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THE TIMES.

SIR FRANCIS IN REPLY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I returned to town yesterday morning, I did not see last week's SPECTATOR until to-day. After considering that portion of it which refers to me, I have arrived at the conclusion that under all the circumstances the best course that I can adopt is to write to you direct. You are evidently labouring under a good deal of misapprehension as to the circumstances under which my interview with the Reporter of the New York *Herald* took place. You will, I have no doubt, read the letter which I have addressed to Mr. Macmaster, and which was published in the *Star* of this day, and you will learn from that the circumstances under which I consented to be interviewed by a reporter of the New York *Herald*, and you will likewise learn my views on the subject of all attempts to bring about a revolution. I am quite willing that you should believe that you have learned more during your three years of residence in Canada than I have done during my longer residence, and I can have no objection to your belief that I have ceased to know the thought and life of the country. I must console myself with the reflection that my views are in accordance with those of the leaders of both the great political parties in the country, and that the men who walk rapidly ahead have not yet ventured to ask the sanction of the Parliament of the country to their views. You ask, in the SPECTATOR, why "I should have introduced the question at all." In the same article you refer to my letter in the New York *Herald*, in which I allege, and I was not contradicted, "the subjects discussed with your reporter were all introduced by him." I never stated that Mr. Goldwin Smith was present at the Club meeting in Montreal, nor did I say that there was any one member of Parliament present. In point of fact, all my knowledge of the meeting was derived from the report in the *Globe* of the 25th December, and the leading articles commenting on the speeches. I had likewise received an assurance that the Secretary—and, as I have been told, the founder—of your Club had declared recently in Washington that an important movement favourable to separation from Great Britain was about to take place. The charge that has been most painful to me is that what I said of the SPECTATOR was "ungracious, irrelevant, and untrue." It was the cause of great regret to me that any public reference to enquiries of a personal character should have been published. Had I imagined for a moment that this was probable, I would not have discussed the subject; but I said nothing as of my own knowledge, and I merely said that I understood it had not been a financial success—which is not the same as pronouncing it a failure; the reference was simply to the recent change of proprietorship. I will only add that I have always entertained a sincere wish for the success of the SPECTATOR, because it has, so far as I can judge, been friendly to entire freedom of discussion.

Believe me, truly yours, *F. Hincks.*

THE PAPERS SCENT TREASON.

"Hoity-toity, here's a row." The newspaper battle over the Montreal Political Economy Society continues to rage with unabated vigour. What it is all about those of us who started the Society can hardly tell. The *Globe* told us from the first that we were annexationists, and only "noodles" at that; and while we could not quite see eye to eye with the *Globe* in either charge, we wondered why so much valuable thunder should be wasted on such a foolish cause. The *Mail* seemed to understand the real condition of things at first, and did a little fair, though feeble, fighting for the new Society in particular and for freedom of speech in general; but the *Mail* has allowed itself to be drawn away from the true issue, and is now far afield fighting the *Globe con amore*. In order to do that it seemed well in the eye of the *Mail* to discredit what a few days before it had championed. The Society is described as "a political bladder blown up of fancy and filled with unsubstantial nothingness." And again: "The Montreal mountain made of a mole-hill is like all such absurd outgrowths of chaos, a direct off-shoot from the Manchester school There is no mistaking the paternity of this pig from the Epicurean sty of Democracy; it may be known by its bristles."

What the *Mail* means by the remarkable sentence I have quoted I do not know. What is "a political bladder," and did the *Mail* ever stumble upon any kind of nothingness that was substantial? How is it possible that a mountain can be at once made of a mole-hill, an absurd outgrowth of chaos, and a direct off-shoot of the Manchester school? It is perfectly bewildering. What is this Political Economy Society after all? We thought we intended it to be for the fair and free discussion of all questions pertaining to the interests of Canada; but the *Globe* knew better—we were meeting with traitorous designs of packing Canada in a Saratoga trunk some dark night and taking it across the lines to Washington. And the *Mail* knows better now, although it was deceived at first—it is a political bladder, blown up; it is filled, but there is nothing in it—only nothingness, and that is unsubstantial; it is a pig also, a pig which has been luxuriating in an Epicurean sty—that must be a delicate reference to the Windsor Hotel; it is a pig which has bristles, by which bristles said pig's identity may be demonstrated. What a peculiar thing this Society must be; and what a genius the editor of the *Mail* must be to be able to discover and understand and describe the many incongruous elements which go to make up this unsubstantial nothingness, which is a bladder, which fills a bladder, which is a mountain, which is an absurd outgrowth, which is a direct off-shoot, which is a pig!

SAPIENT MR. WHITE.

The *Gazette* has also continued to talk some very inconsiderable nonsense about the Political Economy Society, and seems to know its own mind as uncertainly as it knows the political opinions of most of those who attended the first meeting. The *Globe* said we were nearly all Conservatives doing the disloyal and dirty work to which unholy Toryism always sets its hands. No, said the *Mail* and the *Gazette*, that "bladder," "mountain," "growth," "off-shoot," "pig," is the result of a Liberal faith and policy here and in England. Mr. White declared my ignorance of Canadian politics in a manner which must have been highly satisfactory to himself, since there was a dash of malice in the sentence. But I take it in a humble spirit, for he said he had come to that conclusion by "judging from the SPECTATOR," and, as I know, from his own lips, that he has not read the SPECTATOR for many months, I comfort myself with the reflection that I may have learnt a little about Canadian politics since that long time ago when Mr. White permitted himself the luxury of "judging from the SPECTATOR." And then, Mr. White must have intended his statement to be comparative. He was thinking of all he himself knew about the politics of Canada, and I do not marvel that he was compelled to write the word "nothing" over the limited stock of another's knowledge of facts. But Mr. White should be generous, and not too scornful towards those who have not enjoyed the many and peculiar advantages which have fallen to his lot. By a merciful arrangement of Providence, it is not given to every man to spend twenty-five years in a reporter's gallery, and to become personally acquainted with every back-stair and lobby in the House of Representatives, and to have intimate knowledge of

all the great and little scandals perpetrated by gentlemen who would like to be honest, if honesty paid better than anything else. Nor has it been given to many men, besides Mr. White, to have the opportunity of employing the intervals which necessarily occur in the duties of hard-worked editors in making stump orations many times in order to win the hardened hearts of electors who will not be won, charm the orator never so wisely. So that on every count, Mr. White should be able to find it in his heart and well-informed mind to extend a little tender patronage to those who have an honest desire to serve the best interests of Canada.

CHEAP LOYALTY.

But he who runs may read between the lines the real meaning of all this talk about loyalty and disloyalty. The *Globe* charges the Conservatives with disloyalty to England, and the *Mail* and *Gazette* fling it back and say: "You Liberals are the traitors." It is just and only a party move. An effort to promote free discussion is turned into an excuse for an exhibition of the most violent and bitter partizanship. The truth is, that the men who are now assuming to speak for loyalty are equally loyal. The partizan Liberals would vote for Independence to-morrow if they saw a certainty of getting back to power by it, and the partizan Conservatives would vote for the same if they needed it in order to keep office. The *Globe* bases every argument for the maintenance of British connection upon the assumption or proof that we are gainers by it. So do the *Mail* and the *Gazette*. They talk of the great and manifold advantages we derive from it, and that it would be suicidal to bring about a separation. That is a cheap kind of loyalty surely. If it can be proved—and I am far from saying it cannot—that Canada can do better for herself as a British colony than as an independent country, then let us by all means remain a British colony; but what on earth do we want with all this clatter and jangle about loyalty. Loyalty is generally understood to mean that a man or a people would be willing to sacrifice some personal or popular interests for the sake of fatherland. And one would like to hear something of that kind of sentiment expressed by our blatant loyalists. If they were to say: We could advance our own interests better by being an independent people, or by joining the United States—but will maintain our British connection, because we can be of service to Britain—there would be substantial reason for talk of "loyalty," but as it now stands there is not a sentiment of disinterestedness, or self-sacrifice for the sake of Britain, in any of the papers, and all the blarney about being loyal is most palpable nonsense.

NOT ALWAYS SO LOYAL.

When the National Policy was helping Mr. White into Parliament and others into power, the expression "Canada first" was common enough. We—that is, the great majority of the people of this Dominion—were ready and willing to consider Canadian commercial interests as of paramount importance. The *Globe* advocated Free Trade, not from considerations towards Great Britain, but because it seemed in the eyes of the *Globe* better for the traders and the people generally. But a still more notable instance was when the Governor-General referred the question of M. Letellier's dismissal to the Home authorities. The *Gazette* broke out in most bitter indignation against the Marquis of Lorne and threatened most dreadful consequences to Great Britain generally. And the *Gazette* was by no means the only paper that indulged in wild disloyal talk. It affected the whole party against which the movement was directed. Had it been the other party attacked—that is, had the Governor-General attempted to dismiss his Lieutenant at Quebec when the De Boucherville Cabinet was so summarily discharged from office—there is not the shadow of a reason for doubting that the Liberals, with the *Globe* at their head, would have acted the part circumstance forced upon the Conservatives. The truth is that this grandiose talk about loyalty indicates nothing but a shallow sentiment which is being used for party purposes.

What I earnestly hope and expect is that the Political Economy Society will be helped and not hindered by all the abuse heaped upon it. Poor Mr. Macmaster—although he had nothing whatever to do with the origination of the Society or with the organisation of it, but only attended by invitation, and only expressed his willingness to become a member on condition that it be understood and agreed upon that no member shall be empowered or entitled to commit any other member to any sentiment or opinion—has been hunted and hounded by the papers—not excepting the *Gazette's* defence, which was of less real service than a direct attack would have been—as if in agreeing to free discussion he had committed some political crime. If this is to go on, able young men will hesitate about taking up politics, because able men cannot and will not put their manhood under a party. This abuse of the Political Economy Society indicates plainly enough that our political wire-pullers do not want free discussion of questions which affect the present and future life of the people. It is high time for us to move and carry a protest against this gagging business which has been so long practised.

PLAGIARISM.

Dr. Lorimer's plagiarism from Dr. Parker, and the very feeble excuse put forth, have called out a good deal of newspaper criticism on preaching and preachers generally, and the subject of conscious and unconscious plagiarism has been much debated. For myself, I believe that there is no such thing as unconscious plagiarism, and when Dr. Lorimer stated that his mind had become so saturated with Dr. Parker's ideas that he had reproduced them in Dr. Parker's own words, he simply made it evident that he did not understand the working of his own mind. Ideas may be taken from other men and used without any notion as to where they were got at first, but it can hardly be that one man will adopt another man's very words and phrases through a whole sermon without being aware of the fact. It is far more likely that Dr. Lorimer suffered from a lapse of memory than that he suffered from too good a memory. The chances are that he first wrote the sermon and preached it, knowing that it was Dr. Parker's, and copied verbatim. The MS. was laid aside with others. Removal from Boston to Chicago gave Dr. Lorimer a chance of preaching his old sermons over again. This one took its turn with the rest, and when the request was made that it be published, he had forgotten that it was borrowed bodily without leave of the author.

The papers say a great deal of this is done. A Montreal evening journal, noted for its reckless statements, says: "We have known published sermons repeated almost word for word by leading and able preachers in Montreal, of which no public notice has been taken, but which have not failed to shake the confidence of individuals in their before trusted teachers and weaken their faith in the truths of which they were the exponents." That is not true, of course; for public notice is taken of those things quickly enough. But it must be remembered that men who think in the same way often speak in the same way. The mind is master of the tongue, and likeness of thought must necessarily involve a close resemblance in style of specch. But when a sermon is found to correspond exactly with another sermon—not only as to ideas, but as to every phrase and word—it may be taken as a foregone conclusion that it is a copy and nothing else.

But the marvel is that not more of this is done by our clergymen. They are expected to deliver two original sermons every week—and must visit "the widows and the fatherless in their afflictions," and a good many others who have no afflictions of any sort, but a morbid desire to see the Pastor often; they have also to attend meetings and make speeches upon every conceivable and inconceivable subject—except those matters which pertain to the practicable life of the people; but if they are not fresh and full of thought on Sunday, the audience will say: "Oh, dear—what a stick our minister is!" He is a stick—a walking stick—a talking stick—a dry stick—a crutch for the limping layman to help him on his way to heaven. No class of men need more sympathy than preachers. They have to make bricks without a chance of gathering straw. No man can be equal to the task of preaching two good sermons every week, and the sooner church-going folk relax their rigid and tyrannous demand the better it will be for themselves and their ministers. A man must read, mark, learn, and digest, if he would speak with authority—but many a minister has to say as the Bishop of the Episcopal Church in Montreal did awhile ago: "Books! I have no time to read books."

But the Press had better not push this matter too far. There is no plagiarism known to mortals which can equal that regularly practised by newspaper men. Preachers will never be able to aspire to the dignity of holding a candle to them in this respect. An ordinary editor—and the world is not blessed with many extraordinary editors—turns over his file of newspapers to know what he shall write; from one paper he writes an article on affairs in Afghanistan, from another on the position of parties in England, and from a set of telegrams he writes autoritatively on the relations which exist between Germany and Russia. Our daily papers should be modestly silent about our weekly preachers. There is no institution in vogue among men so thoroughly rooted in plagiarism as the press. Original articles in newspapers are by no means so common as original sermons.

SIR,—I should regret having written anything tending to mislead, but do not think that a writing of mine can be found in which it is affirmed—what you say I affirm—"that the State cannot take property from landlords when the interests of the people demand it." To say that I deny the power of the State to do what everyone knows it has done, and is constantly doing, is to say that I am temporarily divested of the average intelligence I am supposed to possess, and is doubtless an assertion which you did not intend to make. In response to my request you are so good as to furnish an extract from an article written by me, which gave you the impression that I "would deem it morally impossible or wrong to take property from landlords." Had the words "without their consent" been added, your impression would have come nearer my meaning.

It may possibly have escaped notice that the subject presents two kinds of enquiry. First: Can the State take property from an individual when required for public utility? Secondly: Would the State in taking, without his consent, the property of an individual so required inflict upon him a wrong? My sentiments respecting the first question need not be repeated. With regard to the second, I maintain that it is not possible to deprive a man, against his will, of that which he lawfully possesses without doing a wrong. But I also maintain that, under given conditions, not to deprive him would be to do a greater wrong. The offer to compensate a proprietor, unwilling to part with his property, is an admission of intended wrong, an endeavour to mitigate or rectify which is the aim of the proferred indemnity. If a man consents to give up his estate upon the payment to him of a sum of money, or upon the fulfilment of conditions, which he agrees to accept, the transaction is no less honourable than if it were the result of his voluntary offer to sell.

It is conceivable that the exigencies of a State might include the seizure of the property of an individual for which it would be impossible to find an equivalent, but the need for which would admit of no alternative. The principle insisted upon by the high authorities Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill is that so clearly laid down by Father Ryan, and referred to by me in shewing that "land essentially differs from all other forms of what is known as property.

That "the Legislature is perfectly entitled to buy out the landed proprietors" is not the only foolish utterance of the aged Orator of Midlothian. His wanton and unscrupulous declaration "that Parliament might rightfully seize all the land in the kingdom if it were economically desirable to cut it up into little freeholds," is truly declared by no mean authority to be "the most revolutionary proposition which has been advanced in Europe by any politician not professing to be a Socialist." *Saxon.*

PARNELL DAMPED.

Mr. Parnell is a little disappointed, probably, in the kind of reception the Americans have accorded to him. He came full of the fire of agitation; he was prepared to talk to great crowds about all the wrongs which perfidious Albion has heaped upon Ireland throughout long generations; possibly he had visions of indignant protests flung in the face of the British Imperial Parliament. But the sharp Yankees saw things in quite a different light. They told Mr. Parnell, in plain language, that they would willingly hear his descriptions of his country's sufferings from the famine, and they would cheerfully respond to an appeal for help to buy them bread, but Irish political agitation in the United States would be considered as altogether out of place and unnecessary. The practical application of this has been seen in the fact that although Mr. Parnell has asked donors of money to specify whether they intend it to be employed for the relief of the poor or for carrying on the political organization which Mr. Parnell at present rules, the money has been almost exclusively given for the poor.

That is just as it should be. American interference in matters between Ireland and England would be just as impertinent as would be British meddling with the difficulties now existing in the State of Maine. Mr. Parnell will get a great deal of money together, no doubt, and so far he will render service to his countrymen, but his political movement will not gain much strength by his journey across the Atlantic.

ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.

Here is a good statement—which is from *Truth*—of the case as between England and Afghanistan:—

"We own India; the Russians own Central Asia. Between us and the Russians lies a mountainous country from which an army of invasion cannot debouch in a condition to effect conquests. This mountainous country is inhabited by a brave, hardy race, who have been independent for many thousand years, and in whom the two virtues, love of liberty and love of country, are peculiarly developed. The Afghans had as their chief or sovereign, Shere Ali. This sovereign had always been our faithful ally, but he, like his predecessor, had warned us that it would be unsafe to send a European as Resident in his capital owing to the number of fanatical characters to be found there. We had agreed by treaty not to send one.

"Our Ministers and their Viceroy in India being as determined to pick a quarrel with Shere Ali as was David with Naboth, for like David they were anxious to round off their territories scientifically at the cost of their neighbour's vineyard, suddenly announced that they meant to send an English Envoy to Cabul, and then, without waiting for a reply to this announcement, they started their Envoy on his way to Cabul, accompanied by a large escort of troops.

"The commander of Shere Ali's frontier fortress, which commanded the road to Cabul, refused to allow this Envoy and his soldiers to pass. So we brought up troops, took the fortress, and drove back the Afghan troops. On this Shere Ali fled from his capital, and soon afterwards died. His son, Yakoob Khan, reigned in his stead. This Yakoob was a half-hearted sort of fellow, He made peace with us, and told us that we might send an Envoy to Cabul if we insisted upon it. We did so, and the Envoy was, soon after his arrival, as had been predicted, massacred. On this we invaded Afghanistan and occupied Cabul.

"Our first step was to execute, in a general sort of way, many Afghans for having resisted the advance of our troops, which were acting in alliance with Yakoob Khan, and then we sent off our friend Yakoob as a sort of State prisoner to India. Having thus asserted ourselves, we seized on all the gold that came in our way, and confiscated all the cannon and rifles that we could lay our hands on. Every Afghan who resisted us was killed, and to make ourselves thoroughly respected we burnt here and there a village.

"Now the Afghans consist of various tribes, who had accepted the suzerainté of the Ameer of Cabul. Strange as it may appear, these tribes are foolish enough to object to our proceedings; nay, still worse, they are wicked enough to fight for their independence. We reply by shooting then down, not as enemies but as insurgents. But insurgents, in the name of reason, against whom? Against our prisoner Yakoob, or against ourselves? We in England do not know in what capacity our Generals are exercising sway in Afghanistan—whether they are there merely as temporary occupiers of the territory within the lines of our armies, or whether they regard themselves as the sovereigns of the country. How, then, can the Afghans know this, and why, if they do fancy that their independence is being attacked, should they be executed in cold blood for defending it?

"We are, in fact, in a thoroughly false position. We know that we cannot annex Afghanistan, and we equally know that we are making ourselves so deservedly detested by its inhabitants that any Government which we may set up will at once be overthrown on our departure. This arises from our venerated Ministers having thought themselves wiser than any Viceroy who preceded Lord Lytton, every Secretary of State who preceded Lord Cranbrook in the India Office, every ruler of Afghanistan who preceded Yakoob, and every man of mark in India except Lord Lytton and his immediate *entourage*. We should have taken Shere Ali's advice, and not have attempted to force an English Resident on the Afghans. Had we done this, Shere Ali would now have been ruling at Cabul, the Afghans would have been our friends, we should have saved nearly £10,000,000, and we should not find ourselves in the wretched fix in which we now are."

And the end of all this is not yet seen. Tidings come that the difficulties of General Roberts have only just begun. A severe winter has set in, and his troops are badly in want of warm clothing and fuel. Everything is against the British in Afghanistan at present, and the war is practically interminable. The crops having been gathered, the tribes have now leisure to fight and pillage until the spring. Fresh forces are being collected in almost every district and territory, and there is even fear of a general revolt in India. The effort to carve a "scientific frontier" will lead to sad if not disastrous results.

EDITOR.

THE JOYS OF TAXATION.

The exceeding beauty and joy, sweetness and light of taxation is a theme not often dwelt upon. A woeful word to the public is "taxation." Its doleful sound must be dulled and muffled into imaginary distance by non-descriptive titles such as "Protection," "National Policy" or "Revenue Tariff." That truly restorative pill "taxation" must be immersed in a whole tea spoonful of sweet but sickening jelly ere the childish mind can be induced to swallow it and believe that it—the jelly at least—is "all for its good."

The immediate cause of these reflections is that editorial challenge of a few weeks ago to Free Traders to show cause why Free Trade is not an impracticable dream here and now in this Canada of ours.

The first principle which men must grasp ere they can fully adopt an absolute Free Trade is, that taxation, to the contributor thereof, may be made the very best investment of money it is possible for him to make. The corollary of this is, that unless such is the case taxes must inevitably constantly increase, while if the first principle be carried out a steady *decrease* must result, either in amount or in proportion to the benefits derived from the outlay.

The surgical skill required successfully to amputate a joke from any other nationality and by "first intention," or free will, cause it to adhere to the brain of a Scotchman, is as nothing to the skill and tact required to communicate the new life-blood into men's hearts which shall make them feel that the feudal ages of the "divine right of kings" have passed and gone, and that taxes are no more by necessity a penal impost. Where liberty holds sway taxes are, or should be, a glad investment of individual earnings for the good of all—certain if that end be attained to return in fuller measure of aid and benefit to *each* as well as to *all*.

Merely to assert such possibilities is useless. It is needful to show facts here and now which have within them a certain promise of probability for direct taxation in the near future.

The first of these is the existing "N. P." Its educating power is immense. For the consumer *does* begin to find it a most expensive and wasteful mode of taxation. Yet the "N. P." is the natural development of a "revenue tariff." We *had* learned how expensive that was, nearly one-third of the revenue being wasted in its collection. Not only this was learned, but a still more important lesson, that inflated trade and continued excessive imports obtained on credit in which nearly our whole capital invested itself in the payment of duties, gave an inflated and wholly illusory prosperity to the Dominion finances, which, when we could no further go, left us not only to struggle with personal loss through individual folly, but with a depleted treasury and consequent necessity for increased taxation. The system aggravated our misery and tended to spread the penal consequences of foolish overtrading over every class, instead of confining it as much as possible to the guilty.

So, by an almost insensible (not to say insensate) mental process men fell away from the *Globe's* fetish of a "revenue tariff" derived from imports only, to find themselves led into the trap of "protection," which *promised* to put a stop to over-importation, maintain revenue, and foster our internal manufacturing industries by—limiting our liberty to trade; restricting our opportunities to make fools of ourselves; confining inflation and over-trading as much as possible to the noble effort to glut our limited home market with home productions. We have only begun this career yet. We *are* going to learn by it. Meantime we are paying sweetly for the experience on nearly every article of consumption, *both* imported and home-made.

This process has been quite natural. Men or nations never discern faults in themselves first. It is always *other* men and *other* nations who are by nature wicked. The editorial "we" and the national "we" is always immaculate. Who would dare to doubt, therefore, that the "grasping Britisher" continually struggled to get our trade into his clutches by thrusting goods upon us on credit to an excessive degree in order that he might keep us bound to him? Who can question that the "designing and tricky Yankee" tempted us constantly with cheap wares which looked attractive and induced purchase for *cash*, solely with the evil desire to destroy our infant industries? This extensive but rather chilly garden of Eden of ours would have been sinless in the matter of trade no doubt if these insinuating serpents were forced to cease tempting us. "Revenue tariff" had not effected this. "Protection" would merely save us and enable us to avoid temptation.

Uncomfortable doubts already begin to prevail The average Canadian consumer is by no means idiotic in his notions of a bargain. It is more than doubtful if he *can* be induced to buy things that have no real value. Some even go so far as to assert that it is quite impossible to buy without an *exchange* of value. Some one—it may be Yankee or British—must buy from us what we have to sell, or else we would have nothing wherewith to buy; and that to check the one of these operations is to put a check on the other also. It has dawned upon the Canadian mind—certainly very gradually still it *has* dawned—since the gentle prohibitive influences of the "N. P." have come into force that the visits of so many "grasping Britishers" and "cute Yankees"—to sell us goods may have had something to do with the prosperity of the Dominion in times past. Such visitors naturally were anxious to know in the one case how we *intended* to pay for these goods they sold us on credit and in the other where we got our cash with which we *did* pay for them. Our products ascertained, out came the British grain merchant and cheese and butter buyer bringing their market with them at our very door. The Yankee eye for horse-flesh fastened itself with avidity on our Canadian ponies. Then the swopper of horses and the Yankee cattle drover compared notes and took a trip across the lines to have an encounter of wits with those "green"(?) Canadians. Did they find them green? Was there no *exchange* of values?

Permit me to suppose myself a Toronto merchant whose trade lies chiefly with the farming community. I have several very good customers on whom I call regularly, whose farms are ten or fifteen miles from the city. Suddenly it dawns on the Torontonian mind as a brilliant thought, to improve its trade by protecting all the farmers within a seven miles radius. To do this it places a tax of 25 per cent on all imports from beyond that seven mile point thus giving a monopoly of its markets to the farmers for their products and acquiring a monopoly of their trade, while any goods that may be imported will yield a revenue to the civic finances and decrease direct taxation. When next I call on my 10 mile customers I find trade decidedly dull. They do not want any of my goods. With one voice they tell me they guessed things would be high down our way, so they dropped down to Hamilton or Guelph or London, sold their grain and butter, &c. &c., and bought what they needed. Some of my goods are cheap one admits and he has no duty to pay before he gets them, but has suited his own convenience by buying at the place where he sold. I return a little disgusted and mourn disconsolately to the first friend I meet. He cheers me with the thought that my trade will surely grow among the farmers of the seven-mile radius. But alas! ere long I find it doesn't. True the Toronto market does of necessity confine itself to the seven-mile radius of nursery men and farmers, but it can't buy much because it has lost all outside trade. It can only buy from the aggregated radius as much as the aggregated radius buys from it and vice-versa. Half our stores become tenantless and smaller direct taxes but larger in proportion have to be collected from the remainder. Most of our citizens have to take to growing their own provisions and trade or exchange of commodities sickens and well nigh dies. Till we produce more than we consume, and sell to others, outsiders, we have nothing wherewith to buy and so attract trade towards us again. So we find by actual experiment that an exceeding strong and constantly energetic army of producers of universally accepted commodities such as food materials or lumber is required in order to prop up and pro*tect* "Protection. Yet this is the "N. P. platform—protection from imports and freedom for exports. Freedom of imports and a protection from exports would have exactly the same effect. It would make food and labour cheap and compel even more forcibly a patronage of native manufactuers or traders.

The only possible adjustment to what Dr. Joseph Cook calls in scientific slang "the conditions of our environment" is, neither an "N. P." nor a "Revenue tariff," but absolute free trade and direct taxation. Would factories suffer? well yes, those of them which are *not* doing useful work adapted specifically to the special needs of the people or incapable of supplying these at competing rates; but these we are better without. They produce nothing actually accept a loss to the community and an eventual certain loss to their owners. As well start tread-mills for the sake of giving idle men something with which to mark time. There is even an advantage in favour of the tread-mill. The machinery is less expensive.

It is impolite to call names (though not unfashionable, for does not the *Globe* do it?) yet it is only *truth* to say that the "N. P." propagators well knew the uselessness of the "N P;" while the "revenue tariff" men are too short-sighted to see that Canada has reached a point when revenue can be raised more readily and at less cost otherwise than by a tariff on articles most in use. If they will open their eyes to see they will find fifty ways to meet their needs in addition to the following random suggestions:—

1st. Revenue stamps on all transfers of real estate.

2nd Insurance tax on policies issued, life or fire of 5c. per $100.

3rd. Increase of bill stamps to 10c. per $100

4th. Receipt stamps of all receipts for sums over $10 at a uniform rate of 2c.

5th. An income tax of one per cent. would raise probably over five millions of dollars, and one would hope go on increasing in volume without any increase in rate. An income tax is the fairest and least oppressive tax possible for there is nothing to pay if one has nothing to pay it with. It should be made to include also revenue derived from investments here, such as all dividends from Bank shares or other corporations, interest or debentures or private mortgages. Such investors derive benefit from our laws and the preservation of order and good government and ought in justice to bear a share of the burden of the common weal.

All these taxes can be levied at very slight expense. And on the payment of direct taxes should depend the right to the franchise, as is almost universally done in civic voting in the West. The Postmaster in each village could be made tax collector at very slight additional expense. He generally knows something of the income of each of his clerks; and, at any rate, would it not

be eminently unpatriotic to insinuate that the standard of morality is lower in our Dominion than elsewhere, and would strongly affect the returns?

6th. If the revenue tariff must still be resorted to, *treble* it on alcoholic liquors, tobacco and cigars. We must learn to pay for luxuries, if we require them.

7th. Economy in Government expenditure; and, as a first step, abolish entirely Provincial Parliaments and Senates.

8th. If still there be lack, then let us become hard-hearted and unscrupulous enough to let Amor de Cosmos, filled with an ardent "love of the world," bore his way through the rocky mountains himself, in order to reach it.

So let us have peace and freedom to trade and exchange what we have for what we need, that we may be able always to pay taxes and rejoice in the freedom their wise expenditure shall obtain for us. *Trade Reform.*

"WE"—THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

Speaking generally, we are proud of the Press. We are proud of many things—of our daughters, our ships, our soldiers, our volunteers, horses and pigs; but we manage to spare a little pride for our Press. We toast it at our public dinners, and in that custom we honour the Press; the last in our fond affections on such occasions, if we except the Ladies. They come last of all; and some blushing youth has to return thanks for them, either on the expectation of favours to come, or on the perhaps wiser supposition that he who knows least about his subject can speak most fluently. But it is not of ladies that I now wish to speak, but of the Gentlemen of the Press, and indeed of the institution of the Press itself.

Recently I ventured to point out how dangerous the modern system of "interviewing" has become, and how the information given to the public through this medium is utterly unreliable. Since that writing, my opinion has received a very remarkable confirmation through some passing events. Mr. G. A. Sala has cried out that he did not say what the interviewer gave him credit for, but he good-naturedly attributed the mistake to his habit of talking quickly. This may perhaps be also regarded as the reason for some of the "scares" which have appeared lately in the New York *Herald*, purporting to be the result of "interviewing" some Canadian celebrities.

It is perhaps a difficult task for a reporter to represent correctly what a garrulous old gentleman wishes to convey; and if that same old gentleman should be dawkingly-wise and a man who has been for many years before the public—and who, as a politician, has been all round the compass—the difficulty is proportionately increased.

The Press is a great power, and much feared. In Napoleon's time, and in his opinion, two editors of newspapers outweighed six armies. It is not everywhere so respected—because public opinion vacillates—and is not found dangerous. In Germany, France, Spain, Russia, and even in the United States, from different causes, the opinions of editors do not go for much. Outrages on liberty may be daily perpetrated, and a journalist dares not comment on the matter, since if he does so his journal suffers. Gold rules the day, and compliance with the Government makes gold. In America the small weight of the newspaper is owing partly to the number of papers, whereby one writer's opinions negative those of another. Next to this is the violence of expression and the latitude of language allowed; and thirdly, there is the commercial poison of gold, which kills respect. If one journal is successful, another will copy it or oppose it to obtain a portion of its success: hence opinion is seen to be based upon what should *be*, as upon what should *pay*, and the reader finds at once that force of expression is simply simulated or pumped up; for newspaper readers are not fools. If they find that a paper is in earnest, they respect it, even if it opposes them; if they know that the writer is a mere sham, a pretence, a garden engine or water-squirt used for the purpose of shedding abroad the liquid guano of diluted opinion, they do not after all care much for him.

In England, Ireland and Scotland, and in Italy and some parts of Germany, the editorial We is a power. As such the Press has been complimented overmuch. It is the palladium of liberty—the Fourth Estate. Although their profession is not recognized, its officers are, *par excellence*, "Gentlemen of the Press." It has done, and does do every week, much good. It does much harm, too. It saves men from thinking; it moulds the purposes of a ministry; it changes the future of a nation; it raises or it depresses a reputation; it lifts a writer or an actor to the skies, or it dashes him to earth; it colours men's thoughts, makes people sorry or glad, sends prosperity below or above par, sets in motion those springs which lead to war; and when strong, determined and consistent, it lays down that curious Mosaic pattern by which the minds of future generations shall be moulded. All this is no exaggeration; and if it be true, a powerful leader-writer or an editor must be a great and powerful man; how is it, then, that he is of little reputation?

Every good and successful writer has become what he is by years of labour acting on a genius for his work. You cannot make a Carlyle or a Captain Sterling of the *Times*. Such men are born to their position. Every true writer is so. He has an irrepressible desire to write; he wishes to teach in his way, whatsoever it be, his fellow-men. And he is so far inspired. He has as true a call as any one of the prophets in Samaria. Alas, like many of the prophets, he sometimes turns aside, and is not true to himself! But this is seldom. It is with Carlyle, in a less degree, as it was with Balaam—he can only speak what is in him.

Some persons regard the newspaper with an over-great, because an ignorant, reverence. The editor is supposed to know everything, and to be able to go anywhere; to assist at the interviews of politicians, and to be a welcome guest at every fireside. With others, he is held to be a mere weak old (or young) man, one who knows nothing, but who is merely the mouthpiece of others. In either view, wrote Mr. Beresford Hope, "the periodical writer, whether in his nobler or his baser aspect, is a Child of the Mist." And the way in which Mr. Hope would propose to elevate the newspaper writer, is by taking away from him the veil of the anonymous, and by making him sign his name to every article that he writes; for, he says, "at present society does not look upon a journalist as a gentleman." A man who writes for his bread is not regarded with the same favour as one who feels people's pulses for his bread, or who puts a gown on his back, and makes a hired advocate of himself for his bread. One who becomes a newspaper-writer is not looked upon in the same category as a barrister or surgeon; it is "not a means of gaining a livelihood that would occur to the young man of family equally well with the army, the navy, the public office, or holy orders."

Well, that cannot be helped; if public writers were pushed into the Press like men are into the army or navy, the chances are that our newspapers would be prosy enough, and editors as dull as our soldiers and sailors. If people look down on newspaper writers, we cannot help it. "When they get paid as well as other professions they will be thought as well of," said Thackeray, himself a newspaper correspondent.

If the newspaper writer were known, half the charm and half of his independence would be gone. Many journals do not speak as they should do because of the surroundings of the proprietors. A newspaper is degraded if it be not free. If it fears respectability or prejudice, or anything but truth, it becomes merely an organ—and a very detestable organ sometimes—on which a party grinds tunes which annoy others and do no good to humanity.

Therefore it seems that the newspaper writer is best anonymous. People often would like to know who blows so fierce a blast on the *Daily Trumpet*, or who wrote the tender article which made us shed tears. But the public is not gratified, and the writer goes on his way with the simple, and after all the truest, satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty. Those who know him give him due honour—sometimes undue jealousy, too. Nor do we find that in France, where every one signs his name, newspapers are better written. The old name ceases to please, and if a man wishes to attack any one, he can assume a pseudonym. The plea that a writer would be more careful if he put his name to his writings is not proved. Charles Churchill, Samuel Butler and Thomas Paine wrote some very wild and bad things under their own names. Voltaire wrote his *Pucelle d'Orleans* openly. The fact is that a gentleman is a gentleman always. If he is writing anonymously he will do just as if he signed his name, because he is ever in his great Master's eye. If a man merely writes for bread, he will pen that which brings him most money, whether he puts his name to it or not. He becomes a mere advocate, one who vacates his thoughts and lets out his talents without for a moment inquiring of the truth of the side he advocates.

It seems, then, that the editorial We is of some use. It is very awkward to use. It often means more than the mere mask; for if the writer is what he should be, he carries the commercial part of the journal with him, and is a friend, not a creature of the proprietors. He speaks his own thoughts; and those ideas are identical with those about him. "My own thoughts, Sir," says the polite gentleman in the play, "only infinitely better expressed." The article in the paper is not the mere *ipse dixit* of the writer, nor is the We only the algebraist's unknown quantity. The writer must have tact, knowledge, learning, political foresight, honour, clear expression, warmth, earnestness, and a great capacity for hard and sometimes unpleasant work as well; a good newspaper writer is not to be found every day, and therefore should be honoured.

The Gentlemen of the Press are indeed important. They have been antagonised by other professions, but they have won their way. Some have called them a new priesthood, but this they can only be in a few cases; others have said that they are to overthrow armies. It will be well if the Gentlemen of the Press are content to be looked on as schoolmasters,—men of a noble profession, but always underpaid and under-rated. But what of that? If a true philosopher could choose what he had to do, perhaps such as Socrates would to-day have taught through his two or three columns of print. Rightly undertaken, the profession should rank with the highest.

In the far-distant good time, when a man's social position will be determined by the weight he carries, and the good he does, it seems to me that the Gentlemen of the Press, the editorial plurality We, will be moved up higher and much nearer the vanguard than they are at present. *Quevedo Redivivus.*

A CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

We arose from the perusal of the "Constitution and Laws" of the proposed Canadian Academy of Arts with an impression that the fate of Rip Van Winkle had befallen to us. It was not until after many ocular proofs to the contrary, of a very convincing character, that we had *not* just awakened from a centennial sleep, and that this is truly the year of our Lord 1880, instead of 1980, that a moderate amount of composure could be restored. Whether these apprehensions were inexcusable or not we leave to the decision of the cognoscenti of Canadian Art, after they have read this article.

The objects of the Canadian Academy are to be :—

1*st*,—The institution of a National Gallery at the seat of Government ;
2*nd*,—The holding of Exhibitions in the principal cities of the Dominion ;
3*rd*,—The establishment of Schools of Art and Design.

For the success of all these aims, no one can more earnestly desire than we do. To attain it, we willingly concur in the location of the Gallery at Ottawa, much as we should like to have it here. And, it may be added, that in judging by the quality of the Arts seen there (with one or two notable and recent exceptions), and by the laudations bestowed on some lately painted Portraits of Canadian Celebrities, by Canadian artists, it must be apparent to a connoiseur that a National Gallery, with a few good pictures, is more needed there, as an educator, than it is here.

The following objections will therefore be directed, not to the aims, but solely to the plan proposed for carrying these aims into fulfilment. After the preamble, the Constitution provides that the Society shall consist of not more than forty Academicians. They are to be limited to this number, it may be supposed, to avoid awakening the ill feeling of the Royal Academy, and of the Académie des beaux Arts of France, both of which have established a similar restriction. "Of these, not more than ten shall be Architects. The number of Academician Engravers shall not exceed three, and the number of Academician Designers shall not exceed six. * * * There shall also be another order of Members which shall be called Associates," the number to be "*indefinite*," with a minimum of "twenty." The members are to be British subjects, or, if foreigners, permanent residents in the Dominion. It is also provided that there shall be, among other Professorships attached to the School of Art and Design, "three Professors, of painting, sculpture, and architecture," who shall be "elected from among the Academicians." Furthermore, it specifies that the Associates shall be artists "of high attainments, in their several professions, that is, of painters, sculptors," &c. ; and by Section 7, all artists "of distinguished merit," whether members of the Academy or not, will graciously be permitted to exhibit their works at the annual exhibition.

The first question which these citations suggest is this—has the time arrived in Canada for the appointment of Academicians ? At the formation of all the leading Academies in the old world and the new, there were men deservedly distinguished in Art by whom these societies were formed and sustained. When the *Académie* of France was re-established in 1803, it had for example, Jacques Louis David, Géricault, Pierre Guérin and others to give it prestige. It was by such men as Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough and West, the Royal Academy of England received its incorporation. So also the Schools of Dusseldorf, of Munich, and Berlin, were not started until Overbeck, Kaulbach, Lessing, and Knaus were willing to direct, with the lustre of their genius, and their technical knowledge. In the neighbouring Republic, Art flourished for many years with a larger proportion of Art talent than Canada can yet justly boast of, before even the impulsive Republicans deemed it advisable to establish a National Academy. It is well known that the title of "Academician" is all but the highest to which an artist in Europe dares to aspire. It is reserved for men of the highest attainment ; and we have sad evidence that even some of these have sought for it in vain. Not with unkindly feeling, but rather in sorrow, must we confess, that only with one comparative exception among painters, and one also among sculptors, there are not at present in this Dominion any publicly known artist fitted to adorn this coveted title. It does not follow because "fine feathers make fine birds" that the bestowment of the rank of Academician on Muggins will necessarily teach him how to draw correctly ; or that by dubbing Mr. Signboard an Associate, he will acquire a better knowledge of perspective and of harmony in colour, When the black Government of Hayti, some years ago, ennobled its political Sambos with such titles as Duke de Montmorenci, Marquis of Cauliflower, and Chevalier de Butterfly, the outside Barbarians of Europe were still unable to see any change afterward in their woolly heads, or their colour. Nor did the additional adornment of huge feathers, and coats covered with gold lace, cease to make them more like monkeys than gentlemen. The number of those who, in Canada, really appreciate art of a high character, and are able and willing to pay its price, is unfortunately, at present, insufficient to sustain here, for any length of time, artists of really good second-class reputation from a European standpoint. In Montreal, where meritorious works of art are bought oftener than perhaps in any other place in the Dominion, and which can boast of larger and more valuable private collections from among the first painters in Europe than that bequeathed by Mr. Gibb to the Art Association of this city ; this has been proved again and again. The few of our Canadian youth of art talent, who wisely completed their studies in Europe, returned to us, it is true, but to leave again after a longer or shorter sojourn. Some went back to Europe, or, to Australia, or to the United States, like Russell and Perry, and Wyatt Eaton. Way, (if he may be called a Canadian,) still remains in Switzerland. Millard, returned to, and remains, we believe, in England. Jacobi, like another Cincinnatus, has retreated to his farm, and doubtless finds there more profitable employment than he could now by his pencil. All undeserved fame is but sarcasm in disguise. It is more,—it operates as a positive injury. The most of the artists now practising amongst us ought still to consider themselves as students only, and to be taught rather than teach. Were they more familiar, than they appear to be, with the best examples of European Art, they would, with ordinary perception, discover by contrast with their own, how much they have yet to learn in technique, as well as in composition. Possibly they are in a small degree sensible of their deficiencies, if we may judge by their zealous efforts during the last session of Parliament, to exclude the importation of European Art by an almost prohibitory tax, in which, however, we are sorry to say, they partially succeeded, as far as regards drawings in water colours. If our estimate of Canadian artists, as a class, be severe, we cannot help it. We believe it to be correct. It is at all times pleasanter to praise than blame. It is our love for Art, and our desire to see Art properly fostered in Canada, that we write thus plainly. No artist, of any promise, and who showed the slightest evidence of talent beyond that which should be confined to house-decoration, or scene-painting, ever came in our way, without receiving a kindly word, and, not unfrequently, more substantial encouragement. Let not then our motives in writing thus be misconstrued. If, let it be repeated, the foregoing criticism is deserved, does it not appear unwise to insist, as these laws do, that the Professors of Painting and Sculpture shall be selected from the Academicians ? Surely we may here apply the hacknied phrase—"Ex nihilo, nihil fit." How can the blind lead the blind ? Snug, the joiner, was nothing more than Snug, the joiner, all the while roared he beneath the lion's skin ; and the ass's head better befitted Ned Bottom, the weaver, than the sword and strut of Pyramus.

It would seem wiser to postpone, for a few years, the appointment of Academicians, unless two or three able artists from abroad could be induced to settle here, and accept the title, with its concurrent duties. We would also suggest the reduction of the minimum number of Associates from twenty to fifteen, and that present effort should be chiefly directed to the School of Art and Design. For this purpose a fund should be raised to provide adequate salaries for two or three of the best artists obtainable from abroad, as lecturers and teachers ; and to provide a suitable collection of models. A certain capacity for, and ability in, drawing should also be pre-requisites for admission to the school. By so doing, we may, in dne time, create a body of Canadian artists of which Canada may be justly proud ; and concurrently—and this is of nearly equal importance—improve the public taste, whereby a wiser and more liberal patronage may be extended to Art than at present exists. There shou'd be also a competition among the students, biennially or triennially, for what the Royal Academy calls a travelling scholarship. and the Freneh Academy, the Prix de Rome. This to consist of money sufficient to enable the successful candidate to pursue his or her studies for two or three years in the best schools in Europe. The fund for this purpose ought to be supplied by the Govern ment, as it is by the Governments of other countries for similar purposes ; and even if only half the necessary amount should be given, there is no reason to doubt that the remainder may be without much trouble obtained from private sources.

If these suggestions be not followed, and the plan proposed by the printed Constitution does go into operation, we ought at least to be grateful for three of its features—namely, 1st, That which excludes from the Exhibitions "all needlework" (such as counterpanes of monstrous designs and of infinite variety), "artificial flowers, shell-work," or "any such performances" ; 2nd, That which restricts every Academician to *ten* pictures only at any one Exhibition ; and 3rdly, That which places Montreal the last in the order of the cities wherein an Exhibition is to be held. For it is fervently to be hoped that when this time arrives a great advance will be made upon the present status of Canadian art ; and in the fulfilment of that hope no one will be more delighted, or more disposed to applaud, than we ourselves. *John Popham.*

ABOUT CAPITAL AND LABOUR AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

The only comment I would wish to make on the SPECTATOR's remarks on the question of the "Rights of Labour" may be summed up somewhat as follows :—

The "higgling of the market," in other words, the rule of "demand and supply," is certainly one of the customs prevalent in adjusting bargains between the employer and the employed, but it is very far from being the only rule in such cases ; for every addition of merit or capacity that may be discovered in the candidate for employment has a tendency, immediately effective or otherwise, to exhume the value and consequent price of his labour. Out of this

grows the practice, more or less in vogue, of classifying such capacities and technical acquisitions and of instituting gradations of the employed people, which is just, as a principle, and none the less valuable, because it tends to break down the rigidity of the market quotations.

In the lowest, even, or "unskilled" grade of labour, as it is somewhat inaccurately termed, for all labour requires skill of some sort, this rule of "demand and supply" is not so absolute as it is sometimes thought to be, or as it would be if man were a mere chattel passing from hand to hand. There is a human element in the business, and this is how it presents itself. A man, and especially a family man, cannot fly on the wings of the wind to a better market for his labour when an inadequate offer is made to him, and, if in consequence, the bargain with the person wanting labour should be concluded for a less sum than is needed to maintain that human organization in life and health, or if you prefer to express it so, to keep it in working force and operation, it will be found that in order to the fulfilment of the contract, the necessary additional maintenance for the man, woman or youth (children should not have to labour) will need to come from somewhere. Unless this worker shall be suffered to deteriorate physically and mentally—which no good employer would desire or permit—such sustenance in the exceptional cases where the employer does not fully supply it, will really have to come out of the purse of the State, or out of some common fund raised by benevolent effort. In either of these cases the employer of that labourer is actually benefitting himself out the dole provided for the poor and unemployed, which, I think, the most rigid political economist will not consider to be legitimate trading. The principle thus succinctly stated forms but a small division of a subject which becomes broad as soon as we take into consideration the general duty of the State—a duty constantly fluctuating with circumstances—to promote the welfare of all its subjects, both rich and poor, and which the Government can but very partially fulfil by direct employment, a duty on its part which in new countries is still further complicated by the cares of an Immigration Department. If "demand and supply" is in any degree to give a healthy tone to trade bargains where labour is concerned, we shall need much more perfect labour-bureaux, or intelligence-offices, for the whole country, and a freer means of transportation than we have at present, involving a fuller assimilation of the domestic system to that adopted for the immigrants from abroad, which must be considered to be on the whole highly creditable to our young Dominion.

The social relations of the several classes of which the State is made up, which must be always greatly dependent on natural good feeling, need bracing and drawing closer for the benefit of all alike.

I cannot quite agree with the editor when he says that the one question for debate in the new Society of Economy, at present, refers to our relations with the United States. I consider the agricultural, the commercial, the industrial, and the sanitary organization of this Dominion to form, collectively, the first question, and that external relations of every kind may safely be deferred for discussion till that is in some degree settled, and until we have gained more experience of recent fiscal changes. We enjoy a large measure of self-government in this young country, and should desire no union with the accretions of corruption, nor needlessly to widen our political anxieties. Heaven's blessing will be enough for the growing State if we are faithful in our several vocations. Under the wing of our worthy mother Britain we have little indeed to complain of, and we are, so far, escaping the headaches, the soul-wearing, and the disgust that would come from the attempt to take continental politics on our shoulders. We shall do well to avoid the tyranny of extreme partizanship and its organs,—a discretion that I trust will not be accompanied by any neglect of our grand responsibilities in the development of our magnificent Dominion. We have hopes, too, sooner or later, of Imperial Confederation in some shape.

Theta.

VULGARITY—AN EXPERIENCE.

It was currently reported in the New York papers some time since that we were to have a Court at Ottawa, with all its necessary ceremonies. To any one familiar with the state of society at Ottawa, this report was an absurdity on the face of it. It may be stated without fear of contradiction that those in authority at Ottawa certainly have more sense than to attempt it, and for many reasons. It was our misfortune to be present at the Ottawa Exhibition, and a more lamentable exhibition of vulgarity and ignorance of conventionalities we never saw. This double exhibition took place early in October, and had such a painful effect upon our mind that it seems as if it were only yesterday. The arrangements on the grounds were wofully deficient in every particular as regards the convenience of visitors; it seemed as if the Agricultural Society looked upon cattle, exhibitors and visitors as one great common herd, to be dealt with according to their small ideas of propriety. The officers of the Society, according to the usual Canadian custom, usurped and monopolized every available position, and certainly constituted the major portion of the show. These public characters (for a few days) were evidently bound to make the most of their time and endeavoured to attract as much attention as possible.

This brings us to a common fault and vulgarity in our Canadian life, viz., that almost every Canadian who manages to secure an official place or position of any sort, is at once convinced that he is a superior sort of being and one to whom tax-payers are to render obeisance without any questioning or complaint. That the majority of our public men are unpolished and illiterate, we have the parliamentary reports to testify and we have the evidence of our own senses to witness to their good manners (?) As Canadians, we are in the habit of criticising our "Yankee" neighbours and Pharisaically plume ourselves on being better than they—allowing that we are better, what is there for us to be proud of, when we are so backward ourselves. In our ordinary everyday life we speak rudely and bluntly, and call it candour, and in the public life it seems to be an accepted axiom that if a man has made a mis-statement—he has lied. (See Hansard.)

To return to Ottawa. It was announced that Her Royal Highness would present the gold and silver medals in the Senate Chamber to the successful exhibitors, and tickets of admission could be procured from one of the great public officers of this great public society, upon which the eyes of the world were gazing. We procured our tickets as soon as we had mustered up courage to address this individual, and returned to our hotel. After dinner (we were told it *was dinner*), we dressed to go and see the presentation of medals by the Princess. We wended our way slowly to the buildings, and while on our way overheard two persons talking. The only words I happened to hear were: "Oh, he is in bad form." The speaker's face was known to me as a resident of Montreal, and I was surprised to hear him make use of this expression, which is one peculiar to "Britishers." This Canadian vulgarity of aping English slang expressions is one that ought to be severely dealt with. A Canadian spends a year or two in London or Cambridge, and on his return inflicts upon his acquaintances his knowledge of English slang, and should he be an important member of Canadian society, it is adopted and used by the lesser lights with relish.

To continue, we arrtved at the Senate Chamber, and were shown to seats in the gallery. We were the first to arrive, and patiently awaited the arrival of others. On the floor of the Senate a portion was reserved for the exhibitors, the balance of the floor being intended for the *élite* of Canada. In the gallery *we* were evidently the centre of attraction, and it was some time before we discovered the reason therefor. At last it came to us as a revelation,—we were in dress-clothes. It was apparent that it was unusual for such things as dress-clothes to be seen in the Senate Chamber of Canada. On the floor we certainly expected to see the *élite* of Canada properly attired, but were disappointed. We did not expect to see the farmers thus, but thought that the visitors who occupied seats would have known enough of *savoir-vivre* to have come there respectfully dressed. Our surprise was still greater when, after the entrance of the Princess and Marquis, we saw an individual advance and read an address to their Excellencies, this individual wearing an ordinary morning coat. We were informed that he was a President, and that the gentlemen accompanying him were his suite; this we believed, as they were all similarly attired in morning coats. What the Princess thought of this, we have no means of knowing; but this we know, that such a violation of respect ought never to have been allowed. Just to think that on the floor of the high and mighty Senate of Canada not six persons could be found in proper and respectful attire! How can we throw stones at our neighbours? And when we think that a great many prominent Canadians were present, must we not also think that our social education is at fault? A Royal Court at Ottawa! Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!! That would be an exhibition of Canadian politeness.

We were very much pained with a peculiarity of Canadian society which we observed,—namely, the immediate descent into personalities when engaged in conversation. No matter with whom we spoke, the tendency always was to say some unpleasant thing about an absent person. This *personal* conversation is very uncharitable and ungentlemanly; it shows an evident weakness of mind and character, and is essentially vulgar. Surely there are plenty of conversational subjects without engaging in trivial personalities, which are, to say the least, rarely harmless, and are oftentimes untrue. This mode of speaking shows the uneducated or morbid intellect, and we are sorry to say, that it may be heard daily and nightly in the streets and at our parties. There is a proverb, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," which is very proper as far as it goes, but it seems to be absolutely necessary to alter it so that it will include the living as well as the dead.

Oday.

WHY ARE WIVES WHAT THEY ARE?

Why are wives what they are, and not what they might, could, and should be? Because in nine cases out of ten it is for want of temper or judgment in the man. We have all heard of the cautious individual who would see his wife's grandmother before he took the irrevocable vow. He was quite right. A man desiring to enjoy the delights and consolations unknown to a single condition, prepared to love and cherish under all calamities and changes, would do well, if possible, to learn a little of the early training of the woman he

desires to make the partner of his joys and the consoler of his sorrows, and to have some knowledge of her in a domestic relation.

It seems hard in this our day to find the medium between the fashionable wife, all frivolity, dress, and excitement, and the female virtuoso, or the woman without tact; but there are women, of many of whom it may be truly said in scriptural language, "the heart of her husband does surely trust her." How often are these women linked to the vicious and the unstable, are obliged to shut their eyes to facts, and when love is gone live on enduring? Marriage to them has been a desperate thing, a curse and slavery, instead of the nearest approach to perfect happiness permitted on earth.

Of the drunken ruffian, quick with the blow, we have nothing to say—he is scarcely one remove from the beasts that perish, and, as a rule, belongs to the extreme lower class; but amongst the so-called gentlemen there is the overbearing, tyrannical husband, at whose voice children and servants flee, soured probably by difficulties in his business or profession, but surlily keeping his trials from his wife, and snappishly resenting all her attempts to win his confidence. Who so capable as she to soothe and to aid by her womanly tact and discrimination, made keener by its concentration in her little world—home; and have we not sacred warrant that the wife is a helpmeet for the man, not a slave to minister to his material wants only, whilst he grudgingly doles out his money, never dreaming that the order of his house is only arrived at by a thousand little domestic cares, so heavy in the total, yet a labour of love when lightened by kind, husbandly interest. This man acts as if he were devoid of affection himself and grossly presumes on his wife's early inculcated sense of duty.

Then we have the henpecked husband. Now the censorious world contemptuously laughs at his name, and discusses the anxious, irritable wife; it never troubles itself to consider the weak, vacillating man he must necessarily be in his safest condition. He is a never-ceasing anxiety to his wife, who knows he must either be a fool or a scoundrel. She toils early and late with brain and fingers to rectify his sins of omission. Her pitiful tenderness must always follow him and hold his wavering mind in check lest his selfish folly should bring more troubles into the household impoverished by his careless indifference, leaving his wife to fight the battle of life single-handed. He is only amiable when gratified, loving when spared a difficulty, giving a few flattering words of praise at his wife's clever management—more painful than pleasing, for she knows their value—ill-tempered if forced to do anything he dislikes, and coarse in his taunts about nagging and bickering. If she is righteously and sternly compelled to give ugly names to his procrastination he he will occasionally cry *Peccavi*, thereby firmly believing he has washed out all his sins and may begin them again on the morrow. With such a man a wife cannot take the inferior attitude which all womanly women really delight in, but must unpoetically fulfil Wordsworth's picture of

> A perfect woman nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command.

Then last, but not least, we have the salt of the earth—great and gifted, tender and true men whose lives are spent in making strong resolutions which they seldom fail to carry out. A husband from this class is at peace with himself; therefore gives joy to others, bringing home light and comfort at all times and under all circumstances. Self-governed, he justly exercises rule over his wife, whose happiness it is to anticipate his wishes and acknowledge his supremacy. Excepting the few in whom the taint of moral baseness is hereditary, men know full well that women, through their strong affections are what men make them.

It is also want of faith in men that makes women unjust to each other, preventing the friendships there might be between them, so sacred and helpful, for woman only knows woman as she really is. As Byron says—"Man to man so oft unjust, is always so to woman."—*Land and Water.*

HARMONY.

In the generality of families the quality of harmony is conspicuous by its absence. I am not speaking of it in a musical sense, but as applied to the every-day routine of "our discordant life." One may go to stay at any number of houses without finding one where perfect harmony reigns. You may have previously imagined that the Robinsons were a perfect united family; but a fortnight spent with them will probably quite undeceive you; for there is no way of getting to know people like staying with them for a time—not staying as one of a large number of visitors, but when you are made quite at home, and treated as one of the family.

You then find out all the little daily disputes—see the traits of character exhibited in the home circle that outsiders never dream of for a moment. Mr. Smith is such a popular man, so much liked at his club, and has so many friends who would be delighted to do anything to oblige him, but who would be very much surprised to hear that he can get into a rage at dinner if the joint is overdone. If you stay in the house you see this; and you also see in his wife's eyes the tears of wounded pride at his descending to storming at her before a visitor. Then he will sit silent and gloomy at the breakfast table because that meal is ten minutes later than usual. These trifles disturb the harmony, and cause a feeling of discomfort throughout the entire household. The visitor, of course, feels that she is not wanted, and wishes herself anywhere but in her present quarters.

There are a few happy places where this is never the case—where you may spend a fortnight or three weeks, and when you leave wonder why you have enjoyed the visit so much. It is simply because there is no discord, no raising of voices in dispute, but smiles and good humour are the order of the day.

If any of my readers possess fowls, and spend occasionally a few minutes in watching them, they may have been amused, as I have been, by seeing how the cock, if he is of an unamiable temper, will give a vicious peck to one of the hens, who, not daring to return it, shows her mortification by a fierce dig into the back of her next neighbour. This one passes it on again, and so on.

Now this is exactly what happens among beings of a superior order. Mr. Smith, to use a homely phrase, gets out on the wrong side of the bed in the morning, and grumbles at his wife because there is a button off his shirt. His wife hears him in silence, but woe betide the next person who comes in her way. It may be a daughter who has rendered herself liable to a lecture by lying in bed after the seven o'clock bell rang; she is restrained by long habit from replying angrily to her mother, but she can and does snub her little brother so sharply as to make him cry. The harmony is probably gone for the rest of the day. It is difficult to say where the fault lies. Doubtless, if any one individual obstinately refused to be put out, smiles would be restored; but, unfortunately, people who *will* not be vexed are very rare.

I have heard from a most amiable-looking girl the remark, "My sister and I cannot get on together. We really cannot agree. If we were condemned to live together we should hate each other." It is a sad state of affairs, but not unfrequently the case. In all probability both are determined, and when their wishes clash, neither will give way. If either possessed that much-to-be-coveted accomplishment, the power of yielding with good grace, all would be well. If the members of a household had a due sense of the value of that harmony they so rudely and so frequently dispel, they would make a good many sacrifices rather than disturb it. As a rule, they are such pitiably small things that put people out of temper, things that should be dismissed with a laugh, and never seriously considered for an instant. It seems incredible that a human being, possessed of powers of mind given to no other animal—one of the "lords of creation"—could become intensely angry at receiving his turtle soup without a sufficient allowance of green fat to please him. But it is so, as anyone given to observing his fellows must know very well.

If any loss occurs to the head of a family you will find that his vexation goes all through the house, the consequence of the passing-on system mentioned above. The baby is cross, and requires twice as long in getting to sleep as usual. Poor little thing! it is not to be wondered at, when its mother had not more than half her usual patience. The other children quarrel, the servants ditto. A woman, to make the perfection of a wife for a business man, should have unlimited patience, never allow herself to get worried, but be always cheerful, managing, sympathetic, ready to smooth down all the rugged portions of the road of life for those who tread it in her company. Her best reward will be in seeing her children grow up imitating her and walking in her footsteps, and in knowing that, should they all live to be old men and women, her memory will be cherished in their hearts with undying love.—*London Queen.*

BUILDING UP.

With infinite patience and toil to develop
Whate'er may be in us of good and of beauty,
To build up our nature with labour incessant
That our future may cast into shadow our present,—
This is our mission in life, and our duty.

But that which is built to endure is built slowly,
And all that the world has of great and of noble
Hath slowly been wrought out with toil and with trouble;
And they are learned who end with discerning
That men may grow grey and yet still be but learning.

It taketh brief time, and but little invention,
To build up a fabric of lath and of plaster;
But it taketh long years, and the mind of a master,
To build a cathedral with arch and with column,
Meet for God's glory—majestic and solemn.

Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work, and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world, the idle man.—*Carlyle.*

THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE N. P. AND LITERATURE.

The amount of hogwash that has been inflicted upon a long-suffering public, under the pretence of building up a native literature, and the mistaken kindness of editors in praising home production of inferior merit, has had the effect of disgusting people with this class of work. In fact, there is no more effectual way to kill off a book, even if it possesses real excellence, than to announce it as distinctively "Canadian." We shall have a literature worthy of the name some day, no doubt, but the way to foster it is not by making believe that all our geese are swans.—*Toronto Mail.*

What are poor Canadian youth to do under the N. P.? The organ tells us that Canadian authors produce nothing better than "hogwash;" and yet if we order books worthy of the name from the first-class publishers of Edinburgh and London, they are subjected by the N. P. tariff to so many annoyances in the manner of levying the duty as to disgust all dealers. Not content with trebling the duty, the collector has now to take a set of scales along with him and *weigh* the books—for this is the mode in which the N. P. forms its estimate of the value!—*Exc.*

CURIOUS PROPOSALS.

When Lord Strangford sat down to criticise a book of travels by Miss Beaufort, he little dreamed that before long he would write to the young authoress: "I was thinking the other day about a communication from the Emperor Akbar to the King of Portugal, which contained a request for copies of the holy books of the Christians, and in which the following sentence occurs: 'In the world of humanity, which is the mirror and reflection of the world of God, there is nothing equal to love or comparable to human affection.' For many years I have known and felt this, though I never said it till to-day to any one. When you next write, please give me the possessive pronoun of the first person." Surely never was a declaration made in quainter fashion, saving perhaps by the Scotch beadle who led the manse house-maid to the church-yard and pointing with his finger, stammered: "My folk lie there, Mary; wad ye like to lie there?" Or the lugubriously humorous Irish lover who took his girl to see the family vault, and then and there asked her if she would like to lay her bones beside his bones!—*Chambers's Journal.*

POLITICAL RABIES.

Fox spoke of the younger Pitt and his colleagues as seeming "determined to push Great Britain to the verge of ruin," Speaking of the Chatham Administration—one so successful that, as has been truly said, opposite parties have pointed to it with applause, eager to claim its principles as their own—Lord Chesterfield moaned: "I am sure we are undone both at home and abroad; at home, by our increasing debt and expenses—abroad, by our ill-luck and incapacity. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect." Horace Walpole declared: "It is time for England to slip her cables, and float away into some unknown ocean." The only difference between such utterances and those of Liberal statesmen of our day is that, in the old ones, invective never becomes mere unreasoning vituperation. It is by men's tone, and not by the mere sense of the words, that their position and motives must be judged. Professions of belief in the gravity of a national crisis are easily made. Self-persuasion of their sincerity is not difficult. But if their secret spring be pure and patriotic, its outflow must of necessity be dignified and impressive.

"Passion is reason, when it speaks from right."

But if it do so speak, though its language will certainly be strong, it will not be low-toned. Its weapons may be wielded vigorously, and may cut keenly, but will never be dipped in venom. Honest national indignation will deprecate as a weakening of its cause, all resort to vulgar and vituperate invective. When the heart of the people is truly roused, its indignation will not seek in the dirt for expression, but will rise high above the mean modes of factious attack and personal abuse. In ordinary times, when no great issues agitate the public mind, Earl Stanhope's remark, in his "History of England," may be accepted as true: "How sure a road to popularity has it always been, to tell us that we are the most wretched and ill-governed people upon the face of the earth!"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LEARNING IN CHINA.

The honour of learning is a religion by itself in this country. Learning is the glory of the throne. There are splendid libraries in the palace vast collections of books carefully catalogued, and selections for the Emperor's reference. One of his houses is a study where the young princes are educated scholars annually explain the sacred books before him; he is the chief examiner; for the doctor's degree, and confers his rank upon the senior wrangler. There is a printing office in his palace, and his poetry is sumptuously bound; and there is a hall in the "purple city" where sacrifice is offered to the tablets of learned men and to the Emperor's tutors. Learning is the key to the highest offices of state. In these temple grounds there is a sumptuous hall where the Emperor is said to explain the classics and expound the Sacred Edict, a series of ethical apothegms which the greatest of their modern monarchs wrote for his people. It must be a striking scene—the throne, the brilliant yellow and green arches opposite, the maze of white marble balustrades, and the dignitaries of the empire kneeling upon circular stone slabs that mark their position, and filling up the grassy court with their gorgeous dresses. On either side of this hall the Nine Classics, carved on tall slabs of black slate, are found under wooden roofs. The lettering is only on one side, and for the sake of easy reading is divided into pages, of which there are six rows on a slab and seven pages in a row; and as there are fifty characters on a page, the number of letters on one stone must be two thousand one hundred; and though nearly one hundred and fifty years old, the cutting is fresh and as legible as the print of a book. Books are more abundant and the printing-press is busier than in any other heathen country. It is a work of merit for a man to write and publish and circulate a book at his own expense; and the frequent receptacles for printed matter, so that none may be trampled in the mud, show almost a reverence for type; yet there is little inspiration in their literature; it has produced no great work of imagination, no epic, no poet. There are novels, but it is said that they are written at the rate of one in a dynasty; there are broadsheets and advertisements, for men will often place their wrongs before their fellow citizens in placards on the walls, as they paint their satire upon fans; but there are no living books of the present, unless such as are now induced by contact with the West. The newsman takes round the yellow-covered *Peking Gazette*, the oldest, smallest, most official, and yet one of the most amusing papers in the world;* but there are only one or two and very recent newspapers in the proper sense of the word, and with an immense population capable of reading there is little read. It may be partly from the difficulty of a language which has over 40,000 characters, and keeps 15,000 in steady use, so that an artisan does not profess to know the technical words by any other calling than his own; it must be mainly from that want of stimulus to progress that mark the heathen religions of the East, and have imposed on the people long centuries of stagnation.—*Good Words.*

* It is said to be more than 500 years old, and the matter is supplied by the Government clerks to a publisher for their own emolument, so that while not official it is a ministerial organ.—*Rennie.*

A WRITER in a Louisville paper thus describes Miss Mary Anderson, the actress:—"Can you imagine some drifting cloud of evening crystallized in mystic limpidness into that image of the maker that we call humanity—pellucid, lit within with azure fire! It may suggest a dream of that vision of loveliness which I have seen, and which shattered one's soul to pieces. Tall, slender—but slender like one of those threads of steel that carry trains across Niagara—a step as graceful as the wildcat's; and that neck! aspiring as the Alexandrian shaft that lifted Pharos to light up the sea—commanding as the tower of ivory that looketh toward Damascus."

THE New York *World* is not complimentary to our gallant and distinguished Knights. It says: "The Knights have hard, unknightly luck. Poor old Sir Francis Hincks has been found guilty of making fraudulent returns of the affairs of the bank of which he was president. [The verdict has since been reversed]. Sir James Lukin Robinson, a baronet by the way, son of the late Sir J. B. Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, is a clerk in the Courts, with a small salary. Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were concerned in the Pacific Scandal, Sir Samuel Tilley had the misfortune to run a drug store in his early days and the newspapers opposed to him always speak of him as Sir Bolus or Sir Cockle's Pills, while Sir W. P. Howland, a miller, is irreverently known as Sir Bran and Shorts."

THE Archbishop of York told the following story at the York Diocesan Conference a short time ago:—What happened in this diocease in one case was this—A living was bought and the presentation was sent down to him with a great number of papers. Amongst them was a letter which was opened like the rest, having apparently been sent with them, for his (the archbishop's) secretary to read. It was a very curious letter. It said—"Dear Dick: I have bought the living and paid for it. You go as quickly as possible and get instituted, before the thing is much talked about; and there is an end of it." (Laughter). He directed his secretary to ask an explanation of this very short letter. There was a pause of three weeks, and at the end of it a solicitor wrote back to beg that he might be furnished with the letter. In these latitudes, however, they did not part with original documents—(laughter). It was by a pure accident that this matter was found out, and, if the gentleman had burnt the letter instead of sending it, they would have known nothing about the plan. He prevented the transaction as a matter of course. The waiter in the York refreshment room, two days before the man was to be instituted, was the witness of that deed; and between two glasses of sherry the living was to be bought, and before the end of the week the man was to be in. That was the kind of action that brought scandal on the Church. (Applause). Yes, and on Christianity as well.

HEART OF GOLD.

Comrade, have we not walked together
Side by side in the days agone,
Hand in hand through the springtime weather,
When all the glory of May was blown—
When all the sky was a field of azure,
When sunshine reigned on the happy earth,
And angels looked, through the heaven's embrazure,
On a world of beauty and wealth and worth?

This was the world that we walked in, brother,
Hand in hand in the days gone by;
But as we were walking there came another,
A world to which heaven did not seem nigh;
When the bloom went out of the mead and meadow,
When the eyes of the angels were far away,
And when on our path fell the sudden shadow,
And out of it faded the golden ray.

Still, as of yore, did we walk united,
Whether the heavens were black or blue;
The path perchance might be dark or lighted—
It was ever the same so our hearts were true.
And when was our plighted faith e'er broken?
And when was the link of our hands undone?
Needless the voice of affection spoken,
While hearts moved true as the circling sun.

And now, dear heart, as the years grow older,
And gray locks gather about our brows,
Is the love of the past any fainter or colder?
Does the mildew moulder our ancient vows?
Are other voices more sweet to hearken,
Or other faces more bright to see,
Now that the shadows of twilight darken
The pathway trodden by you and me?

No! by the token of silent pressure
Of hands yet linked in the old-time grasp;
And no! by the look of the eyes' pure azure—
The past is safe in the spirit's clasp.
And faithful still, down the path together,
We lingering walk as in days of old,
Through the dreary eve and the wintry weather
In the warmth and light of your heart of gold!

Edward Sanford.

AN EVEN-SONG.

'Tis rough and wild, this twilight,
The angry winds are out;
The dark clouds flit across the sky
Like an army put to rout—
The weird, gnarl'd branches of the trees
Toss stormily about.

I sit alone at my window,
And gaze on the troubled scene;
But I hear, as I gaze, a soft sweet singing
That cometh from lands serene—
From lands of elysian calm, where the tempest
And storm-wind have never been.

And, as I listen, the clouds and winds
Fade far, far off, and die;
A sunny landscape wide and fair
Grows out before mine eye,—
Meadows and woodlands, and bosky dells,—
Under a quiet sky.

And can it be thy singing,
Dear wife! which thus I hear;
This singing which falls so sweetly
Upon my listening ear,
Charming my inner world from trouble,
And making it calm and clear?

Thy voice it is, thou loved one,
That sounds so sweet to me,
Methinks the hymns of the Immortals
Sweeter scarce can be;
Mine own! where'er thou art is heaven,
And storm is calm with thee.

David Holt.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1879 Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	1878. Total.	Week's Traffic. Incr'se	Decr'se	Aggregate. Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
	Week	$	$	$	$	$	$			
Grand Trunk..(1880)	Jan. 3	42,648	117,373	160,021	137,707	22,314	....	1 week	†22,314	....
Great Western.....	Dec. 26	38,177	67,053	105,230	64,839	40,391	....	26 w'ks	273,287	....
Northern & H. & N.W	" 22	5,667	10,620	16,287	16,144	143	....	25 "	82.065	....
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 20	1,230	2,045	3,275	3,755	....	480	24 "	3,741	....
Midland.....	" 21	1,392	1,885	3,277	2,898	379	....	25 "	23,240	....
St Lawrence&Ottawa	" 27	1,210	949	2,159	1,473	686	....	fm Jan.1	16,981	....
Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay.....	" 31	786	762	1,548	1,179	369	....	"	553	....
Canada Central.....	" 21	1,725	2,550	4,275	4,393	....	118	25 w'ks	20,051	....
Toronto Grey&Bruce	" 20	2,396	4,257	6,653	7,765	....	1,112	24 "	17,940	....
Q. M. O. & O.....	" 31	3,293	1,917	5,210	4,946	264	....	24 "	*141,910	....
	Month					[Month]	Month			
Intercolonial.....	Nov. 29	46,571	74,052	120,623	121,413	....	790	5 m'nths	....	53,964

* This is the aggregate earnings for 1879; 1878 figures not given.
†Grand Trunk increase for 26 weeks to Dec. 27th, 1879, $416,686.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per $100 Jan. 7, 1880.	Price per $100 Jan. 7, 1879.	Two last ½-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend, based on price of Stock.
Montreal	$200	$12 000,000	$11,999,200	$5,000,000	$136½	$137¼	10	7¼
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	70	66	6	8½
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	75	80	6	8
Toronto.	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	121	117½	7	5¾
				*250,000				
Jacques Cartier.....	25	5,000,000	5,000,000	55,000	59	28½	5½	9¼
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,506,166	475,000	84¼	78¾	6	7
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	97¾	90	7	7¼
Quebec.	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	..	..	6	..
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	113	101¼	8	7
				*75,000				
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	.....	..	..	..	..
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	90	105	7	7¾
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	.....	40	42	4½	11¼
City Passenger Railway.....	50	.....	600,000	†63,000	80	70	5	6¼
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	.....	111¾	109	10	9

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

TRADE OF MONTREAL.—The United States Consul-General at Montreal in a despatch to the Department of State, dated December 8, 1879, transmits the annual report of his district. The trade with Great Britain has decreased, while with the United States it has increased. This increase of nearly $2,000,000 in the last year is partially due to large imports from the United States made in anticipation of the new Canadian tariff. The effect of the tariff in the opinion of the Canadian authorities will probably be to reverse the above results. It is not known yet how far the tariff will suit the people. A large emigration to the United States is continually taking place. A general improvement in business is manifest, not so much, however, as in the United States. There is an increased demand for labour, and at the same time a rise in prices in all kinds of provisions. The financial achievements of the United States during the past year have excited profound astonishment and respect among the people of Canada.

Wheat brought 92c per bushel on the Winnipeg market on Tuesday.

The New York Produce Exchange has virtually abandoned the cental system.

The number of vessels registered at the Port of Pictou on the 1st instant was 99, of a total tonnage of 31,405. The vessels added last year were eight, of 1,679 total tonnage.

The new Berlin (Germany) tariff has caused wheat to rise 33½, rye 55, barley 25, and oats 40 per cent. The German shipping trade has appreciably declined in consequence of the tariff.

During the seven months that navigation was open the Northern and Hamilton and North-Western Railways carried to Toronto 4,295,992 bushels of grain, 84,934 barrels of flour, 57,160,000 feet of lumber, 106,500 feet square timber, 39,057 tons general merchandise, and 29,149 passengers.

The stock of flour in New York in the hands of receivers, in store and on dock, and city millers' stock on December 31 of the undermentioned years were as follows:—1879, 397,900; 1878, 372,000; 1877, 408,000; 1876, 275,900; 1875, 395,800.

A despatch from St. John, N.B., says:—At a meeting of the Board of Trade Tuesday afternoon, it was decided to discontinue affiliation with the Dominion Board, as nothing was gained by the connection. Some discussion took place over the drawback on ship-building materials, and the steamship subsidy scheme, but no definite action was taken.

The *Economist* of this week says:—"The rate of discount for bank bills, 60 days to three months, is 2⅜ per cent., and for trade bills, 60 days to three months, 2¾ to 3½ per cent. On the Stock Exchange an active speculation for a rise has recommenced. Government securities, home railways and Canadian and American railways led the advance. North British Railway, however, fell 13 since the Tay Bridge disaster. Gas property, after being again much lower early in the week, now shows a recovery, and the buoyancy of the markets in all departments is very decided. This state of affairs is aided by the renewed ease of money, the great strength in the iron trade and expansion of railway traffic, in addition to which the latest advices from Afghanistan and Africa are favourable."

BEERBOHM'S ADVICES—Floating Cargoes—Wheat, quiet; Corn, steady. Cargoes on passage and for shipment—Wheat and Corn, neglected; no business doing. Liverpool Wheat, spot, easier; do Corn, quiet but steady; do California and Club Wheat, 11s 6d to 11s 11d; do Red Winter and White Michigan Wheat, 11s 6d; do Red American Spring Wheat, 10s 6d to 11s. American Extra State Flour, London or Liverpool, 14s 9d. On passage for the continent—Wheat, 460,000 quarters; Corn, 220,000 quarters. Liverpool Bacon, S. C., 38s.

Chess.

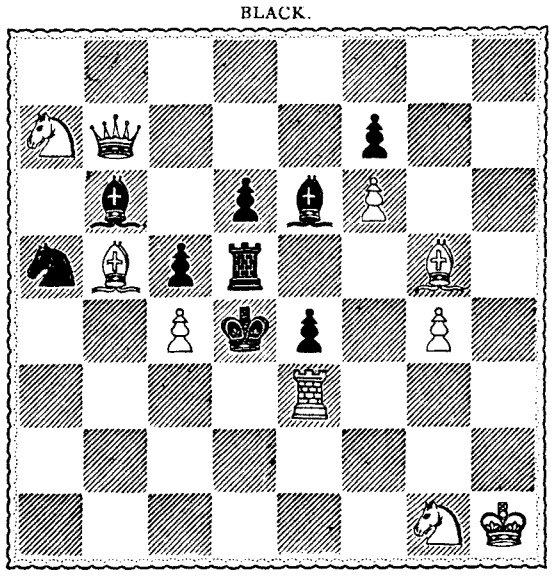
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR *Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.*

Montreal, Jan. 10th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LIV.

By Sig. L. Mussini, of Siena. From *La Nuova Rivista.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LI.—By Mr. J. G. Nix. First Prize in *Brighton Herald* Tourney.

White.	*Black.*	*White.*	*Black.*	*White.*
1 B takes Q P	K to Kt 4	2 Kt to K 5	Any	3 Q to Q 8, or Q B sq, or Kt to K B [3 or 7 mates
	If P to K Kt 4	2 B to B 2	Any	3 Q to R 2, or Kt 3 mate

The argus eye of the Chess Editor of the *Burnley Express* has discovered a flaw in this problem, namely, a dual in the main variation, and the award is under reconsideration. After Black 1 K to K Kt 4, White can play 2 Kt to K 5, or 2 Kt to K 4 (ch).

GAME NO. XLIX.

Played by Mr. Blackburne, on the occasion of his recent visit to Glasgow, when he contested ten games, simultaneously, blindfold. From *The Glasgow Herald.*

SICILIAN OPENING.

WHITE. Mr. Blackburne.	BLACK. Mr. Crum.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	9 B to K 3	B to K 3	18 P to B 4	P to K B 3
2 P to Q 4	P takes Q P	10 R to B sq	Kt to Q B 3	19 P takes P	K B P tks K P
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K 4 (*a*)	11 Kt to Q 5	Q to Q sq	20 P to B 6	Q to K B 2
4 B to Q B 4	Q to Q B 2	12 B to Q R 4	B to Q 2	21 R takes Kt	R takes R (*d*)
5 B to Kt 3 (*b*)	P to K R 3	13 Kt tks Kt (ch)	Kt P takes Kt	22 B takes R (ch)	P takes B
6 Castles	K Kt to B 3	14 Kt to R 4	P to K B 4	23 Q takes P (ch)	Q inter
7 P to B 3	P tks Q B P (*c*)	15 Kt takes P	B takes Kt	24 P to B 7 (ch)	K to K 2
8 Q Kt takes P	P to Q 3	16 P takes B	R to Q B sq	25 Q to K B 3	B to Kt 2
		17 Q to Q 5	Q to Q 2	26 B tks K R P (*e*)	Resigns.

NOTES.—(*a*) Keeping the P at the expense of a bad position.
(*b*) Q to K 2 is also good.
(*c*) The source of much trouble to Black hereafter.
(*d*) Obviously he cannot take the Q
(*e*) An elegant termination to Mr. Blackburne's best game of the ten.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE MONTREAL CHESS CLUB.—The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Montreal Chess Club was held in the Gymnasium, Mansfield Street, last Saturday evening. A large attendance betokened the interest and enthusiasm of the Club, and many points of consequence were raised. The minutes of the previous meeting having been read and confirmed, the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. Henderson, presented his reports on business and finance, the latter being especially remarkable by exhibiting, for the first time in many years, a balance to the credit of the Club. Subscriptions were authorized for the CANADIAN SPECTATOR, *The Chess Players' Chronicle* and *The Chess Monthly.* A subscription list was also opened to give effect to the motion carried at a previous meeting, that the Club sympathises and will co-operate with the Manhattan Club of New York in carrying out the Fifth American Chess Congress. We will announce the result in a future column, and here simply say that we believe it will compare favourably with some of the cities of the Union. The thanks of the meeting were cordially given to Mr. A. R. Brown for his handsome donations to the Club in the shape of tables and men, to Mr. Workman for chairs, and to Dr. Howe for a set of men. A small engraving by Hasenclever, from a painting by Paine, was presented by Mr. C. S. Baker, and it was decided to frame it, for the decoration of the Club room. The subject of matches with outside clubs was raised but allowed to drop, pending further developments. Three new members were elected; and on the whole, not only was the meeting a success, but the position and prospects of the Club are most encouraging.

THE "QUEBEC CHRONICLE."—This paper, the oldest but one, we believe, in Canada, has started a Chess Column, under the management of Mr. M. J. Murphy, a distinguished contestant in Mr. Shaw's Correspondence Tourney. The editor makes an appeal to his brother editors and the public generally for support, and, judging by the opening column, he is most worthy of it. Problem 1 is a neat two-mover, by the Editor. Game No. 1 is copied from the SPECTATOR, No. 38, between Mr. Ascher, blindfold, and Mr. Arnold, in which a forced win in 5 moves by White is pointed out, by the sacrifice of a R on move twenty-nine. This augurs well for the annotating of games, and we heartily recommend the *Quebec Chronicle* to the support and encouragement it merits. We respectfully mention one direction in which its influence may be beneficially exerted, and that is towards the formation of Chess Clubs throughout the Province. We, ourselves, shall have somewhat to say on this point in a future number.

FIFTH AMERICAN CONGRESS.—While we write, this memorable meeting is in full operation, and though, no doubt, many preliminaries will have to be settled, no time will be lost among the contestants, in commencing their games, in the Grand Tourney. Twelve gentlemen have entered their names, and it seems probable that several more will join. A handsome gold medal has been presented by Mr. Cohen, but it is not yet decided whether it shall be added to the first prize or be made a special one. Mr. Sidney Herzberg, of Colorado, offers a valuable cabinet of mineralogical specimens as a special prize in the Problem Tourney, for the problem having the greatest number of variations. An admirable location for the Congress has been secured, at 60 East Fourteenth street, on Union Square. This must be a sad disappointment to the New York Club, whose behaviour has excited the disgust and contempt of all true chess players. The funds now at the disposal of the Committee has reached the handsome sum of $1,700, but at the very least another $800 will be required to make the undertaking a decided success, and this might easily be obtained if such cities as St. Louis, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Boston, Hartford and New Orleans would at all emulate that spirited and generous little Holyoke with its $77.

Musical.

All correspondence intended for this column should be directed to the Musical Editor, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Notices of Concerts in Provincial towns, &c. are invited, so as to keep musical amateurs well informed concerning the progress of the art in Canada.

ORGANISTS IN CANADA.

The position of organist in Canadian churches is not an enviable one, an aspirant for the post is supposed to understand harmony and voice culture, to be a good church drill-instructor and a first-class accompanist and solo-player; if he have these qualifications, and a friend or two in court, he may, perhaps, obtain a situation at the remunerative salary of $400 per annum. One would naturally suppose that his duties then would be to play the organ and instruct the choir. Not so however; he is expected also to *provide* the choir. The following advertisement from the Montreal *Witness*, suggests a few thoughts on the subject which we venture to give to our readers :—

"SINGING.—Wanted, Ladies to strengthen a Church Choir; will receive private Lessons in return for their services. Address Organist, *Witness* Office."

We do not know the circumstances of this particular case, but we do know of many cases in which an organist receiving the salary mentioned above was expected to give singing lessons to eight or ten ladies and gentlemen during the week, in the event of his declining to to do so the ladies and gentlemen would leave the choir, and the organist would lose his situation in consequence. Now if these ladies and gentlemen are amateurs who give their services voluntarily they require no remuneration other than the pleasure derived from the exercise of their good offices, and if they are of that professional or quasi-professional class who expect a *quid pro quo*, surely it is to the church body and not to the organist that they should look for remuneration. If an organist give his own services and that of twenty trained singers, he is surely entitled to a proportional salary (say $3000 or $4000); if, as we take it, he is paid merely for his services as organist and choir-master, why should he be expected to *provide* choristers, and held responsible for the strength as well as the efficiency of the choir? Some churches object on principle (we do not know on what principle) to the payment of singers, and we suppose they have a perfect right to eschew paid choirs and trust wholly to volunteers; but is it fair to make the organist suffer for this whim? We opine that it is *not* fair, and that the organist should be responsible only for his playing, and the efficient training of those who may voluntarily join the choir. To think that an organist should be expected to pay, by tuition or otherwise, singers for a church that oppose payment out of its treasury on principle, is, we think, exceedingly unjust, not to mention the Pharisaical aspect of the matter, and organists themselves should have more self-respect than to submit to any such injustice.

In most churches in Canada the clergyman selects the hymns, and frequently the poor organist is taken to task by members of the congregation for want of taste and judgment in the selection of the music, when he really has nothing whatever to do with it. Were the organist authorized to select a text for the preacher, how absurd it would seem; yet we think it just as ridiculous for the preacher to select the music, and to add insult to injury by holding the organist responsible for that portion of the church service. We have heard a clergyman say that at certain services he would *allow* the organist to have good music performed, as if toleration were all that could be accorded him, and he seemed rather disappointed because the organist aforesaid did not make obeisance unto him and thank him for allowing him to exercise the office he was paid to perform.

It is perhaps right that the minister should have control over every portion of the service of the church, and that everything tending to the profane or irreligious should not be tolerated, but a negative jurisdiction is all that is necessary, and we generally find that where the organist is allowed a certain discretion, the service is much more elevating and devotional. Let us have for organists men of intelligence and education, and give them authority and material, or else do not hold them responsible for that over which they have no control.

In America we hardly know what a good chorus is, and have been so used to over-look this important department, that we have found consolation in the idea that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise. Americans who have never visited Europe cannot imagine what an operatic chorus really can accomplish. Six years ago I met an American in Dresden, an enthusiast for music. He was abroad for the first time, to spend a few months in the Old World. We arranged to go to the theatre that evening where Auber's "Stumme von Portici" was billed. The Court Theatre at Dresden at that time was not a very inviting building; it was nothing but a wooden barrack which had to be used pending the re-erection of the burned-down building. The inside of the house had been comfortably arranged, and the acoustic requirements were excellent. The orchestra was good, the singers poor, but the chorus showed a vigour and delicacy of shading which I do not remember ever having heard on any operatic stage. The American gentleman was in raptures, and after the celebrated prayer had been sung, in the third act, he was wild with pleasure, and made such a noise that the audience looked at him with smiles of wonder. After the performance he said: "Now this chorus is a real treat; the singers are bad, but people ought to go and hear that chorus; why cannot we have such a thing in New York?" "Why—can you ask?" I replied. "The matter lies in a nutshell; the King of Saxony pays for everything here; do you really think that the Strakosches and Maretzeks have money enough to waste it in building up a chorus for a short season? Let the Government do something, and ten years hence you can have the same chorus as you have heard to-night."—*Correspondence Music Trade Review.*

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Post Office Department, Canada,
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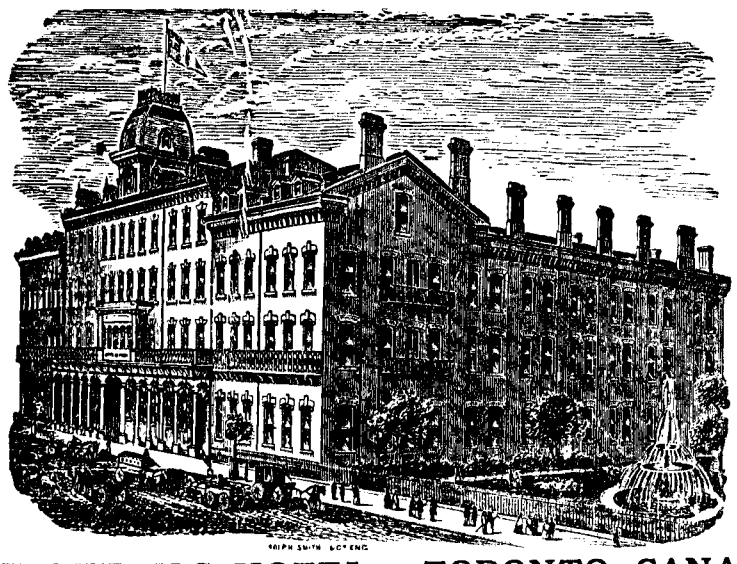

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