations are of an æsthetic order, must in the end be acknowledged as a ruling power in architecture, and in fact, if the comparison will not be considered odious, the changes which during the last few years have marked its course have been almost as frequent and startling as those introduced by the fair sex in the adornment of their persons.

How often do we hear the sentence quoted "there is nothing new under the sun" without believing it; but how true do we find this to be the case when any attempt is made to improve upon the laws of beauty laid down and carried out by the men of old. In regard to art, one cannot but have noticed the feeling of unrest which is now abroad, all portions of the globe being ransacked to satisfy the intense craving for something not known to fashion. At the present time Japan is the happy hunting ground of those individuals who aspire to be the leaders of the forlorn hope in search of the beautiful. Whether or not they will succeed, time alone will discover.

Would it be assuming too much to say that it is a pity we do not see ourselves as others see us, as far as the appearance of some of our recently erected streets are concerned? To live in what is supposed to be a free country is no doubt a privilege, and it must be confessed that the inhabitants thereof certainly take the fullest advantage of this privilege, as far as building goes. At first thoughts, to prevent a citizen who may be the fortunate possessor of a plot of ground from building as he liked, would appear an unwarrantable act of tyranny, but fortunately for Canadians, and as a rule unfortunately for the fulfilment of some of the first principles of architecture, the land is not in the hands of large proprietors, there is little chance of the rights of that eminently respectable individual, the "British subject," being encroached upon. On second thoughts, however, leaving the British subject and his time-honoured rights out of the question, is there nothing to be said in favour of adopting some degree of method for the preservation of a pleasing perspective vista, including at the same time the qualities of harmony, sobriety, and unity of idea, the want of this latter feeling being perhaps the chief source of the eccentricities which distinguish the appearance of many of our houses? Symmetry, like other good points, may be practised *ad nauseam*, and those who may be acquainted with some of the suburban districts of London must have become wearied with the interminable sameness which prevails. Variety in such a case, when carefully applied, would certainly be an improvement; here, however, the inclination is rather the other way, and the result produced, though varied, can hardly be pronounced satisfactory. Perhaps what strikes one as a primary cause of the incongruity which prevails is the application of different kinds of building material in juxtaposition.

Montreal is fortunate in having an abundant supply of good limestone, which, when applied to a building alone, effects a perfectly happy result; but, as is often done, when used along with red brick, the contrast may be considered rather harsh. The saving in cost, of course, prompts this indiscriminate use of material, and such being a fact rather hard to overcome, there is, perhaps, little use in attempting to illustrate how discordant to the eye is the appearance of a row of houses some of which have fronts finished in limestone, others in brick. Custom in this instance may be said to rule supreme, and so much is this the case that those who contemplate building, and well able to slightly increase the cost, never for a moment take into consideration what would in the end tend to produce a much more pleasing *tout ensemble*.

To suppose that all our fellow mortals are blessed with a special aptitude for architecture would be too much, but the majority have enough of that ordinary intellect which, with the help of education, goes a long way to discern what are the requisites necessary to produce harmony. The every-day purpose to which this art is applied may, with some reason, detract from the attention which it might otherwise receive; but it should be remembered that as long as the human race exists, the necessity for building will remain, and therefore, instead of blindly following the path of custom, some effort should be made to attain the meaning embodied in the saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

As the use of materials applied for outward purposes will generally remain a matter wherein the purse is to be consulted, there is another point, which, of

equal importance to the last, has not to such a degree the never ending cry of cost to be said against it. Reference is made to the almost universal practice of building one house against another without any attention being given to manipulate the heights of the principal horizontal lines, which in ordinary house frontages are the intermediate cornices placed to mark the levels of each floor, then the main cornice, being that feature above which the roof commences, then the sky-line of the roof itself. The heights of the window and door openings might also be included, but to the general observer the variation of those necessities is not so offensive as the first mentioned items. It matters little how pleasing the design of each separate façade may be, as in many cases they are all to be desired, this want of unity mars the whole.

If, in the majority of cases, there was really cause for the display of this craving to be different from one's neighbour, the observer could have no plea, but when there appears no palpable reason, the conclusion to be arrived at is, that this disjointed mode of building is the outcome of individual conceit.

In England, a method is adopted specially devised to guard against the over-fondness for variety. When a new street is laid out upon which a continuous row of houses is to be erected, there is a general elevation supplied by the proprietor of the land, plain or ornate as suited to the locality. The only restrictions which are placed on intending builders or purchasers of the ground, are that the materials to be used externally, and the heights of the principal features shown on the original design are to be adhered to, latitude being given to alter matters of architectural detail. Thus a more satisfactory result combining variety without incongruity is obtained, than if on the same street every one had been allowed to follow his own peculiar fancy.

Perhaps such a method would not find much favour in Montreal, owing no doubt to local custom. At the same time when the principles involved are taken into consideration, affecting as they do the appearance of our streets, it should surely be the endeavour, if not the duty, to apply what in those matters, is the only remedy, and that is, good taste. *Langvout.*

FLOGGING.

Last week an article appeared in the CANADIAN SPECTATOR entitled "Prison Discipline, Curative or Destructive," in which the writer, influenced doubtless by charitable motives, raised a warning cry against the flogging system of punishment. That he should feel called upon to characterise flogging as brutal will be regretted by many, as the brutality can only be deemed such when we allow that flogging is entirely unnecessary. If necessary, it can hardly be thought brutal except that it is used as a preventive of brutal crimes. In some cases, through the fault of incompetent guards, prison doctors, etc. the flogging may become thoroughly brutal—this is to be considered beside the question, as in many cases besides flogging, mistakes are made, and it appears to me that if a man commits a brutal crime, a brutal flogging will be about the best thing for him and will be most likely to correct him. The writer of the previous article in the SPECTATOR makes the statement that "true philanthropists who advocate their reintroduction into England find the crop of victims increase in exact ratio to the number of punishments." This I take to be a grievous misstatement and one which requires proof; within two weeks I have read an item in a reliable newspaper giving a judge's opinion that for certain crimes flogging was absolutely necessary, and it is a commonly received opinion that the crime of garrotting was stopped by flogging.

I am not prepared, nor have I the wish, to enter into a psychological or metaphysical discussion of the question; but when he states that there is such a thing as "this hunger of society for personal violence as a punishment for crime," I deny *in toto* his right to assume that there is a "hunger" for "personal violence" (whatever that may mean), and would reply that experience, in my opinion, has shown us that the "cat-o'-nine-tails" is in many cases the only radical cure for certain crimes. It is rather a peculiar question to study out, whether the flogging raises in the mind of the criminal a desire of revenge, and if so, against what? Society in general. Well, let him know that his crime of revenge will be punished as well as the first crime. And the mere fact that the flogging aggravates the criminal, shows that he feels disgraced, and if so, why should he not thus feel? I hold that society is not moved by a feeling of revenge, but by one of self-protection; and, further, I hold that a man when he commits a crime should be punished in accordance with the baseness of the crime, and not that the theoretical questions of "philanthropy" should be considered, nor should men jump to the conclusion that, because severe punishments are inflicted, they are inflicted in a revengeful spirit.

You correspondent "F" says: "Can such a course of discipline be carried out by men brutalized by familiarity with the use of the lash. Does it need our best men or our worst?" This is not argument nor can I see its bearing unless "F" means to infer that the frequent use of the "cat" will familiarize keepers or guards to its use and why should this not be the case? If the principle is correct, that flogging is a corrective, the more honestly it is administered, the better, and I for one am glad to hear of the flogging of "brutes" who have assaulted defenceless women. *Sappho.*

THE IRISH EVIL.

In closing his series of letters on the condition of Ireland M. de Molinari, of the *Journal des Débats*, says:—"Ireland undoubtedly suffers. She labours under one of the worst forms of poverty—agrarian pauperism. Of the 580,000 occupiers who till her soil there are about 230,000, representing 1,000,000 individuals—a fifth of her population—who have scarcely the means of living in good years, and whose miserable balance sheet is made up with a deficit. When a bad year comes upon them this million of poor people find themselves on the verge of starvation. The poor rate and the public works loans are insufficient to support them. As Mr. Davitt, the apostle of the Land League, said at the meeting at Chicago, Ireland is then obliged to hold out her wooden bowl to the givers of charity all over the world. But the social malady of which I speak is not peculiar to Ireland, though it is there exceptionally violent, and it has, at least of late years, been aggravated by the doctors. I allude to the social doctors—a race of men who were unhappily unknown to Molière, and whose special vocation it is, as every one knows, to cure all the ills of society. If they do not wear the long robe and the sugarloaf hat of the doctors of Molière, they resemble them at least in the essential particular of believing religiously in the infallibility of their systems and the virtue of their elixirs. Poor Ireland, with her open wounds, which she is falsely accused of parading in order to excite pity, but which the inveterate use of whiskey poultices may have contributed to inflame, has attracted doctors just in the same way as the sheep's heads in the shops of Dublin butchers in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral of St. Patrick attract flies. From all quarters have gathered together doctors, political, socialistic, philanthropic, revolutionary and parliamentary, wildly disputing and seeking to try upon the country the virtue of their several panaceas. I look in vain for a real remedy for her disease in their heterogenous prescriptions. The cause of the economic evil from which Ireland is suffering—and this evil is the root of all the others—is the existence of from 200,000 to 300,000 tenants, representing 1,000,000 individuals who work with old-fashioned tools, and whom the slightest failure in the crops reduces to the verge of famine.

A glance at the statistics of Ireland will show that Nature herself is endeavouring to effect a cure, and that if she is but left alone small holdings will before another quarter of a century has elapsed have disappeared from Ireland. In 1841 there existed 310,436 farms of from one to five acres, and 252,799 farms from five to fifteen acres apiece. In 1878 those numbers had been reduced to 66,359 and 163,062. On the other hand the number of farms of fifteen or thirty acres had increased during the same interval from 79,342 to 137,493, and above thirty acres from 48,625 to 161,264. Since the Land Act established a special system of protection for small holdings the rate of progress in this direction has naturally tended to fall off. Progress, however, continues nevertheless, and Ireland in due time will be cured of her sore of pauperized holdings, in spite of the doctors. But what will become of the small tenants? Some will emigrate to America, others will become mere agricultural labourers. All that is required, therefore, to bring about an evolution which the force of circumstances necessitates is that Nature should be allowed to take her course. The only way, perhaps, in which she may be usefully assisted would be to lighten the labour market in England and America, and to advance to those whom the gradual suppressing of small holdings left for the time being without work and penniless, money to enable them to move to a distance or to emigrate. The Canadian Government has shown itself disposed to favour this system under proper guarantees for the recovery of the sums of money advanced. Let the Land League transform itself into a simple employment and emigration agency for the benefit of the small tenants who are evicted by the march of events, like the handloom weavers, and the change, which is indispensable, will be effected with a minimum of suffering. Need it be said, however, that this modest *role* of assisting Nature, and as often as not letting her take her own course, does not suit the political doctors, socialists and others whom the Irish people have chosen to consult, attracted by their fine promises and their loud pretensions? Ireland—and this is the final conclusion at which I have arrived—suffers not only from her maladies, but also from her doctors."

ARE AMERICANS A RACE?

Anglo-Saxon is the collective name usually applied by historians to the different Teutonic tribes which settled in England during the fifth century and established the Heptarchy. These were mainly Angles, Saxons, and Jutes; the commonly received opinion being that the invaders made their first appearance in 449, under the leadership of Hengest and Horsa, recently resolved into mythical personages. There is good reason to believe that German settlements were made in Britain long before, and that, of the three tribes mentioned, the Jutes were the earliest intruders. The Saxons were, in all probability, a part of the nation or confederation of peoples whose territories lay along the Baltic, in what are now the Duchy of Holstein, the north of Hanover, and the west of Mecklenburg. The third tribe, the Angles, whose name and nationality overcame the others, did not arrive till some time after. They were, like the

Jutes, from the Duchy of Slesvig—a corner of it is still called Angelw—and eventually gained possession of a large part of England. Their junction with their countrymen who had preceded them, and with the Celtic inhabitants, who, though subdued, were not destroyed, founded the Heptarchy. These seem to be the historic facts in brief, which indicate the source of the so-called Anglo-Saxons. The term is modern, having come into general use only since the beginning of this century. The dominant race in Britain, before the Norman conquest, always spoke of itself as *Ænglisc* or English. Nevertheless, both English and American authors are wont to refer to themselves and their peoples as Anglo-Saxons, which as a term is likely to be annulled, and the word English, instituted. The English are unquestionably descended directly from the German invaders; but are we Americans of to-day descended directly or indirectly from the English? Are we Anglo-Saxons in the sense in which the term is popularly employed? Many of the New-Englanders who have always stayed in their section, are undeniably such, for they have come from New-England ancestors on both sides for generations, and their remote ancestors were the immigrating Pilgrims and Puritans.

But outside of that section our race is greatly mixed, especially the contemporaneous portion of it. We are not now, whatever we may have been, either Angles or Saxons. We have Celtic and primitive German blood; we are partially French, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, Welsh; we have even a dash of Italy and Spain. The present inhabitants of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, many of the Northern and Western States, are largely of Irish, Scotch-Irish, Dutch, and German stock. Many of the South Carolinians, and a very large proportion of the Louisianians are of French derivation, either on the father's or mother's side; while a number of the Floridians and Californians have in part a Spanish strain. As a people, we are the most composite on the globe. We have so many nationalities in our nature that it would be impossible for one American in twelve to tell his exact ethnic lineage. Being all democrats, and indifferent to our progenitors, we know little and care less for our grandfathers as representative of antiquity, with which we have no concern. The majority of those making up the last census are not much more English than German or Celtic. We are nothing as to nationality except our own, and we cannot justly be considered as aught save Americans, which we are very glad and very proud to be.

Race is puzzling under any circumstances. Study it patiently and closely as you may, its lines so cross one another, and get so involved; lead hither, thither, and nowhere; are so inextricably confused; in short, that opinions on the subject are little more than ingenious theories or air-drawn speculations. The easiest solution of our race problem is to declare that Americans are Americans. While, as individuals, they look like all Europeans, frequently like Asiatics, they possess in general very marked, distinctive physical features and mental traits. They are generally known all over the Old World at sight; their individuality is excessive; they are, if not as different from Englishmen as from the Singhalese, as little liable to be mistaken for them. The idea of their being Anglo-Saxons is absurd, unless so regarded because the two may be included in the Aryan race. Americans have their own virtues and their own vices. They are not so bad as they are often painted, and not so good as they are prone to think themselves. They have one great advantage over most civilised peoples—they began in a new land separated from ancient lands by the broad Atlantic, and began without traditions, musty authority, or everlasting precedents. They started fresh and unhandicapped; they are fighting their own way toward the future and the possible: they are developing themselves and their country with extraordinary energy, eagerness, and hope. They may make mistakes; they may still be on trial; they may be over-confident. But they are a race by themselves, and they are making such a race for humanity and progress that the rest of the civilised world cannot help but watch what they may choose to consider their experiment with exceeding interest.—*N.Y. Times.*

FREE-MASONRY AND ITS USES, PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

That Free-masonry, as an institution, has outlived its usefulness is a current opinion largely shared by many of the advanced thinkers of the day. That it has served the cause of humanity and helped to maintain human brotherhood in past ages; that amid certain Nationalities and classes it still in some degree prepares men for the reception of higher knowledge, is cheerfully admitted by all who seek the common weal. The time has arrived however when the mask of a semi-transparent secrecy might well be thrown off, and *Freemasonry*, like every other "ism," stand upon its merits, grow and increase by its usefulness, and not by its mystery. For it is not needful to be "a free and accepted mason," nor to go through any of its initiatory ceremonies which are popularly supposed to awe into silence the votary of knowledge, to be able to decipher with marked clearness that most, if not all of its undoubtedly healthful influence over the minds of men, is derived from its imperfectly treasured acquaintance with the ancient science of correspondence (or analogy) between things physical and things mental—between the material objects which the physical man handles and those mental thought-forms which

the the inner or spiritual will of man uses as its tools. To raise the mind of man from the mechanical forms with which, and amid which, he works, to the thoughts these embody and express, and thus to lead him to use these thoughts or principles in the higher realms of conduct with which conscience and rectitude have to do in all the daily affairs of life, would seem to be the not ignoble aim which Free-masonry has set before it.

It would be quite impossible for the present writer in saying this much, or in saying more, to reveal any of the special secrets of the craft. In the first place, because there are no dread secrets to reveal; and secondly because if there are any, he knows them not; for alas! he is not, nor is he ever likely to be, a free and accepted mason. Men who entertain the true spirit of liberty and brotherhood, so thoroughly possible of absolute fulfillment in these enlightened days, do not readily enter on, or bind themselves to any society whose rules and laws are not at all times open to the public.

It is neither inimical to Free-masonry nor to the cause of progress to show briefly to what ends a wise extension of Masonic lore would naturally tend.

In the earliest ages of the world's history universal mankind knew, as it were intuitively or by direct perception, that from the spiritual universe the natural universe had its being; that not a rock or mineral, not a hill or valley not a tree or flower, not a plant or animal, existed save as the material outflow or concretion of some spiritual cause behind and within it, to which it perfectly corresponded—as, type to ante-type—as effect to cause. Gradually this knowledge was lost as men became more sunken by voluntary and free choice in the things of matters which they had formed and used, and such true intuitive knowledge became but fragmentary. Little or none of it was preserved except amid the Egyptians and Grecians. That little centered chiefly on the tools which men had formed and were accustomed to use for the most pressing of their daily needs, viz: shelter and food. With regard to these tools or utensils, while their true spiritual correspondence was lost, the mental correspondence of the rational plane of men's minds with the mechanism it formed was preserved—otherwise they could neither have made nor adapted tools fitted for real and actual use. This is the science of correspondence known still to freemasonry.

So long as this knowledge is conserved as secret and mysterious so long will its best use be partially lost, both to its conservators and to humanity generally. The intuitive perception of correspondences of spiritual things with natural, native to the first inhabitants of our planet, became gradually merely rational and no longer spiritual, purely because the love or desire of men's hearts had gradually ceased to be to serve all the race with their highest and best of science and art, and had sunk so low as to desire to preserve its knowledge for selfish personal use, for personal gratification or advancement, or for the elevation of a class, by this superior knowledge, above their fellows. For it is a law of the spiritual realm, which must manifest itself also in the natural realm of reason and action, that the love of the neighbour and the desire to do him good is the avenue whereby the Infinite Source of all Life can alone flow into and illuminate or enliven all forms of thought and labour, till thereby man rises throughout all his being into its true order, which is that of a form receptive of the Love of God capable of using *all* its powers to the full only in the expending of that love-life on others. To confine the influx to the source of self alone is to reverse this order, and to shut gradually all avenues of entrance save the most external. Thus the full perception of correspondence is lost. The inner man closes itself to the influx of life and till it is only possible to see from externals the analogy between thought and the external forms of matter which it assumes.

If then it be true that Free-masonry is a fragmentary preservation of the correspondence of rational thought with forms of use, its existence and preservation have been permitted for some wise end. How then can those who have inherited it rest content in the conservatism of a bygone age? How can those among Free-masons (and there are many) whose hearts burn with the true religious fire of love to their neighbour fail to perceive the need that their knowledge should be used to the utmost for the benefit of humanity—that to be useful it must be used fully? It must become really *Free* Masonry, free from secrecy, free to spread its knowledge in word and deed till all may see and learn its uses. The science of correspondences, regarded amid the ancients as the highest form of wisdom, has been well nigh totally lost among moderns until recently. Only the merely external form of it has been preserved amid Free-masons. That it does constitute the highest form of wisdom and science even that slight knowledge of it which Free-masonry possesses is surely sufficient to carry conviction to them at least. Open up that science then, as far as known, to all mankind. Freely you have received freely give. Become Free-masons indeed—free in your gifts as well as in your possessions. In this age, when men of science, philosophers, and psychologists, are puzzling sincerely over the apparent anomalies of the phenomena of existence, and lack the key which would unlock the wisdom contained in the Divine Word concerning all things natural, as well as spiritual, some help to juster lines of thought might be afforded by a widespread acquaintance with the laws of correspondence between thought and its embodiment which you possess. Familiarize men's

minds with these truths even in their external forms, and all who love to do service to others, when they read the Divine Word, will find its literal or external sense also full of correspondences of Heavenly or Divine Truths expressed in natural forms. It will also pave the way largely for the reception of that Heavenly wisdom from which even your love indirectly derives its existence. This spiritual wisdom is the crying need of the age. Much of the Old Testament is a sealed book to us for lack of the knowledge of correspondence which can alone render it perceptible to the rational powers of men. That the key exists is known to few; yet it might be known to Free-masons. For Swedenborg, who brought to light again for use in this age the lost science of correspondences was himself a Free-mason and instituted a "rite" among you which still bears his name.

Whether in his further spiritual application of this lost science he wrote truth or error is not now the question. It remains rather to consider whether Free-masonry—holding, as it does, that its knowledge is correct and useful—has any right to maintain a secrecy which is no longer needful and therefore no longer useful. Further, it is a law which Free-masons must readily discern even in things natural, that tools unless used become rusted, useless, and decayed; while if used, though they may wear out, they still live in the various uses performed. So will it be, so must it be, with Free-masonry itself. If it be not spread and used freely as the ground-work and training school for the universal development of a higher power spiritually to apprehend truth, then other means will be found to do the work, while it rusts and decays. The time has come when light from above is penetrating all men's minds who are open to receive it; for the process of formation of means to that end has been well nigh completed. Free-masonry may aid its influx in many directions; but neither its secrecy nor any other barrier it can raise can prevent it. Still, now seems a time when it can be most useful. Let not the "mallet" rest powerless for good; apply the "rule" freely to the guidance of human effort; act on the "square" towards your fellow-men by affording them freely all the knowledge you possess, and use your "plummet line" to aid men to lay one stone of truth fairly and squarely upon another till they build upwards towards a spiritual plane of rectitude correspondent to the natural which you inculcate. So may Free-masonry grow by the life of love to others which it shall thus not only receive, but distribute; and if it be lost in that light from above which so far transcends it, men will still remember it with affection as one step in their progress heavenwards, one segment of that perfect circle, completed when love to the neighbour is perfected in love to the Lord, flowing from and around Him in that eternal circle of efflux and reflux which is alike the emblem and the reality of our eternity of affection. Free-masonry cannot afford to stand outside of that great circle, to which no craft, no institution can gain entrance, unless it be willing to become in the highest sense

Utilitarian.

FROM WINTER INTO SUMMER BY SEA AND LAND.

(CONCLUSION.)

The gorgeous Cathedral stands appropriately on the ruins of the great Teocalli. I entered during the celebration of a solemn mass. The vast congregation was composed of the richest and best-attired people of the city, as well as of the humblest and poorest. No misplaced distinctions were visible here in God's house, where all alike seemed to me to bow in true reverence of heart as in the presence of their Creator. The Jesuits' Church in Montreal is a show, an exhibition, in and out of which a mixed crowd ebbs and flows from vulgar curiosity, or to feast their senses on the music provided for their entertainment. The Cathedral at Mexico seems wrapt in profound repose when thousands of worshippers are within its walls. These women and young girls must be good, to judge from their faces, which I always consider a pretty good test of character within. I was sufficiently impressed by the good and sensible looks of this portion of the congregation to exclaim, as the last, but not least, the Deputy's daughter, filed sedately from the grand old edifice: "If the women could only govern the country instead of the men, what a garden of Eden this would be!"

Of course the Roman Catholic Church is in overwhelming preponderance in point of numbers. Those of other creeds are of insignificant proportion, and have only very poor and badly attended places of worship. A single convent that I visited, that of San Francisco, far transcends them all up in point of wealth and influence.

Mexico is not without a park, or public promenade, termed the Alameda, a very fine and healthy walk in all seasons of the year. For those of literary and scientific tastes, the University buildings contain an interesting collection of Mexican antiquities, among which is the celebrated "stone of sacrifice." The feeling called up by this gloomy relic is anything but inspiring. Probably thousands upon thousands of human beings, formed in the likeness of the Great Maker of us all, poured out their life's blood on this stone to gratify the passion of inhuman tyrants.

I found only some ten representatives of the oldest nation on the earth,—the Jews. They live here in quiet accordance with the laws of the land, and when a death occurs, the burial takes place in the French burial ground.

There was at the time of my visit no resident British Minister, and consequently a double Consular duty fell to the lot of the Hon. Mr. Morgan, the United States representative. The latter is not only a gentleman of the highest qualifications for such a post, but a man of a good heart, and one to whom the distressed of any nationality need not fear to apply for justice or assistance. An incident illustrative of this occurred while I was at his office. A tall, fine-looking Irishman appeared on the scene, with a story of distress. He needed help, and claimed to be an American citizen. Mr. Morgan asked him for his papers, when Pat replied with charming simplicity: "Faith, I left them in Washington." The Minister smiled, but without another word granted what must have been to the poor wanderer most welcome relief. Congress has made a good choice in the appointment to this post. Mr. Morgan has already done more to cement the good feeling between the two nations than Mr. Foster would have done had he held the position for fifty years. The late Minister was not the person to represent the United States in Mexico. He cultivated no friendship, but indulged in bitter recriminations against the very people whom he should have tried to conciliate, even going so far as to publish a pamphlet in which he derided their want of civilization, and dubbed all Mexicans little less than murderers. It is an ignorant prejudice which expects every other nation to be on a par with the civilization of the leading people of the earth. The Mexicans naturally despised Mr. Foster for his ill-advised attitude towards them, and he was recalled by his Government, but not before the name of the United States had commenced to be offensive to those who knew its representative. It requires the most consummate tact and genuine sympathetic feeling to counteract all the bad feeling which has been aroused, but if any one can accomplish the desired result, it is Mr. Morgan. He is of undoubted integrity, affable and highly educated,—reminding me of a typical English gentleman, although in reality an out-and-out American.

I should like to say a word for much-abused and long-despised Mexico. The elements of progress, and the wish for progress exist in the hearts and minds of the people, and in due course of time she will emerge from her obscurity and take her proper place among the nations. But circumstances have been against her—"Give a dog a bad name, and hang him." Set a man on his legs, give him encouragement, and you may make a real man of him. With the development of railways, telegraphs, and the application of scientific improvements, Mexico may yet turn the laugh against some of those who now belittle her hitherto somewhat spasmodic efforts. Gonzalez, the new President is the right man in the right place. He will certainly do all in his power to cultivate a good feeling with England. He is a man of great spirit and undaunted resolution, equally able to put down any attempt at revolution or to organize an extension of the railway system. In Parliament there are some very clever, good men. If only members like Mr. J. Hemmeken, a good English scholar and a firm Liberal, will co-operate with Conservatives of the stamp of Mr. O'Gorman, and aim at some mutual understanding on religious matters, and others of a like unsettled nature, a great stride will have been taken towards the development of order out of chaos.

I must close with a word or two about the capital that has so profoundly impressed me by its singular and magnificent appearance. In the City of Mexico the traveller is safe, guarded by an efficient force of four hundred policemen. At night his way is lighted by gas,—made, however, from rosin, in the absence of native coal—and he can spend as happy and comfortable a month or more here as in any city of Europe or America. The romantic mind can revel in the memories of a past studded with deeply interesting historic monuments, while the comfort-loving citizen, who lives essentially in the enjoyment of the present age, will find no fault with the *cuisine* and general management of the hotel "Iterbide." And now, with a feeling of regret at leaving what has been to me a pleasant subject,—the simple narration of a spring tour,—I must apologize for any defects in my endeavour to amuse and instruct my readers, and for the present bid them farewell.

D. A. Ansell.

DOES IT MATTER WHAT A MAN BELIEVES?

A Sermon preached in Zion Church, Montreal, by the Rev. Alfred J. Bray.

I spoke last Sunday evening to the question: Does it matter what a man believes? Taking up the subject as you and I often hear it mooted on the streets and in society, I tried to convince you, and I hope I succeeded, that the theory—it doesn't matter what a man believes, so long as he carefully acts up to it—is not only absurd, but impossible out in the world of practical life. In applying this to religious matters, I spoke of the general likeness between certain groups of churches. But the Unitarian Church differs in a very radical manner from all other Protestant churches. The question between the Trinitarian and the Unitarian is one of profound gravity—it involves a tremendous mistake on the one side or the other. I spoke also of the Roman Catholic Church, that great organization for the emasculation of mankind. But since last Sunday I have been reminded that in our Protestant churches there is just as much of intellectual sluggishness, just as much leaving things to the clergy, just as much submission to circumstances and tradition as

in the Roman Catholic Church. And the remark was perfectly just. We hold it as a theory that each man, not only may, but ought to exercise his own reason and come to judgment in all matters of religious belief. At the first that was our main *raison d'être*—it was a protest against blind submission to authorities—it was a startling assertion of individual and personal rights—it was the uprising of manhood in grim determination to bear its own proper burden of responsibility. But the creeds which then were formulated have become stereotyped now; that which then was a rough road, requiring from the traveller constant thought and effort, is now a well-worn groove, in which the churches glide along unconscious of the motion, and putting forth no effort. What was then new and fresh and full of a vigorous life has become crystallized, and we want a new Protestantism of some kind. We want a protest against this blind belief which obtains in our churches. Think over for a moment the people you know—regular church-going people—and how many hold intelligent, thought-out views of religious matters? Not many; not ten out of every hundred. They were taken to a certain church when children; they continued in it as youths; they are in it now. But what is it to them? For the most part, a simple observance, a habit, a form—nothing more. How many of the church-going people of this city have a defined idea of what religion is to them, do you think? Not many, I am sure. All our machinery, all our effort is against that.

There is a good deal of enquiry going on in the world—a good deal of mental vigour is being put forth. It is a terrific time. Men think boldly, and act with energy. But only a very little of this is to be found within the pale of Protestantism. Protestantism is just as imperious, just as dogmatic, and just as merciless as ever Roman Catholicism. It says: "You may think, but see to it that you think along the well-defined lines of orthodoxy;—find new arguments if you can; get more light if you can;—if revelations come welcome them; but arguments, lights, revelations, must all be in favour of orthodoxy—or, your arguments are bad, unsound and unsafe; your light is only a far-off glare from the pit; your revelations are only the vagaries of a diseased imagination." Let a man begin to think and speak his thoughts, be he cleric or lay, and he will find that general religious society is disposed to frown down any such impertinences. As a rule, thinking and searching have to be done outside of the churches. Even the term "free thinker" has become a reproach, implying that we do not think freely, but in chains imposed upon us by our fathers and mothers. And I want to protest against that blind belief. You are Presbyterians because you were brought up Presbyterians—or Episcopalians, or Methodists, or Congregationalists; you are Protestants simply because your parents were; you are Christians because—well, you don't quite know why. In general terms, you are a Christian because this is a Christian community; it has come to you just like your nationality, and your connection with religion is of the same kind, although not so deep and so fervent as your patriotism; and the old creed must no more be enquired into and condemned than the laws and customs of the old country. While that is true, where is our ground of boasting? where is our freedom? what is our life? We talk of blind unbelief, and of the deadly errors into which it falls; but may there not be a blind belief, just as ill-governed and just as ruinous? May it not be more dangerous to the soul to adopt ancient belief than modern scepticism? Is it well to be all through life a child, with undeveloped faculties and untried reason? Is it well to trust the affairs of the soul and eternity to others, as you would not trust your house or your office? Women look after their own domestic affairs, and men after their business; but men and women leave their immortal interests to others of the past and present. Anywhere else it would be bankruptcy, and here it means bankruptcy—mental, moral, and spiritual ruin. I would say to you: Base your religion upon something; let it be *something*; let it be an intellectual conception, product of careful thought; let it be the result of your own calm reasoning. What you hold, have intelligently, that the faculties of your mind may work around it and close in upon it, that you may be firm when the hour of criticism comes. Better still: Let it be *something*—a LIFE; something that is in the mind as an idea, and in the heart as a deep abiding sentiment, giving shape and colour to character and conduct. Hosts of our people—our Christian people—have neither own thought nor own sentiment about religion; they never seek and never find, and never suffer from a sense of loss. But none the less is it sin; and the men who give in to this blind acceptance of theories, caring neither to have thought nor feeling about it, are just as abject in their mental servitude—just as much the slaves of a class—just as unmanly and irreligious as the most unquestioning Catholic in either Spain or Ireland. Unless you have searched, how can you tell that your creed is better than that of the Brahmin? You take other people's word for it; so does he. You have some sentiments about it which you are sure must be right; so has he sentiments which he is sure are right, and he is more fervent than you. Is it better to give yourself in unquestioning obedience to Protestantism than to Catholicism? How can you know, since you have not enquired into the matter? One was born into Catholicism, and he accepted the situation in after-years without so much as a turn of the mind. You were born into Protestantism, and are there now by reason of the same indolence. Which can boast of preëminence? I do not see. Since it

matters so much what a man believes, what do you, my friends, *believe?* *Believe*, I mean. Not simply what you have been taught; not merely what does your pastor teach; not only what is the general opinion of the people with whom you associate, but what are your own opinions upon religious matters? Are they definite? are they strong? are they reasonable? are they in you as the very life of God in the soul? Do you believe in God the Father and Ruler of men? Do you believe in Christ the Saviour from sin? Do you believe in the Spirit of Eternal Wisdom and Truth?—not merely have you heard of these doctrines, but are they vital to you? Have they polarized your will? have they created sentiments of love in your heart? Do we believe or think that religion is nothing more than observance, decorum, profession? Do we believe or think that it is a natural sentiment, a beautiful aspiration? I am afraid we do, too many of us, and so Christianity has become a lost fact to us, a vapid and soulless sentiment. I do not dishonour these things. To have been born into a good set of religious circumstances is worth more than being born into good society and condition;—only, you cannot take your place in the religious world as you can in the general community. You may inherit tendencies, even religious tendencies, which will make it the easier for you to become by the heart and the intellect a Christian; but religion means the conscious life of God in the soul—not the characteristics of father and mother, but of Christ.

I am dwelling upon this with emphasis, because I feel that there is need for it. Vast numbers of our people seem to imagine that a mere acquiescence is all that can be required—they yield their intellect to the church and their heart to the world, and the work is done. And that is as deadly a work as a man can do. It is time for us to begin to preach to our church-goers the great, the sublime doctrine of the new birth unto righteousness which a man must have if he would see the kingdom of God.

But I want to devote now a few words to another class of people who say "It doesn't matter what a man believes, so that he live an honest, upright life." By "*what* a man believes" they mean really that it matters nothing if he believes nothing positive—none of our religious dogmas about God, and Inspiration, and Christ, and redemption, and salvation by faith. It is often said, "Really, I do not understand these things at all; they are too high for me, too mysterious, incredible, and I am not going to trouble my head about them. I am perfectly sure that all that can be expected of me is to be honest and industrious, and do what little good I can toward my fellow-man. I see hosts of men called Infidels who live good lives. "For modes of faith let senseless zealots fight; he can't be wrong whose life is right." I hear that often, and I give it all the respect it deserves. I appraise the value of a good life at a very high figure, and I accept the fact gladly that the time has gone by when free-thinker and loose-liver meant the same person. I rejoice in honesty everywhere—in benevolence everywhere, in Infidel as in Christian. But I do not accept the poet's sneer and implication that religious creeds are more likely to make bigots than honest men. And if some—if many men who are materialists, or infidels, or free-thinkers—whatever you may choose to call them—are men of high morality, as undoubtedly they are, I am not going to allow for one moment that they are men of good character and conduct *because* of their materialism, or infidelity. Their sentiments of justice, and truth, and benevolence date back of the day when they accepted their present notions. Infidelity never gave birth to one idea of honesty, or one sentiment of beneficence. "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." I accept that. But what is life? what is it to have that "life in the right"? Because you are as honest as society requires you to be, and because you act up to the highest standard known to us of morality—because you help the poor with your money, and are kind to the frail, and do not slander your fellow as some church-members do—do you use all life? Morality, benevolence: do they circle life—no faculties, no forces unused or abused? "In the right," because you are just and tender-hearted? No; you may be all that and be very much in the wrong, just because you are only partly, very little in the right. What does it matter whether whether a man believes in God or not? Let us see what it matters.

First of all. If God is; if He is what the Bible teaches; if He is what we believe, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, the All-wise, the Eternal Good, and you do not accept it, you impose upon yourself an intellectual wrong. You have a mind which by the nature of it seeks after truth and knowledge. Knowledge is its food; truth its life. To know is to see that which *is*. I know that this is wood; this cloth, because I see it. Truth is the object of the intelligence, and the function of the intelligence is to seek, to penetrate, to retain truth, to live by truth, and to live for truth. This is its perfection and its glory. Will you say it doesn't matter whether the mind be allowed its healthy natural play or not—whether it find the one thing for which and by which it can alone exist? Is a man "in the right" when he denies truth to his mind—when he refuses to take ideas which come to him? And here—if this be truth that God is, is the greatest truth—the sublimest idea the mind can possess and rejoice. My mind is enriched by all knowledge; it is *greatened* by every fact of the universe I discover; and will you tell me that it matters nothing to my intelligence whether I have this universal, this eternal fact? Does it matter nothing that I refuse to my mind communion with the

together. Perhaps if you were to give allegiance to the law of Egypt* I might like to become your *romi*. But that is nonsense: It cannot be. Bah, my lad! believe me, you have cleared your score at a cheap rate. You have met the devil; yes, the devil: he is not always black, and has not wrung your neck. I am dressed in wool,† but am not a sheep. Go burn a taper before your *majari*;‡ she has well won it. Come! once more good-bye. Think no more of Carmencita, or she will make you marry a widow with wooden legs."§

"Thus speaking, she drew out the bar that fastened the door, and when fairly in the street, wrapped herself in her mantilla and turned on her heel.

"She spoke the truth. It would have been wise to think of her no more; but from that day in the rue Candilejo, she never left my thoughts. I walked through the streets hoping to meet her; I asked news of her from the old woman and the fried-fish dealer, but both of them said that she had gone to Laloro,|| which is the name for Portugal. Their replies were probably in accordance with Carmen's instructions, but only a short time passed before I knew they lied. A few weeks after the day passed with Carmen, I was placed on sentinel duty at one of the city gates, at a short distance from which was a breach in the wall that some workmen were employed in repairing in the day, and at night a sentry was posted to intercept smugglers. During the morning I saw Lillas Pastia pass and repass the guard-house, stopping to talk with my comrades, who all knew him, and his fish and fritters much better. He approached me, and asked if I had any tidings of Carmen.

"No, I have not."

"Well, you soon will."

"He was not mistaken. At night I was pacing my sentinel-beat at the breach, and as soon as the corporal had withdrawn I saw a woman coming towards me. My heart told me that it was Carmen, nevertheless I cried out:

"Keep off! no one can pass!"

"Now use no naughty threats," she said, making herself known to me.

"What! you here, Carmen?"

"Yes, my countryman. Let us have a few words, but to the purpose. Do you wish to gain a *douro*? Some people will presently come by with packages; take no notice of them."

"No, I must prevent them from passing: such are my orders."

"Your orders! your orders! You did not think of that in the rue Candilejo."

"Ah!" I replied, quite distracted by the mere remembrance, "that was well worth all forgetfulness of orders; but I will not take money from the smugglers."

"Come, then! If you will not have the money, would you like to dine with me again at old Dorothea's house?"

"No," I said, half choked in the effort, "I cannot."

"Very well. If you are so fastidious, I know to whom to apply. I shall invite your officer to go with me to Dorothea's. He appears to be a good fellow, and will post an obliging sentry who will only see what is necessary to be seen. Adieu canary. I shall laugh heartily the day on which the order comes to hang you."

"I had the weakness to call her back, and consented to permit all Bohemia to pass, if necessary, provided that I obtained the only reward I desired. She immediately swore to fulfil her promise the next day, and ran to apprise her friends, who were only a few paces distant. There were five of them, one of whom was Pasta, all heavily laden with English goods. Carmen kept watch, and was to give warning with her castanets as soon as she should perceive the advance of the guard; but for this she had no need; the smugglers completed the business in a moment.

"The next day I went to rue Candilejo, where Carmen kept me waiting, and at length arrived in very ill humor.

"I do not care for people who need to be entreated," she said. "You rendered me a much greater service the first time, without knowing if anything was to be gained by it; yesterday you bargained with me. I do not know why I have come, for I no longer like you. Here, off with you, there is a *douro* for your trouble."

"I was very near throwing the money at her head, and was obliged to exercise great self-control not to beat her. After disputing violently a whole hour, I left her, and in a rage wandered for some time through the city, walking here and there like a madman, and at length, entering a church and placing myself in the darkest corner, wept bitter tears. Suddenly I heard a voice: 'Tears of a dragoon! I will make a philter of them.' I raised my eyes; Carmen stood before me.

"Well, my countryman, are you still angry with me? she said. 'It must be that I like you in spite of myself for since you left me I do not know what ails me. Come! Now it is I who ask if you will come to the rue Candilejo.'

"We made peace, but Carmen's temper was like the weather in my country. Among our mountains never is a storm so near as when the sun is most brilliant. She had again promised to meet me at Dorothea's and did not come. Dorothea told me over and over that she had gone to Portugal on business for her people. Knowing by experience how far to rely upon this, I sought Carmen wherever I thought it possible for her to be, and passed through rue Candilejo twenty times a day. One evening I was waiting with Dorothea, whom I had nearly humanized by dint of paying for a glass of anise-seed cordial from time to time, when Carmen entered, followed by a young man, a lieutenant in our regiment.

"Go at once," she said to me in Basque.

"I remained stupefied, rage in my heart.

"What are you doing here?" said the lieutenant. "Decamp, away with you."

"I could not move a step; I was powerless. The officer, very angry, seeing that I did not withdraw, and that I had not even removed my foraging cap, took me by the collar and shook me roughly. I do not know what I said to

him, but he drew his sword and I unsheathed my own. The old woman seized my arm, and the lieutenant gave me a cut across the forehead, the mark of which I still bear. I sprang back, with one blow of my elbow knocked over Dorothea, then, as the lieutenant hotly pursued me, I whirled round, turned the point of my sword towards him, and he ran himself through the heart. Carmen extinguished the lamp, and in her language told Dorothea to fly. I escaped into the street, and began to run I knew not whither. It seemed to me that some one was following me, and when I recovered my senses I found that Carmen had not left me.

"Great idiot of a canary!" she said, "you are only capable of blind stupidities; the more so that I always warned you that I should bring you misfortune. But there is a remedy for all things when one's good friend is a Fleming of Rome.* Begin by putting this handkerchief on your head, and throw me that sword-belt. Wait for me in this lane. I shall return in two minutes.

"She disappeared, and soon brought back a striped mantle that she had found I know not where. She made me take off my uniform and put on the mantle over my shirt, and thus equipped, with the handkerchief with which she had bandaged my wounded head, I resembled a Valencian peasant, of whom there are many in Seville who come to sell their orgeat of *chufas*.† Carmen then conducted me to a house similar to that of Dorothea at the foot of a narrow lane, where she and another gypsy washed and dressed my wound better than a surgeon-major could have done, gave me a drink of I know not what, and at length placed me on a mattress, where I fell into a profound sleep.

"Probably these women had mingled in my potion some of the narcotic drugs of which they have the secret, for I did not awaken until very late the following day. I had a violent headache and fever, and some time elapsed before the recollection of the terrible scene of the previous day recurred to me.

"After again dressing my wound, Carmen and her friend both squatted on their heels near my mattress and exchanged some words in *chipi calli*, that seemed to be a medical consultation. Both of them assured me that I should be cured in a short while, but that it was imperatively necessary to quit Seville as soon as possible; for if the authorities caught me, I should be shot without mercy.

"My lad," said Carmen, "something must be done; now that the King will no longer furnish you with rice and salt codfish,‡ you must think of some method of earning a livelihood. You are too stupid to rob *à pastesas*,§ but you are active and strong. If you have the mettle, off with you to the coast and become a smuggler. Did I not promise to have you hung? It is preferable to being shot. Moreover, if you have the wit to prosper, you will live like a prince so long as the *minors*|| and the coast-guards do not seize you by the collar.

"It was in this engaging fashion that this devil of a girl described the fresh career for which she destined me; the only one, truth to say, remaining to me, now that I had incurred the death-penalty. Shall I confess Monsieur? She convinced me without much difficulty. It seemed to me that I should be more intimately linked with her by this life of risk and rebellion; thenceforth I believed her love assured. I had often heard stories of smugglers who traversed Andalusia, mounted on a good horse, carbine in hand, and their sweet-heart seated behind them. Already I saw myself trotting in this fashion over hills and vales with the pretty gypsy. When I told her of this fancy she laughed until the tears came to her eyes, and said there was nothing more delightful than a night in camp, when the *rom* retires with his *romi* beneath the little tent formed of three hoops covered with a blanket.

"If I cast my lot among the mountains," I said, "I shall be sure of you! There no lieutenant will share your love with me."

"Ah! you are jealous. So much the worse for you. How can you be so stupid! Do you not see that I love you, since I have never asked you for money?"

"When she spoke in this way I had a desire to throttle her. To make the story short, Monsieur, Carmen procured for me a civilian's dress, in which I left Seville without being recognized. I went to Xeres, bearing a letter from Pastia to a dealer in anise-seed whose house was a rendezvous for smugglers, to a number of whom I was presented, and whose leader, surnamed the Dancaïre, received me into his band. We set out for Gaucin, where I found Carmen according to her promise. She acted as spy for our people, and never was there a better one. She returned from Gibraltar after arranging with the captain of a vessel for the shipment of some English merchandise, that we were to receive on the coast, and which we were to await near Estepona; then having concealed a portion of it in the mountain, laden with the remainder, we proceeded to Ronda. There Carmen had preceded us, and she it was again who indicated to us the moment in which we should enter the town. This first expedition and several succeeding ones were very lucky. The smuggler's life pleased me better than that of a soldier.

"I made presents to Carmen, I had money and my love, and felt but little remorse. We were well received everywhere. My companions treated me well and even showed me respect for the reason that I had killed a man, there being some among them who had no similar exploit on their conscience. But what conduced most to my content with my new life was the frequency with which I saw Carmen. She evinced for me more affection than ever before; nevertheless she would not acknowledge to our comrades her relations with me, and even made me swear every manner of oath to tell them nothing on that score. I was so weak, such wax in the hands of this creature, as to obey all her caprices. Then, too, it was the first time that she showed herself to me with the reserve and modesty of an honest woman, and I was simple enough to believe that she had really amended her former ways.

"Our band, numbering eight or ten men, rarely remained together, unless

* *Flamenca de Roma*. Argot, designating gypsies. *Roma* does not mean the eternal city, but the nation of *Romi* or married people, the name given themselves by gypsies. The first who were seen in Spain probably came from the Netherlands, whence their name of Flemings (*Flamands*.)

† A bulbous root, of which they make quite a pleasant beverage.

‡ The usual ration of the Spanish soldier.

§ *Ustilar à pastesas*, to rob with skill, to pilfer without violence

|| A free corps.

* One of the names borne by gypsies.

† *Me dicas vriardà de orpoy, busne sino braco*. Gypsy proverb.

‡ The blessed Virgin.

§ The gallows, the widow of the last person hung.

|| The red land.

in some decisive contingency, and usually we were dispersed by twos and threes in the towns and villages. Each one pretended to have a trade: this one was a tinker, that one a horse-dealer, while I was a haberdasher; but I seldom ventured to the more important places because of my unfortunate affair at Seville. One day, or rather one night, Dancaire and I found ourselves riding in advance of the others. He seemed in high spirits.

"We are about to have another comrade," he said. 'Carmen has just played one of her best tricks: she has contrived the escape of her *rom*, who was at the *presidio** of Tarifa.'

"I already began to understand the gypsy tongue spoken by nearly all of my comrades, and this word *rom* gave me a shock. 'What! her husband! is she then married?' I stammered out to the captain.

"Yes, to Garcia, the One-eyed, a gypsy as crafty as herself. The poor fellow was in the galleys, but Carmen so cleverly netted the surgeon in her toils as to obtain the freedom of her *rom*. Ah! that girl is worth her weight in gold. She has been two years trying to effect his escape from prison, but there was no chance of success until official orders came to change the major, with whom it seems she quickly came to a good understanding.'

"You may imagine the satisfaction afforded me by this news. I soon saw Garcia, who was truly the most hideous monster that Bohemia ever engendered; black of skin, and still more black of soul, he was the most thorough scoundrel I have ever encountered. Carmen came with him, and when she called him her *rom* in my presence it was worth something to see the glances she gave me, and her grimaces when Garcia turned aside his head. I was indignant, and would not speak to her. The next morning we packed our luggage, and were already on our road when we perceived that a dozen troopers were in close pursuit. The Andalusian braggarts, who had previously spoken only of murdering every one, now wore a very pitiful air. There was a general flight. Dancaire, Garcia, a fine young fellow called Remendado and Carmen did not lose their wits, but the rest of the band abandoned the mules and plunged into the ravines where the horses could not follow them. We could not retain our animals, but hurriedly loosened the best part of our booty, packed it on our shoulders, and tried to escape through the rocks by the steepest declivities. We threw the packages before us and followed them down the best way we could in sliding on our heels. All this while the enemy kept up their fire; it was the first time that I had ever heard the whistle of balls, but it seemed to me of small moment. When one is under the eye of a woman there is little merit in mocking at death. We all escaped except poor Remendado, who received a shot in the loins. I threw down my package and tried to carry him.

"Imbecile!" shouted Garcia, 'what need have we of that carrion? Put an end to him, and do not lose the bale of cotton-hose.'

"Throw him down!" cried out Carmen.

"Overpowering fatigue forcing me to rest him for a moment under the shelter of a rock, Garcia advanced, and discharged his carbine full at his head.

"Acute would he be who could recognize him now!" he said, looking at the poor face that twelve balls had torn to pieces.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Embodied by your liberality in affording space in your valuable columns, and your consequent interest in the matter of a Domestic Training School, permit me to congratulate the families of Montreal that at length a gentleman is about to establish a Training School with the assistance of a lady who has been trained at the National Cooking School at South Kensington, England, where, I am quite aware, every kind of cooking is perfectly taught. I am the more pleased to be aware of this, as in my former communication in your issue of July 3rd last, I earnestly suggested what I believed would prove to be the best mode of procedure in establishing a National School for Canada, for which every housekeeper has long since been sighing and the necessity admitted. I trust no mean or niggardly spirit will prevail to mar the success in this scheme now about to be inaugurated by Mr. Alfred Joyce of this city. I would like, however, Mr. Editor, to learn something more touching this notice, as I, as well as others, take great interest in the proposed undertaking. Is it intended to include any work beside cooking, which in itself will prove a great relief to the mothers of families and a joy to their husbands in a very large degree? Cooking is but one of the many things needing to be learnt in household matters, though I must admit it is really of the greatest importance, but if comfortable, cheerful and happy homes are to be desired by all (and we know they are) such work as sweeping, dusting, scrubbing, brightening, laundry, table-maid and pantry must be done, in all of which, alas! at present too many of both old and young are very deficient. It is quite true that in England the institution there for cooking is now self-supporting, but here in a comparatively new country we can hardly expect this, unless combined with other branches of domestic industries, knowledge of which is needed by all classes of society, which would cheerfully subscribe an annual sum of a few dollars towards its support. Thanking you for the space granted.

H. S.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Amidst the conflicting interests, political, commercial, religious and civic, which more or less harass and distract many of your readers, anything relating to art and artists may, possibly, be unworthy their notice, no matter

* One of the penal colonies of Spain.

however good the one may be as a civilizer and a teacher, and however high the others may stand in their respective branches of art, or however great their power of imitating truly what they see in external nature, or the keen perception they may have of that which is beautiful in this our "land of forest and stream." Nevertheless, the subject which I bring under your notice will be interesting to a certain, and, I hope, a numerous class of your readers who are really lovers of art, and who have given liberal encouragement to Canadian artists to put forth their powers. The subject may be classed under the heading "Commercial morality or immorality" (?) but whether rightly or wrongly, I shall leave the sophists to decide.

Sometime ago there appeared a pompous and inelegant prospectus, issued by "The Art Publishing Company, Belden Bros., Managers, Toronto, Canada," announcing the publication of "the most elegant illustrated work on Canada ever produced . . . a work which will be the fullest exposition of our country—as it was and is—yet made; and a tribute to native art, and native genius, worthy of Canada and her people."

In the prospectus the public is informed that "the artists employed in it, 'Picturesque Canada,' a pictorial descriptive and historical delineation, from pen and pencil, by the best writers and artists, of the lakes, rivers and waterfalls," *et cetera, et cetera*, "of the land we live in, who embrace the highest ornaments to the profession in Canada; the engravers employed are the best to be procured in England or America, and as they will do their work here, it will be the means of introducing artistic workmen into Canada, and pave the way for the establishment of high-class engraving as a permanent profession. The literary portion of the work has been assigned to the best Canadian historical and descriptive writers, who accompany the artists, . . . The illustrations, as well as the letter-press, will be wholly Canadian, and may well be offered as a beautiful specimen of Canadian art and workmanship."

The reading of the prospectus brought to my mind the play-scene in *Hamlet*, wherein the *Player Queen* "protests too much," yet I hoped the prospectus would keep its word, especially as the canvasser "who accompanied" the prospectus assured me that the work would be thoroughly Canadian, that the paper was to be of Canadian manufacture, the type *ditto*, the original drawings were to be "made expressly" by Canadian artists, and chiefly by the members of the *Canadian Academy of Arts*, "under the special supervision of Mr. L. A. O'Brien, President of the Academy," who was about leaving for Europe to induce, by liberal offers, good wood-engravers in London, Paris and Berlin,—engravers, rivals to such men as Dalziel Brothers, W. J. Linton, O. Jewitt, and James Cooper,—to emigrate to Canada to cut the wood-blocks which were to be used in the illustrations of "Picturesque Canada." Believing the canvasser's statements, I became a subscriber for the work, and induced many others to follow my example.

From perfect report I find the prospectus has protested too much, and I learn that there will be a very wide departure from the statements made by the canvasser and by "the best writers" who were, doubtless, employed to write the prospectus, as many of the most prominent members of the Canadian Academy of Art have refused to have anything to do with the work as at present conducted. Again, I am informed that American artists and wood engravers are employed upon the work, the former to the exclusion of some Canadian artists, of whose productions the Toronto Press have said:—"the superior ability of our Canadian artists prove that it is *not* necessary to go beyond the limits of our own country to procure the most charming pictorial delineations of the grandest scenery;— . . . their drawings will convince the most sceptical, that we have in our midst men who can give us true and characteristic delineations of our country; . . . the drawings are all very fine, some of them exceptionally so." The engraving is being done in New York. If the report of my informant is true, then the report is much to be regretted. If it is "the paramount object of the publishers, and Mr. L. R. O'Brien, to carry out their important project in such a manner as will secure the hearty response of all Canadians to an enterprise NATIONAL in its character," it is their duty to inform the subscribers whether the *Picturesque Canada* will be published in accordance with the prospectus, or, according to a plan with which the best Canadian Artists will have little or nothing to do, and resident engravers nothing.

Believing that the majority of the subscribers, in common with myself, were induced to become so more in order to encourage Canadian Art and the importation of first rate wood engravers, than the publication in miniature of the noblest and grandest forms of external nature under the various aspects that she presents in our native woods, rivers, and mountains, lakes, valleys and plains, I respectfully ask Mr. L. R. O'Brien or Messrs. Belden Brothers to answer this letter.

If I have been wrongly informed, which I think not, I shall pray all parties concerned in *Picturesque Canada* to accept my apology, and beg them to accept my assurance that I will amply retract anything I have written.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

Thos. D. King.

36 Cathcart St. Montreal, October 13th 1880.

A WORK giving all the debates and essays of the Presbyterian Council of 1880, held in Philadelphia, is about to be issued. The work will surely be of a very interesting character to all, and the cost is small. It is to be published at 1510 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, both in paper and in cloth.

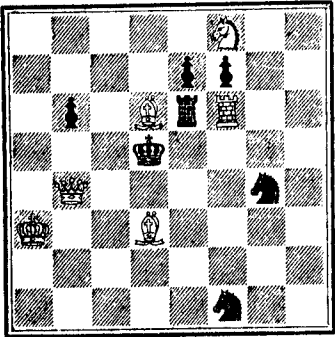
Chess.

All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, October 23rd, 1880.

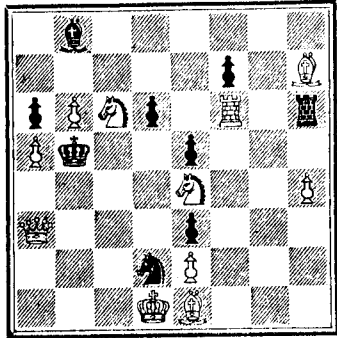
CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—FIRST PRIZE SET, which also takes the prizes for the best 2-mover and best 3-mover.

MOTTO: "Gemini." Author: Mr. W. Atkinson, Montreal.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 102. By Mr. W. Atkinson.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1 Kt to K 6	P takes Kt	2 B to K 3	K to B 4	3 Kt to Q 5 mate
	If K to B 4	2 Kt to B 7	K to Kt 5	3 Kt to Kt 7 mate
	If P to Q 4	2 P to Kt 4	P takes P	3 B to Kt 7 mate

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE "CANADIAN SPECTATOR" PROBLEM TOURNEY.

We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the Report of Mr. C. A. Gilberg, the Judge selected to decide the merits of the various Problems submitted for competition in our Problem Tourney. Mr. Gilberg's labours in connection with the Book of the American Congress have been so arduous that he was obliged to avail himself of the kind services of Mr. E. B. Cook to examine some of the Problems, and the conclusions that Mr. Gilberg himself had arrived at. Competitors have therefore had the benefit of the judgment of both these gentlemen, than whom we doubt if any finer judges of Chess Problems can be found on this side of the Atlantic.

NEW YORK, October 13th, 1880.

To the Chess Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—An examination of the seventeen sets of problems entered for competition in your Tourney has disclosed faulty members in the seven sets bearing the following mottoes, viz. :—

- Set No. 3—"Fortis et Hospitalis."
- Set No. 4—"Now I will believe that there are unicorns."
- Set No. 5—"Muskoka."
- Set No. 7—"Problematic Characters."
- Set No. 9—"A Happy Thought."
- Set No. 13—"L'échec n'empêche pas le travail."
- Set No. 17—"Thrift, Thrift, Horatio."

The contest for the prizes offered for the best and second best sets is thus reduced to the remaining entries, which I shall briefly notice in the order of publication.

"The Amaranths."—No. 1 is elaborate, and nearly free from duals; but there is in it no discernible theme, and the structure has evidently been erected upon the system of providing a mating move for White in answer to any move at Black's command, and then an initial move added which requires the capture of an adverse piece that simply obstructs the machinery of the problem. After the key-move has been discovered few of the mating positions are interesting. No. 2 is somewhat more ambitious, and the leading variations are exceedingly good; but duals abound in all the subordinate branches.

"Orange Blossoms."—No. 1 contains but two weak defences, but the key-move is obvious at a glance, in consequence of the exposed situation of the White King. No. 2 is unattractive in its appearance, and offers but little difficulty in solution—the variation requiring White to play 2 Q to Q 8, possessing all the excellence of the problem.

"Strategy."—No. 1, though less elaborate than some of its rivals, is exceedingly neat and perfect in its machinery, and the key-move is not suggested by the arrangement of the forces employed in its construction. No. 2 contains in its main variation a very pretty piece of chess strategy, although the unnatural column of Black pawns may be regarded by some as a conflicting blemish in its construction.

"Gladstone."—Both problems are simple, and contain few interesting features. "Sic est vita."—The initial move of the two-move mate, ingeniously bestowing a masked support of the Queen's Bishop's Pawn, is well conceived; but in other respects the problem is barren. No. 2 of the set is neither attractive in construction or solution.

"Gynx's Baby" may be put into its little trundle bed with an affectionate "good-night." The key to the two-move position is neat, and the bold sacrifice of the Queen in its three-move companion is somewhat startling; but the after-play of both is of a rather ordinary character.

"Gemini."—In this set we meet with the unmistakable work of an artist. The construction is faultless; its opening moves are by no means conspicuous—that of the two move mate being remarkably well concealed,—and the after-play in both problems unfolds many sparkling features. The positions are natural and graceful and the intricate and elaborate solutions are commendably free from duals.

"Insuperabilis."—Neat and unpretending, these problems possess neither depth nor lustre to attract attention; and the two-move mate, especially, is not strikingly original.

"Ars est celare artem."—It can scarcely be granted that the author has been very successful in concealing his art in the construction of these problems. Both are readily penetrated; No. 1 is light and natural, but the key-move is obvious from the threatened mate by discovery upon the removal of the King's Bishop—a mere momentary glance sufficing to determine the square to which that piece must be played—and the sequel affords no variety in mating moves. No. 2 lacks the charm of natural grace, but the solution is somewhat more attractive than that of its companion.

"Sua cuique voluptas."—Both problems display constructive ability in the author, and the three-move mate is pleasing from the small force employed and the natural freedom of the pieces. The opening move is good, and not at all obvious; but the remainder is not difficult. The two-move mate is more artificial, and there are several objectionable duals in it that could have been easily avoided.

It is my judgment, based upon a careful consideration of the claims presented by the rival competitors, that the set bearing the motto "Gemini" is preëminently entitled to the First Prize; and that the problems contributed under the motto "Strategy" are deserving of the Second Prize. Competition for the second place seemed very close between three or four

sets, each of which presented some conspicuous merits; but the artistic finish and the strategic skill which so eminently characterize the set to which the award is made proved strong recommendations in its favour. "The Amaranths," "Orange Blossoms," "Sua cuique voluptas" and "Gynx's Baby," were prominent contestants for this prize, and are worthy of honourable mention.

Among the unsound sets several very excellent problems were unfortunately disqualified for competition for the set prizes, but the merits of the surviving members were fully considered in the examination of candidates for the prizes offered for the best individual problems in two and three moves, respectively. The set "Gemini" possesses, however, in my judgment, the two finest stratagems in the tourney; and with the honours of the first prize, I must accord to it the special prizes for the best two-move and the best three-move problem.

Respectfully yours,
Chas. A. Gilberg.

NOTE.—Next week we will publish the names of the authors of the various sets submitted for competition.

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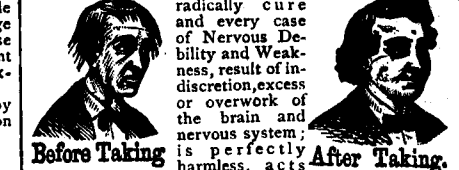
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