

Pages Missing

The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. III.—NO. 5.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1880.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
ART CRITICISM.
CHURCH DEBTS.
THE CLIMATE OF MANITOBA.
WORLD-MENDERS.
BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.
FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

A TRIP TO CUBA.
THE LATE J. D. WESTCOTT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
POETRY.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
CHESS.
MUSICAL.

THE TIMES.

Quoth the *Journal of Commerce* anent the Political Economy Society: "We shall keep our eye on this society or club, and shall not be deterred by any abuse its members may hurl against the press, from vindicating its privilege to criticise freely those who engage in such discussions as have been promised in the programme." I hope the public will at once and fully appreciate the disinterested valour of the *Journal*. We may all follow our different vocations by day and sleep soundly by night, for treason in our midst is now impossible. The *Journal of Commerce* has an "eye," that "eye" will be kept "on this society or club." No chance now of sneaking away to Washington one morning, with all our eight parliaments and other belongings comfortably stowed away in freight cars—not even half a chance to saw through a link in the chain that binds Canada to Great Britain. Gentlemen of the Political Economy Society, you are watched—be careful.

The courage of the *Journal* is magnificent. It will "not be deterred by any abuse." The pity of it is that such a great and good and rare quality should be wasted. The *Journal* has girded up its loins, and buckled on its sword, and rushed with a shout into the arena to do battle for the press, and behold!—nobody. For no member of the Society—so far as I am aware—has uttered a word of protest against newspaper criticism. What they have done is to denounce the vile habit which some of our newspapers have fallen into of imputing bad motives to men and placing labels upon them. They have also protested against that evil and shame which the *Journal* promises to practice when it proclaims its intention to "criticise freely those who indulge in such discussions." I earnestly hope that the writer of those words will reconsider his determination. It is always wrong to introduce personalities into merely political discussion or criticism, and can only lead to recrimination. Let him criticise the speeches or policy of the members of this Society by all means, but if he should criticise the speakers too freely they may be provoked to the enforcement of the advice usually given to "those who live in glass houses."

The *Journal of Commerce* appears to be capable of passing through several changes of mind in a brief period; as for example:—

"We must confess that we take exception to the title of the club. We hesitate to express any opinion as to what view France, since its last revolution, may take of the science of political economy, but we are still living under the British Crown, and words have a known signification which we naturally ascribe to them. Writers on political economy profess to investigate the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution. An eminent writer on the subject, Mr. Macculloch, has dwelt on the distinction between enquiries on this subject and those on the creed and laws of a people, which, he says, 'are essentially different, and have never been supposed to be otherwise.' The misnomer may have taken in others, as well as Mr. Bouthillier, but now that it is understood that the chief object of the Political Economy Club is to discuss subjects which would never be taught by a professor of the science, the title can do no great harm."

It takes exception, and then mildly approves; hesitates about French views of the science of political economy, but boldly affirms

that words have "a known signification which we naturally ascribe to them," because "we are still under the British Crown." Undoubtedly the *Journal of Commerce* understands "the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution," but it certainly is not very happy in its methods of reasoning and conclusions. The British Crown has done many very good things, but it is not recorded that it ever undertook to define the meaning of the term political economy. Mr. Macculloch would be a much better authority; and, taking the definition he gives of it, and that contained in the *Journal* itself, to discuss Legislative Union, Imperial Confederation, Annexation, upon the ground that one or other is necessary to the development of the resources of the country—to promote trade, or to curtail expenditure, is surely to come well within the narrowest definition of the term political economy.

Political economy concerns itself mainly about the principles of administering the wealth of a country with a view to its increase, regulating public expenditure, providing for the ordinary wants of the people, and endeavouring to maintain and increase their comforts. And it has always been found that the economical condition of a people is affected very materially by the kind of Government and civil institutions they may have. We, in Canada, at any rate find that public economy has a great many things to say about the distribution of wealth, and if the writer in the *Journal of Commerce* were only a student, to say nothing of being "a professor of the science," he would join the Society he has decided to "keep an eye upon," and bring M. Bouthillier back to learn some needful lessons about legislating for the country.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell has put his letters from Manitoba to the *Montreal Herald* into pamphlet form, which he calls "*Notes of a Holiday Trip*." The writing bears evidence that it was done in a hurry, and that there has been no such careful revision of it since as the subject and the author's reputation demanded. For example, the Hon. writer tells us of the district which lies between St. Paul and Milwaukee: "Until we reached a town called Sparta, I did not see * * * any traffic on the highways which were in sight," did he see any traffic on the highways which were not in sight, I wonder? But apart from such small slips, the pamphlet is very good and useful, for it contains what at present is very much needed, reliable information for immigrants. The more literature we get of this kind the better. For Government agents, as a rule, are utterly unreliable, and intending emigrants in Great Britain are puzzled to know what kind of a country they are coming to, and how they are to get here. Mr. Mitchell's pamphlet answers almost every possible question. It is fair, and apparently complete.

M. Chauveau has received the promised reward of his political tergiversation. M. Chapleau could hardly help himself in the matter; he has accepted such peculiar and questionable forms of friendship that one is led to wonder when and where his patronage will stop.

The Chauveau business is bad enough in all conscience, but the muddle over the Board of Arts and Manufactures is ludicrous in the extreme. Can any one tell why the local, or any other government, should have the appointment of members of that Board? and if it should, why should it be counted as among the conqueror's legitimate spoils? To give men a seat on a Board of Manufactures who know nothing of the manufacturing business, and to put men on the Board of Arts who could not tell the difference between a water-colour and

an oil painting, must convince everybody that we are subjected to the working of a policy of absurdity. If M. Chapleau would but firmly decline to lend himself to the perpetration of such degrading jobs, I am confident that he would win and keep the support of all those reasonable people who care to lift politics out of the mud.

But it is only fair to state that M. Chapleau and his friends are not altogether responsible for such mixing and muddling of contrary things, inasmuch as their predecessors in office set the example. When M. Joly seized the reins of power, the Board of Arts and Manufactures was decently defunct, so far as all practical work was concerned. But the Rouges, in the first flush of victory, wanted everything that was to be had, remunerative and honorary; so they cleared away one set of figure-heads and erected another set—just as, and no more, efficient. The return of the Blues to power suggested another change, of course. So absurdity is perpetuated.

It is surely a very unreasonable demand on the part of the Coteau Bridge devisors to ask leave to obstruct the navigation of our great national highway, the St. Lawrence, for the sake of any foreign or other scheme. If the bridge be not granted by our Parliament—as we may trust it will not be—those people will simply have to substitute a ferry for their “Canada and Atlantic” rail, in order to reach the American shore; but is it not much more rational that they should be required to do so, and that *they* should be a little hindered in their daily traffic (while retaining a good deal of construction money in their pockets), than that all Canada should be inconvenienced, and have to endure a fixed delay for every vessel ascending or descending the great arterial traffic-stream of the country? And then, if in addition to this really fatal objection, the river navigation would be seriously imperilled by the proposed bridge piers, as Mr. Page declares it would be, it only makes the case against the speculators the more complete, if that were needed. The building of the “Canada Southern” railroad gave European investors a poor opinion of Canadian morality in public enterprises, for it nearly ruined, for the time, the Great Western, which had been built by them in the faith of our fulfilling our engagements in the spirit as well as in the letter. Do not let us repeat the folly!

Why Mr. Parnell should have the extraordinary privilege of addressing the United States House of Representatives and Senate will be a puzzle to everybody in Great Britain who does not understand the condition of American politics. The gentlemen who were instrumental in getting the House to agree to the proposition—Messrs. Young, of Cincinnati, and Cox, of New York—have to count and consider the Irish vote, which is very large. They probably hoped to be outvoted on the motion, but a large percentage of the Representatives have to order themselves so as to secure the approval of the Irish. What good can come of it is not quite clear, for the Representatives know as much of the Irish and Ireland as Mr. Parnell does; he can hardly hope or expect to induce the House to side with him in his political agitation against England. The Americans are quite willing to help the distressed people of Ireland, but to give anything more than an indifferent hearing to this second-rate agitator they will not, and it is a pity that they have allowed themselves to be driven to this display of excessively bad taste for the sake of pleasing a faction of the people.

Mr. Parnell has kindly consented to visit Canada in the interests of Ireland, and has sent forward the following appeal:—

“The extreme urgency of the distress in Ireland has induced us to appeal to the people of Canada. Famine is already upon the people of the West of Ireland. Thousands are at this moment starving, and up to this time the British government has taken no step to save the people from this awful fate. We appeal, then, to the people of the Dominion to help us in saving the lives of the peasantry until we shall have succeeded in arousing the government to a sense of its duty. The necessity is pressing even if the government were to move at once, which they show no signs of doing. The machinery employed by them is so cumbersome that no relief could reach the people for about six weeks. In the interval thousands must perish. Let relief committees be formed in every city and town in the Dominion, and all the subscriptions be

forwarded immediately to the credit of the Irish Famine Relief Fund to the National Bank of Montreal. We guarantee that all money lodged to their account will be within a week used in saving the lives of the peasantry of Connaught.

CHARLES S. PARNELL.

JOHN DILLON.”

From the wording of this appeal, it is evident that Mr. Parnell has thought it better to change his programme. When he left Europe for America, undoubtedly his primary object was to conduct a political crusade in America against England; he asked for money to carry on the agitation at home, and made far more of that than of the destitution of his fellow-countrymen and women. But the practical and sober-minded Americans advised him to the effect that that play would not take among them, and he changed his *role* accordingly. What is it to be in Canada? We are told on every hand, almost, that the visit is with direct and only reference to charity—but the very appeal forwarded contains a charge against the British Government, and one that certainly is not true to fact. Mr. Parnell evinces no desire nor intention of dropping the agitator and assuming simply and solely the task of raising money on behalf of the famine-stricken people of Ireland. The movement, in all the main features of it, is political and anti-English, of course.

Even if Mr. Parnell could allow his politics to remain in abeyance for a while, it is difficult to see why an official and representative reception should be accorded to him. He may be, and probably is, a most excellent man; the political movement he is leading at present may be needful for Ireland and righteous for all concerned; the appeal for charity is good—very good, and will meet with a quick and generous response; but surely there is nothing in him or his mission that can demand or claim a reception by the municipal and other corporations. If any proof is needed that he is still a political agitator, we have it in his recent speech at Buffalo, in which he said he believed “Ireland had a right to a nationality, and if it were possible to gain one he believed that every Irishman’s blood should be shed in her defence. He did not know that a peaceful settlement could be obtained, but if not the landlords would have to go.” If that is the kind of man we are to meet with official honours, I have not yet learnt to understand the nature of either loyalty or patriotism.

It is not yet too late for Mayor Rivard to reconsider the situation and alter his plans. He should not use his civic position to commit the city of Montreal to an expression of sympathy with those who have so loudly declared themselves the bitter enemies of England.

The Irish land question can very well stand over for a little while longer; during a famine is hardly the best time for a discussion of great changes, as one party to the debate, at least, will in such a time be excited. Changes there should be in all equity, but they should be considered and made in calmer days. The matter that presses now is relief for those starving multitudes. To give anything in the shape of funds to help on a political agitation now is money wasted, and a sin. It can only tell against the people who suffer the severest pressure of the famine. Men can scarcely hope to get great benefactions from England in money, while they lose no opportunity of abusing the English people and Government, and talking treason. The duty of England and all English-speaking nations is to contribute money for the support of the impoverished Irish.

“The Maine muddle,” as it is called, has entered upon its last phase, and Republican order is being evolved out of Fusionist chaos. All parties are calmly awaiting the decision of the Supreme Court. Throughout the whole of this anomalous affair, the attitude of the people shows what a profound respect there is in the general American mind for law and order. They knew that this was one more party move and fight for office; that it was merely political and involved no great principle of social economy or Government—so they have quietly looked on upon the partizan battle. In no other country in all civilization, probably, could the same thing have happened, and it gives another proof of how well the American people know the true value of party politics, and how to govern themselves.

EDITOR.

ART CRITICISM.

I beg space wherein to reply briefly to the letters which have appeared in the SPECTATOR, in reference to my article of the 10th instant, on the Canadian Academy of Art.

1. I am informed that Mr. J. W. Gray, a teacher of drawing, is the author of the letter over the initials "J. W. G." which you published on the 17th instant. The language, or rather the abuse, he has cast upon me, renders it unnecessary for me to take any further notice of Mr. Gray or of his epistle. The game is not worth the shot.

2. The article signed "Toronto" is evidently written by an artist and a gentleman. In differing with some of my opinions, he expresses his dissent with courtesy. He also kindly admits I have not been entirely inappreciative of Canadian art. On the other hand, I am unable to coincide with some of his statements; and *inter alia*, I would like to be informed of the pictures of Sir Joshua Reynolds on which "Toronto" justifies his charge of inaccurate drawing. Familiar as I have been with the good drawing of some of Sir Joshua's works, and remembering how much he alludes to the lack of it in others, in his well-known lectures, I must be excused for doubting the right of imputing a similar fault to himself.

3. Mr. Matthews, the Secretary of the Canadian Academy, attributes a paragraph to me which I cannot find in my article. I certainly did not say that when the meeting of Academy takes place in Montreal, five years hence,—"that in that time *there is good hope* so great an advance will be made as to make it quite satisfactory." What I did say is as follows:—

"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 Exhibition "all needle work" (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 *two* 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."

Mr. Matthews states that the artists of Ontario did not advocate the imposition of duty on the importation of works of art. I was absent from Canada at the time the existing duty on drawings was first announced by the Government. Upon my return I was told by those likely to be correctly informed that the proposal originated among Ontario artists, and that they tried to apply it to paintings in oil also. If, in repeating this statement, I have done injustice, I crave their pardon.

4. Mr. T. D. King, in a letter, quotes a part of a sentence of mine, and he makes no reference to a sentence which precedes it, and with which it has connection. He says "the phrasing of this sentence is ambiguous." Under these circumstances, it is not surprising if it be so. I wrote as follows:—

"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."

I am unable to see any ambiguity in this citation; and it is unfair to quote, as Mr. King has done, a part of the latter sentence only.

Mr. King also questions the accuracy of my statement that there are larger and more valuable collections of art than Mr. Gibb's in this city. Without depreciating unfairly the value of the Gibb collection and the gratitude due to him for his generous gift of it, I must iterate my belief that there are in Montreal at least two private collections of greater value and numerically as large, if not larger, than his. I have reason for thinking Mr. King has not seen the greater part of these collections, and he therefore may be excused for expressing his doubt. It would be manifestly improper to publish the names of the owners without their permission: but if Mr. King desires their names, he may have them for his private information—not for publication.

It may be true, as Mr. King states, there are no known examples in Montreal of those Royal Academicians he has named. But,

"There were heroes before Agamemnon."

There are other schools of art than that of the Royal Academy, and as an Englishman I am sorry to have to confess that the English school, with all its merit, does not, and never has occupied, in oil painting, the front rank in the world of modern art. It is to be regretted that one possessing such refined taste, and critical judgment as Mr. King does, has not made himself more familiar than he appears to be with the schools of France, Belgium, and Germany. Had he done so, he would perhaps sympathise in the regret not unfrequently expressed by English connoisseurs, of the comparative shortcomings of many of our leading painters, and re-echo the sentiments of Lady Verner, in her paper in the *Contemporary Review* for December last, entitled "Where are we in art?" In drawings in water colours, England has hitherto stood pre-eminent, but in this branch France and Belgium are now making

such rapid strides of advancement that she will have to look well after her laurels. The Millets* (Jean Baptiste and Jean François), Corot, Descamps, Luminais and Van Marke, of France; Leys and Stevens, of Belgium; Matthew Maris, of Holland, and last, though perhaps the greatest, Gabriel Max—who, with Carl Piloty, stands at the head of the best of German schools, that of Munich—have all of them excellent examples of their genius, I am very proud to say, in this city of Montreal; and they have no superiors, if equals, in their respective *genres* among those of the Royal Academy cited by Mr. King. Such I know to be the opinion of many high authorities in Europe.

5. And lastly, but not least, is due my sincere thanks to the lady who, over the signature of "Euphrosyne," penned the kindly and cleverly written epistle which appeared in your issue of the 24th inst.

John Popham.

CHURCH DEBTS.

The complete originality of the remark that "this is a utilitarian age" is its best apology. Yet it needs none; while the train of thought to which it is here intended to form a prelude will possibly cause emphatic demands, from some quarters, for a very ample apology.

The one practical matter in which the utilitarian spirit of this age is not conspicuous is that of church building. Real usefulness seems the very last aim or object which enters into the hearts of those who indulge in the pastime of building and "running" a church. Real usefulness is always linked closely to honesty—more or less closely according to the extent of its real reality. It does not build church after church on borrowed money, trusting to throw the burden of maintaining the honesty and good character of religion upon the chances of attracting a crown by brilliant but ill-paid oratory, comfortable surroundings, and a halo of respectability. None of these things have necessarily anything to do with religion, and are therefore by no means certain to attract truly religious and conscientious people. Consequently, we find in all parts of the Dominion newly built churches which could not be sold for an amount sufficient to cover the sandy foundation of mortgages upon which they are built. Missionary enterprise has "outrun the constable" and is fearfully loaded with debt in most, if not all, the varied sects, who run a tilt against each other for converts by the aid of borrowed money. The truly good, honest and sincere among our ministers and missionaries are impelled by their creditable sense of shame to waste precious time and energy in urging the necessities of their respective sects upon a highly inappreciative and inert audience who listen, groaning inwardly, and give—a little—to keep up their credit as men "well-to-do" in a purely commercial sense. When this pocket-pressure becomes too severe in one church, they flee to another. The children of this world are wise in these matters. They get their feelings hurt by the remarks of some ardent but indiscreet brother, and, for that reason only, seek respectability at a cheaper rate elsewhere. And so serious a matter has it become for "respectability" to desert a church in quantity, that there are already isolated instances which bid fair to show to the world ere long the interesting moral spectacle of a church availing itself of the Insolvent Act with a view to effect a happy settlement at the average rate of ten cents in the dollar. Ere that happens, someone, it is to be hoped, will suggest that the property or properties in question be simply permitted to be seized and sold by the mortgagee and bought in at a low figure for the society. This would make it so much pleasanter all round, decrease scandal, and, though the bondholders might bring railing accusations in their temporary soreness at being "done," it would have more of the appearance of irresistible fate about it. It would be equivalent to an illuminated address to the mortgagee to the effect, "There is no compulsion, you know, only you must."

If there be not goodness in our actions towards all, mortgage-holders inclusive, there can be neither truth nor love in the heart of the Church. It certainly goes without saying that "goodness" is an exactly synonymous term with "usefulness," and it is wholly because usefulness is lost sight of to such an extent in the building of churches, and the uses to which they are applied after they are built, that deplorable results follow.

Just here let it be understood that this is not a question of creeds, which are a very minor consideration indeed. These will grow and expand quite naturally to any required length or breadth, if the love of usefulness be the aim of the life. "He that doeth My will shall learn of the doctrine," said One who knew what was in man. More than probably it is this spiritual building on

* Within the past month another picture by Jean François Millet has been secured by a gentleman of this city. It is known in Paris as "La Pastorale." In an article which appeared in the *London Times* in February, 1875, a few days after the death of this painter, it was truly said that he left behind no equal in pastoral subjects in Europe. The picture is only about 18 x 12, and yet I would cheerfully prefer to possess it, with two exceptions, to any half dozen pictures in this city. But beautiful as it is, doubtless those of the class who could find no merit in that little gem in the loan collection, in May last, by Matthew Maris, and yet admire such "Duffers" as that by Barilli (No. 149) and by Scuti (No. 150) will, no doubt, sneer at "La Pastorale," should they ever be favoured with a sight of it. *De gustibus, &c., &c.*

"faith without works" which finds its corresponding outlet in natural affairs, in church building, on borrowed money.

Nor let it be supposed that any objection whatever is taken to a man "selling all that he has (literally) and giving to the poor." That is a good thing always in itself, although who are the poor on whom it ought to be bestowed is a more difficult question. Still, the man who is willing to give all, from pure love to others, will never fail to find wisdom as to whom to give it. When we reflect that the average voluntary weekly offerings of attendants at city churches rarely exceed five cents per head, while the average yearly income of the subscribers may be placed at about \$1,000, there is little need to super-add excuses for illiberality. Five cents per week is \$2 60 per annum, or about one quarter of one per cent! Fifty cents per annum per head is about the average subscription for home missionary enterprise, and that is one-twentieth of one per cent. of income! Is this Christianity, or is it only its outward semblance? may well be asked.

Yet the poor cannot afford to have the Gospel preached to them, for seats are high, and are readily let too. To hold a seat secures comfort, respectability, and a path to position in society—all things of value to the Christian—worldling. Nor can the poor afford to have the Gospel preached to them at mission stations either, for it too often costs loss of self-respect and the adoption of an 'umbleness of the Uriah Heep order. The poor are not always saintly and forgiving, any more than the rich, and they don't overlook or condone these things for the sake of the extremely diluted stream of Gospel poured out upon them when they do try the experiment.

Indulgent reader—and I am sure you are an indulgent reader, if you have read thus far—it is an extremely unpleasant and thankless task to bring to light these symptoms of what is called modern Christianity; but, how can you and I apply the cure till we know the symptoms and describe the disease?

But "Earth gives no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure." Suppose a man, honestly possessed of \$10,000, should find himself filled with a longing to "sell all that he had and give to the poor," and that the building of a church, for the free use of all, should seem to him the wisest form his gift could take. Willing and thinking thus, he also acts, and the church is built. Would it not soon seem to him a rather feeble use to make of his investment to open it only three hours and a half out of the 168 hours which compose each week? Can the ardent love of usefulness to his neighbour and his Lord which prompted the act rest satisfied to know that the church he has built is all carefully locked up outside, and covered over inside, with cloth covers and uselessness for 164½ hours out of each 168? Would he not feel impelled to urge his neighbours to use it to the full for any or every good purpose, every day and every hour? By and by he sends a carpenter to extract these stiff, formal, uncomfortable wooden-backed pews. He carpets the floors and scatters chairs, adapted to the human spine, all over it. Then he says to himself, people read every day. Newspapers and books are good things. Man retains his mental faculties, and it is good that he should exercise them every day in the week as well as on Sunday; so he added shelves full of books, and tables full of newspapers (of course rejecting newspapers that indulge in personal abuse and political defamation of character, so that expense was not great), and invited poor and rich alike to come, at any time, and rest or read. Still he was not satisfied. It dawned upon him that music is the natural utterance of the heart's emotion, and speaks directly from heart to heart, so he offered the use of his church to any kind of good music, sacred or secular. Gradually his ideal of usefulness so wrought upon him that he began also to perceive a possible use in the dramatic instinct inherent in man, and he threw his building open to the use of any Company who cared to represent the good and evil in men's lives in true and distinct colours. He grew so liberal that he even pandered to the abnormal hunger pervading society at the time for Nigger Minstrel shows. It seemed natural to him that men should want to laugh now and again, and he found that all nigger minstrels were not broad or coarse in their jokes. Ere the thing had run a year, he actually regretted he had not built it so that it could be used as a dining-room, and had omitted also to line its sides with folding beds on the Pullman palace-car principle, so that he could have offered the poor or the stranger a comfortable night's rest, and an evening and morning meal. Even as it was, it comforted, rested, instructed, amused many a weary, lonely soul, rousing or restoring physical vigour, as well as mental, by the spiritual life of love and sympathy that lived in it all; and he was astonished to find that his free gift was rejected as such. Many of the grateful ones became useful men in the world, and soon found their pockets filled with more than sufficient to supply their needs. Then they came one after another and insisted upon paying their debt to him. This landed him in doleful perplexity. He dared not take back his free gift, yet he knew they were right; so he took their offerings, funded them, and soon had enough to carry out his still further advanced ideas of usefulness in a new building.

Of course all this happened in Japan, China, Germany, France, or some other heathenish land. Such a thing couldn't be done here. Perhaps not; still it was the usefulness—the real and actual usefulness—to all the needs and capacities of his fellows that made the thing pay. And in order to enable our churches to avoid at least spiritual, if not natural, bankruptcy, it is this same

principle of usefulness which must be applied. It is surely needless to prove to Christians that worship is not an exercise confined to any one particular form or place; for they worship the Lord best, and most truly, who "do His will." His two commandments of "Love to God and love to the neighbour" live only—as He Himself lives—in usefulness to others. He never ceases to work for our good. His mercies are new every morning, and renewed every night. While we sleep He labours for us, restoring, healing, strengthening our physical and mental frame, and maintaining all the gifts of food, clothing and beauty, His natural world so freely supplies. He ministers constantly to every—even the least—physical, mental and spiritual faculty He has bestowed upon us. Surely then our religious centres, built in His honour and for His service, should aim to serve others in every possible way—should be constantly useful and not spasmodically so. Even man's wisdom can see and say that "imitation is the sincerest flattery." Our Lord asks us not for flattery, but He does ask that we should imitate Him—not for His glory, but for our good.

When the church universal perceives this, and begins to do it, then it will find new life and new light. It will no longer covet the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil." It will desire to perceive only that which is good and true and therefore useful. It will itself become like a tree planted by the river of the water of truth. New sap, new life will be drawn into the very core of its being, will ascend by every fibre into every branch, and sprig, and leaflet. Its twelve manner of fruits will be completely and fully useful to every phase of human need on its every plane of existence, and its leaves glancing in and reflecting the light of it will heal all the nations of those who love truth and desire to follow goodness, seeking no longer to save self but to serve others.

Utilitarian.

THE CLIMATE OF MANITOBA, ITS BEARINGS UPON SETTLEMENT AND AGRICULTURE.

I purpose in the following article giving the readers of the SPECTATOR a somewhat detailed account of the climate of North-Western Canada, which, in view of the great immigration which is setting in towards the prairie lands of the West, may not be entirely without interest.

And first, for a few general facts gleaned from the records of the Observatory at St. John's College, which is the principal Meteorological Station of the Dominion Government for Manitoba and the North-West.

Duration of Winter.—In 1875 we find that the river froze over on November the 6th, and that the first sleighing was on November the 18th. In 1876 the river froze across on November the 14th, and the first sleighing was on the 13th of November. In 1877 the river froze across on November the 28th, and there was no sleighing that winter at all. In 1878 the river froze across on November the 28th, and the first sleighing was on November the 27th. In 1879 the river froze over on November the 2nd, and the first sleighing was on November the 28th.

In further illustration of the period when winter really commences in Manitoba, it may be interesting to take three days, say the 11th, 12th and 13th of November, and give the thermometer readings for those three days during a period of five years:—

	1875.		1876.		1877.		1878.		1879.	
	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.
11th.....	39.0	10.9	35.5	14.5	45.9	25.0	46.7	27.8	44.9	31.0
12th.....	22.0	3.4	18.0	6.7	46.7	26.0	41.4	24.5	36.9	32.0
13th.....	25.0	11.9	10.0	-3.5	44.0	27.5	35.1	20.1	35.9	23.0

From these facts it may be fairly concluded that the winter does not usually set in in full force till the latter part of November, although previous to that time there are frequently days when the cold is felt very keenly. When once the winter sets in, it continues with more or less severity till about the middle of March, when signs of breaking up begin to shew themselves, resulting in the final disappearance of snow about the beginning of April, and the melting of the ice in the river about the middle or end of the same month. During the winter months the cold is certainly sometimes very severe, the thermometer reaching 40° and 45° below zero. In fact, during the recent "cold spell" the thermometer at St. John's College recorded a minimum temperature of 53.5° below zero. This, however, is entirely exceptional, being the greatest degree of cold ever known in this country even in the retentive memory of the well-known "oldest inhabitant." There is one remark, however, which I would wish to make, and it is this, that the readings of the thermometer are by no means a true index of the intensity with which the cold is felt, for in this intensely dry climate a degree of cold which in England or even in Ontario would be almost unbearable, will be endured without any sensation of suffering. This is not only my own experience, but that of every one whom I have ever heard expressing an opinion on the subject. It is not the extreme cold, then, that constitutes the true terror of our North Western climate. There is, however, one feature in our winter climate which is a source at once of great danger and extreme suffering, and that is, our winter storms. The wind sweeping over many miles of treeless plains, at the rate at times of forty or even fifty miles an hour, gathers a terrible power in its unchecked course. It is indeed a truly fearful experience for any one who may happen

to be caught in one of these "blizzards" in the open plain. The wind drifting the snow in his face, blinds his eyes, covers over his track, confuses his horse, and chills him to the very bone. Nearly all the cases of freezing to death which have occurred in this country (and, all told, they have not been many) have happened during one of these sudden storms. Fortunately, they are not of very frequent occurrence, there being perhaps, on an average, not over four or five during a winter. Whole months will sometimes pass during which we enjoy charming winter weather. The atmosphere clear and dry, the temperature sharp but bracing, the bright sunshine, and the crystal skies all combine to render the very fact of existence a pleasure.

To pass on from winter to spring, I may say that during the months of May and June the rainfall is very heavy, rendering the travelling very unpleasant, and exceedingly difficult, by reason of the depth and peculiar stickiness of the mud. Just a word *en passant* about our Manitoba mud. It is certainly, par excellence, *the mud of the continent*. It is a kind of compromise between grease and glue, being so exceedingly slippery, that it is no uncommon sight to behold some of our grave Senators or city magnates "sitting down to rest" in the middle of our street crossings, and so very sticky that there is a considerable rise in real estate each time one lifts one's feet from the ground. We comfort ourselves, however, with the reflection that a particularly disagreeable quality of mud is the necessary corollary of a particularly rich soil. The rainy season passes off in the beginning of July in a series of exceedingly severe thunder-storms, leaving the rest of the year almost entirely free from anything like continuous rain.

Our autumn weather is decidedly the pleasantest season of the year. The weather, as I have said, is nearly always fine, the roads are in beautiful condition, the mosquitoes which appear in such numbers in the early summer have all disappeared, and one can travel almost anywhere over the prairie, the swamps being nearly all dry and therefore firm enough to allow of horses and vehicles passing over them. We generally have a little cold weather in the end of September and beginning of October, and then Indian summer, during which the air is heavy with the odor of manifold prairie fires and the days soft and balmy. This lasts till the middle or sometimes even the end of November, at which time winter sets in.

Before closing this article on Manitoba climate, I should like to make a few remarks upon the special bearing which our climate has upon our future as a great cereal-producing country.

In an able and intensely interesting lecture lately delivered in Winnipeg by Professor Macoun of Belleville, under the auspices of the Manitoba Historical and Scientific Society, it was stated by the lecturer that in his opinion Manitoba owed fully as much of its powers as a wheat-growing country to its climate as it did to its marvellously productive soil. Let us seek to verify this statement by a close scrutiny of the actual facts of our climate. Our snowfall is not more than half that of any other Province in the Dominion, excepting of course British Columbia. This brings it to pass that early in April the ground is clear of snow and a foot or so thawed out and therefore ready for the commencement of spring sowing. In May and June come heavy rains. These have the very beneficial effect of keeping back the growth of the straw and therefore causing the roots to grow strong and vigorous. Then in the latter end of June and in July comes great heat, causing the stem, already furnished with a very vigorous root, to grow with astonishing rapidity. There is another item, however, which must not be omitted from our calculations, and it is this: owing to the severe cold of winter and the small amount of snow upon the ground, the frost penetrates to a very great depth, so that it does not come out of the ground entirely until quite late in the summer. Thus while the surface to a depth of three or four feet is quite dry, there is a continual moisture at the roots of the grain from constant oozing out of the frost beneath. Another circumstance greatly in favour of wheat-raising is the fact that there are nearly always dry harvests. During a residence of seven years in the North-West, I have only known one season during which harvesting operations were at all interrupted by the rain.

In my next article I hope to deal with some other features in the North-West which point it out as being pre-eminently *the wheat-growing portion of the North American continent.*

Canadian.

WORLD-MENDERS.

How does it happen that we none of us have a good word for men who take up the business of mending the world? That the world wants mending, urgently enough, we all agree. It has suffered a good deal in wear and tear, and is, in many respects, sadly out of repair. Even a patch here and there, a splash of paint to brighten up some dark spot, or a drop of oil to lessen the friction in the grooves, is acceptable. Yet society has set its face dead against the efforts of the individual who volunteers to lend a reforming hand, and has no term of contempt more harsh to throw at a man than to dub him "a world-mender."

Presumably the main reason is that people who go into this business are almost certain to be obviously unsuited for it. For the most part, their chief

qualification for interfering in other people's business is that they have been unsuccessful in their own. It is a pretty safe rule that if a man fails in small matters, he is not likely to succeed in large ones. If I cannot grow mustard and cress in my garden-patch, it is not reasonable to expect that I can take charge of a landscape garden. Yet the world-mender usually starts from this false position. Unmindful of the fact that he can do little for himself, he is apt to think he can do everything for everybody else.

And even if he is not unfortunate in his own affairs, he is still most likely to take a very exaggerated view of what he is capable of effecting for the world at large, and of his importance to its welfare. A wise man once laid down this modest rule of life: "Let everyone help one, and be a good boy himself." Simple as this seems, it would, if carried out, effect a revolution in life—perhaps all the revolution that is necessary. But then it is so simple. What is there in it to satisfy the yearnings and sustain the ambition of the enthusiast? "Help one!" Nonsense!—he would help millions. He would embrace in his capacious philanthropy the entire race. As to being "a good boy himself," that seems such an insignificant matter. Surely the benefactor of his species can afford to be indifferent to his own petty individuality. In fact, he does not regard himself as entering into his own system, whereby he and his system usually come to grief; for as, according to the axiom, "the strength of a thing is the strength of its weakest part," so the world-mender, being morally or intellectually weak, finds sooner or later the whole superstructure he has raised and is trying to sustain—for, after all, the man must be the foundation of his work—comes toppling down upon his head, "the weakest part" himself being solely to blame for this catastrophe.

Under the most favourable circumstances, world-mending is sure to present itself to the ungrateful world—which is to be mended—with or without its leave, as arising from overwhelming conceit. It sets everything down to its benefactor's belief that society cannot get along without him. This is indeed the cardinal point in the world-mender's faith.

But, after all, we are a little hard on world-menders. Say that they are vain and presumptuous—well, society owes much to these qualities. They underlie most public movements by whomsoever effected. In combination, they form the impetus which has forced on the greatest men to their highest achievements. A man must have some "spur to prick the sides of his intent," and to induce him to overcome his natural indolence and love of pleasure in the interests of his fellows, and nine times in ten this spur is vanity. We use prettier words where the heroes are concerned. We call it "ambition" in the statesman, and "love of fame" in the poet; but it is essentially the same thing. Of course there have been examples of people actuated by high and abstract considerations to sacrifice themselves for others, but they are unfortunately scarce. A lofty patriotism, a sublime unselfishness, heroic virtue, and incorruptible honesty—history has supplied us with examples of these qualities; but they are rare, and cannot be relied on—even if history can be relied on about them—as motive powers in human affairs. I have sometimes thought that we really owe more to the vices, than to the virtues, in the affairs of life.

A phrenologist will tell you that force of character greatly depends in the development of the organs behind the ears, most of them bad, and all questionable organs; and force is in itself a good thing, for, as the poet says, "to be weak, doing or suffering, is miserable," and perhaps the world has suffered more from amiable weakness than from indiscriminating strength. Let us even assign world-mending to the lowest motives if you will, but let us be just. We owe something to those who, from whatever motive, elect to follow this essentially idle trade.

Besides, we have most of us had a short turn at it ourselves in our hot and generous youth. We have burned with a fierce indignation at the sight of wrong, and been stirred with ardent impulses to break a lance in behalf of the victims of injustice. It comes upon us of a sudden in our salad days, the realization that somehow the world is not as perfect as we thought it; and with this revelation is born the impulse to be up and doing, so that the wrong may be set right and the rough places be made smooth.

Our first impression is that others cannot surely see with our eyes, or they would detect what is amiss, as we detect it, and apply the remedies which seem to lie so readily to hand, and then if we are of a hot and sanguine nature, we begin to talk or to write, or both, about what strikes us so clearly, in the firm belief that it is only necessary to call attention to evils and iniquities to secure their speedy removal. So we preach loudly and impetuously—and our friends laugh at us. We are ready in our new-born zeal to proclaim our convictions from the house-tops—to the affrighted sparrows. We grow earnest and unpleasant—earnestness is unpleasant—and get the cold shoulder, and are snubbed and sneered at, and, finally, perceive that people will not see what they do not want to see, or give heed to that which they would rather have left unsaid; that, as Emerson puts it, they insist in regarding the kitchen clock as more convenient than sidereal time, and that, although it is to be regretted that the world is "out of joint," it clearly is not our mission "to set it right," whereupon we subside into agreeable indifference.

The difference between ourselves—I mean the majority of us—and the world-mender is, that we only have a slight touch of what in him becomes

chronic. And, remembering this, we ought perhaps to pity instead of despise him. But I suppose it is an instinct which makes society adopt the latter tone—an instinct of self-preservation. Even in the rare case, where there are qualifications, it does not do to encourage them. Archimedes was obliging enough to say that if any one would give him standing room somewhere in space, he would move the world. A wonderful undertaking that; but, on the whole, perhaps it was quite as well that he let it alone. The world might have been none the better for the move. It was a risk. Certainly it is not desirable to have any number of persons of his ability shifting it about just as they like. No one can tell what would come of it. Society is instinctively conscious of this; and so (taking into consideration all the points above indicated) feels that, on the whole, the wisest course is to heap discouragement, even to the verge of ridicule, on the devoted head of the would-be world mender.

Quædam Redivivus.

BURNS'S ANNIVERSARY.

Reverence for the illustrious dead is commendable in itself, and indicates intensity and breadth of culture. Those who have founded the faiths, fought the battles, sung the songs of the race, or in any special way helped to unfold the struggling life of humanity, are justly held "in everlasting remembrance." That Robert Burns was one of these will hardly be disputed any longer, and it is a hopeful sign that among Canadians the anniversary of his birth should have been commemorated in some special manner.

Into a world out of joint, and surrounded by an atmosphere of unreality and empty formalism, Burns came as from the very heart of Nature itself. The spirit of a new time and higher order seized upon and incarnated itself in a poor Ayrshire ploughman. From the first he was in contradiction with his time. The empty husks of worn-out systems of truth failed to satisfy the cravings of his spirit. "In glory and in joy he walked behind his plough upon the mountain side," face to face with Nature itself. And the fact that Burns rose superior to his time, and felt its utter insufficiency, would of itself stamp him as no ordinary man. The details of his life are known to all. As it now stands in the calm, clear light of history, disentangled from its temporary clothings, it is a melancholy, tragic life upon the whole. Not statue-like with a unity of aim and purpose visible through all its parts; but a broken, fragmentary life, majestic in its ruins. Burns stood solitary in the world: like every earnest soul treading the wine-press *alone*. His life was a long struggle towards self-harmony and completeness. It was a struggle towards a loftier platform, but carried on without a guide to help him; the narrow-minded and intolerant spiritual leaders of the time being unable to understand one who was so far removed beyond the range of their crude theories. Burns perished in the struggle, it is true. But mere *apologies* for his life come now too late. From whom is most apology due for that tragedy? And where among his contemporaries can be found one who, under like conditions, could do what Burns accomplished? In a century or more, one may conquer where he failed, but in the meantime, mere apologists, much more hostile critics, should be silent.

The works of Burns give but a faint impression of the immense spiritual force within the man. Electric-like, he rushes grandly through the world, the mighty forces of his nature concealed behind the flashings of his genius. Of what he could have done under more favourable conditions, no idea can be formed. With one side of his nature at war against the other, in hand-to-hand conflict with the shallow life around him, fighting "the devil, the world and the flesh" all leagued to crush him, his greatest poem must ever be his life. Yet, in the midst of all this there were also distilling from his heart those immortal songs of his,—like "dew-drops of celestial melody," and destined to become the heritage of the race. Sometimes, though seldom, the dark shadow of his life projects into his poems. But there is nothing of morbid sentimentality in all his life and writings. Throughout both, as their great characteristic, there is a genuine sincerity.

In Burns are merged the poetry and music of the past; but from him these issue with intenser pathos. He is at once the mirror of the past and the prophet of the future. His genius surrounds the common things of life with a glory, immortal as the forms in which it is expressed. He holds the mirror up to human nature, and feeling in himself, he discovers to others the genuine worth and dignity of man. His intense patriotism finds expression in war songs echoing the thunder and storm that gave them birth, and immortal while the spirit of liberty remains upon the earth. His genius was universal. He was Scotland condensed into a personality, it has been well said. But a wider view is possible. His soul is like an Æolian harp whose strings vibrate responsively to influences from the world and life around him. He stands not apart from, but feels himself mysteriously united to the universe. He is awe-struck before the sublime grandeur of Nature, and his great heart goes out in sympathy to all lower forms of life. While to the mass of struggling men around him he feels himself united by the hopes and fears, and joys and sorrows which go to make up the sum of human existence, and the pulsations of a life of universal brotherhood coursed through his veins.

It is now more than eighty years since the "flood-gates of his life were shut

in their eternal rest." But Time, the impartial arbiter, is slowly allotting Robert Burns his true place in the temple of the world's great men. His works and life still remain. The accidental and temporary elements that gathered round them are gradually dropping out of sight. The lines of humanity running through them—the universal, essential and eternal elements that underlie them, are becoming more and more apparent as they are removed from the intolerance and prejudice of his age. And amidst the vulgar materialism which has so largely infected modern society in general, it is a hopeful sign that so many are found able to appreciate at their true value the life and genius of a man like Burns. The Caledonian Society of Montreal in particular, by the splendid dinner given on the occasion of the anniversary of his birth, are to be congratulated for bringing his name prominently before the public mind, and thus still further preparing the way for the universal recognition of Robert Burns as indeed one of the foremost spirits of his time.

FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

It is often maintained that scandals occur more frequently in fashionable than in other circles, and that it is generally the married women who are involved in them. This we do not wish to believe; but, if it be so, we must look around for the cause. There can be no darker episode in life than that which marks the desertion of home, husband and children by a wife and mother. What leads to these dark episodes, and what may be done to prevent their recurrence in future? A woman does not lightly cast aside her principles and purity. She must wander far and heedlessly along the crooked path ere she reaches the point from which there is no turning. The society in which she moves must see whither her steps are tending, and if she is allowed to stray unwarned along the slippery paths of sin until shame and sorrow overtake her, then society is to blame; and it is high time that its rules regarding the conduct of married women should be reconstructed.

How seldom do we hear the lightest breath of gossip in connection with society young ladies. They are guarded by clever mammas and careful friends, and the freedom of manners and behaviour permitted to independent girls of less fashionable society would be in their circle deemed preposterous; but no sooner is an eligible husband and elegant home secured, than all restraint is cast aside, and the fashionable married woman is allowed to flaunt her flirtations openly. Now we would fain have society learn to frown upon the flirtations of married women, and we would wish the flirting women to realize that even should they find other men foolish enough to trust to them their honour and happiness, the divorce and remarriage which must be sought in other lands is but a flimsy farce with which to regild their tarnished honour; and even should society pardon them, slur over their sins, and sympathise with their sorrows, yet they cannot escape the retribution which awaits every erring soul? Sin must bring sorrow, which wealth and position can never ward away. Even the hardest-hearted mother must have some natural affection for her children, and the bitter thought that she has disgraced them cannot sweeten her reflections or brighten her path in life. Then, since society cannot sanctify sin by ignoring it, nor modify misery by pretending it does not exist, would it not be better that we should openly avow our horror of such sin, and close our doors against all who may seem to be treading in the same paths?

Surely we have had sufficient desolated homes, dishonoured husbands and deserted children, and it is time that we should look well to our ways ere fashionable society becomes such a term of reproach that no pure woman will care to be of it. Fortunately the women who leave their own husbands seldom take with them the husbands of others; they are generally accompanied by misguided youths whose mothers must certainly have hoped for them a brighter fate. For where can we find a mother who would willingly look forward to such a wife for her son? What mother could wish her son to lay waste a happy home that he may build his own upon the ashes of its happiness, and what happiness may be hoped for from such a union? How different this woman whose heart is torn with conflicting passions—sympathy for her husband, sorrow for her children, shame for herself, mingled with the guilty passion which has led her to this mad forgetfulness of every pure and womanly feeling—how different is she from the fair young girl, dressed in robes as spotless as her own purity, whom the mother's loving heart has pictured standing by her son's side at God's holy altar! Yet who can tell whose son may be the next victim of these feminine wolves in sheep's clothing, unless society will unite in frowning upon these married women's flirtations, and compel everyone received by it to behave with the dignity and decorum becoming their position. It seems strange that greater leniency should be extended to women than would be shown to men in like circumstances; yet so it is. Were the married men to behave in the same manner, carrying away respectable girls and leaving desolate homes, what would be said of them? How many horsewhips would be raised, and how many pistols pointed? While words of denunciation could not be found strong enough to express the depth of our indignation. Yet are not our sons as dear to us as our daughters, and does not a mother's misconduct disgrace home far more than a father's ever can? Then is it not time to

look this matter squarely in the face instead of making a jest and a joke of it as too many do?

"I wonder who will be the next dear departed?" says one. "It is strange that Mrs. So-and-so wasn't off long ago," says another. "She is waiting for somebody to go with her," replies number one. "She would go soon enough, if she could find a big enough fool to marry her." Yes, this is the way in which the young men who flatter these fine ladies to their faces speak of them behind their backs. They may vaunt of their many admirers, but this is not much to be proud of, is it? Their humdrum husbands may not pay them so many compliments, but they would certainly speak of them with more respect; and surely no woman, who is still considered respectable, would wish to have her name lightly spoken, her actions coarsely discussed, merely to satisfy her vanity and prove her power over the silly young men, who consider it a feather in their caps to be followers in the train of some fashionable woman. At all events, if they are still willing to risk their reputations in the present, and play with the fire which may consume them in the future, it is time that they were fully warned of their folly, and if their own friends and their own pulpits refuse to do so, it must be done by the expression of public opinion through the Press. It is true that, taken as a whole, Canadian society will compare favourably with that of any other country. Strange to say, it is either in our highest or lowest classes that these domestic infidelities and scandals occur. It is either those who consider themselves above public opinion, or those who feel themselves to be beneath it, who cast aside the trammels of propriety and thus strangely meet on the dark platform of sin and shame. Of course there are people who will think these hard names when applied to the actions of fine ladies, but who would not consider them at all so if used with reference to the lapse from virtue of the labourer's wife or sister. But is it not better to call things by their right names, especially when we find that people are more apt to be shocked by the names than by the deeds they designate? Why should scandals and elopements be more common in fashionable than in other circles? Let us ask the pious people, and they will put it down to balls, dancing and general lack of piety. The cultivated class will say it is owing to want of education, cultivation and higher aims in life. The busy housewife will tell us it is the result of idleness, vanity and love of admiration; while temperance folk will hint darkly at the common use of champagne and other wines, which excite the bad passions and drown the voices of reason and purity. But there is another and more potent cause which leads to this recklessness on the part of our fashionable women. It is this: they are not the descendants of a long line of fashionable people—they are not "to the manner born," and their heads are turned by their position and the power it gives them of rendering themselves fascinating to other men than their husbands. They have no old family pride to sustain; no ancestors to disgrace; no family traditions that "all the men are brave, and all the women virtuous" to keep up; no particular position to lose,—their position being so entirely based upon money, so long as they can exchange one wealthy husband for another, they may fancy they lose nothing while satisfying their own fickle fancy. But the end is not yet, and all who could not be true to one husband may not be to the next, or he may not be true to her. One divorce often leads to another, and those who have been united under such circumstances must have many unpleasant memories between them, and many vain regrets behind them. God knows, we would not add unnecessarily to the burdens of those who have gone, or those they have left, but we cannot refrain from warning any who may feel inclined to follow the same crooked path. We trust that they will be warned in time, and that it may be long before another domestic scandal darkens the horizon of Canadian society.

N. Clitheroe.

A TRIP TO CUBA.

No. I.

Some account of a trip to the interesting and of late years celebrated island of Cuba may possibly prove attractive at this dull season of the newspaper year. I have seen columns devoted to a "Trip to Lachine," a "Day at Lake Memphremagog," &c., &c., which were eagerly devoured by those acquainted with the districts represented; and I am strongly of opinion that our young people might profitably attempt to dive a little deeper into the mysteries of what is beyond their present ken, and seek to store up a wider, though not less truthful fund of information than that drawn from sources which lie, so to speak, at their very feet.

As I write, a message is flashed from Madrid which thrills the heart of the civilized world, as one more step has been taken in the holy name of Liberty. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the island of Cuba has been adopted by the Spanish Cortes, though not, indeed, without fierce disputes and bitter opposition on the part of many influential deputies. Thus, wrong fights right throughout the progress of the world, but fortunately its ultimate defeat invariably serves to shew its real hideousness in a truer light.

But about my little trip, the first thing I would observe is that there cannot very well be two opinions on the subject of the respective merits of a Wagner

and a Pullman sleeping car. The journey from Montreal to New York is just long enough to test the qualities of both, and I long ago came to the conclusion that the Wagners are the worst cars that roll to-day over the American Continent, and that the Pullmans are superior in nearly every respect. However the attendants make up a good deal in civility for poor accommodation, and after all I must say I got to New York city as "fresh as a daisy."

Here I was forced to go through a ceremony almost unknown in that "home of the brave and land of the free," and certainly one much more congenial to European customs, that of obtaining a passport from the Spanish Consul to be allowed to proceed to the island of Cuba.

Armed with this formidable document, and what seemed to me of much more practical consequence, a ticket from the Messrs. Alexander & Co., with a promise of a state room to myself, I proceeded to the "City of Washington," which runs regularly from New York city to Havana. I may mention here that the clerk's promise as to the state-room was faithfully kept, and I could not have had superior accommodation had I been His Majesty King Alfonso himself.

It is a wonder to me that the Irish people have not established colonies and kingdoms of their own throughout the world. One meets the inevitable Irish crowd in every corner of the habitable globe. Here they were, on board the good ship "City of Washington," bound to a land domineered over by an aristocratic and monarchical government. Had they come straight from the Green Isle I should have considered that they were jumping out of the frying pan into the fire; but to quit the shores of Columbia for those of the despot and tyrant, seemed anomalous, to say the least of it. But anomalies being part of our every day existence I surveyed the motley throng and passed no remarks. Moreover, one stalwart Irishman of the number seemed to have the strongest impelling motive for his change of air, as his wife remained behind on the wharf with her two children, to all appearance madly beckoning him to return to the ties which he was forsaking.

There were lots of Spaniards on board,—Cuban Spaniards, American Spaniards and Spanish Spaniards, red republicans, socialists, Monarchists, men of different shades of political opinion and mostly of fierce determination. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who may be taken as a typical specimen of the Cubans though of a superior intellect and of considerable standing among his fellows,—Senor Domingo Mora. He was formerly a political refugee in the United States. His property was confiscated, and it was only when Uncle Sam added another to his long list of noble actions on behalf of the oppressed, that Senor Mora received back his estates in Cuba, and was restored to his rights as a citizen.

A good English scholar and a fluent French speaker Senor Domingo Mora knows well how to force home the ideas which his brain gives birth to, and which the determined expression of his features show that he is well capable of carrying out.

A very different, but to me far more attractive, object of interest was the presence on board of a New York lady, Miss F. V. Garden. The ladies' room presented an astonishing appearance, bouquets of choicest flowers being scattered around in the wildest profusion. My first thought was of weddings and West Indian honey-moon trips on a wholesale scale, but no, all these floral luxuries had been lavished on Miss Garden by her admirers in New York city. The designs shewed care and taste, one immense bouquet being made to represent a steamer under weigh, with all sail set. I must say the young lady is perfectly charming and no doubt well deserves every compliment that can be paid her. She was travelling too, with her papa, a reticent old gentleman of Scottish parentage, of little love to Britain and of unyielding loyalty to his own country the United States.

The "City of Washington" is only two years from the stocks. She is fitted with Chester comp. engines, with Corless valves, and has upright tubular boilers, an exceptional mode of fitting which seems to give great satisfaction. The "City" is 30 feet beam, 27 feet hold, and gives a measurement of 2,600 tons. She can steam 13 knots per hour easily, and burns 40 tons of coal per day. Capt. Timmerman, commanding, has seen 22 years service, is well educated and a thorough sailor—kind and affable to the passengers he is a great favourite, and contributes in no small degree, to their comfort, safety and pleasure in their trip to Cuba.

I was only four days free from the frozen horrors of Montreal, with its slippery sidewalks and its avalanches of snow and ice perpetually disporting themselves around the innocent heads of passers-by; and yet, at the close of our third day out from New York the good ship City of Washington carved her way majestically through tropical seas towards the port of Havana, the capital of the island of Cuba. I gazed with feelings of delight on a sunset picture such as Turner or Bierstadt would have loved to connect with the sunny isles of the Western Ocean. The soft golden haze brought into unpleasant contrast the pallid faces of the sea-sick passengers just emerging from their retreats. What an all-conquering tyrant is sea-sickness! and how levelling are his visitations. The heroine before mentioned was, as all heroines should be (only they seldom are), proof against the *mal de mer*, whilst a matron,

burdened with the responsibility of ten children, was very badly afflicted, though the poor soul yearned to devote her loving energies to her equally miserable offspring.

But on the evening of the fourth day trunks and personal property of every description began to be moved about, and we made active preparation for landing. Dropping anchor, however, after 5 p.m. in the harbour of Havana, we naturally and indignantly attributed the fact of our having to remain in the channel all night to the laziness and indifference of the Spanish authorities, who could not be induced for love or money to pass the necessary papers at such a late hour as 5.15 p.m. But the harbour is one of a hundred, and well worth a short description. Lying in 23 deg. 8 m. 15 sec. N. latitude, and 82 deg. 22 m. 5 sec. W. longitude, it is connected with the open sea by a channel half a mile long by only 350 yards in width, with deep water without bar or obstruction. It there forms a superb bay of some three miles long, with a breadth of perhaps half that distance, and is sheltered on all sides by rising ground, thus forming a refuge capable of accommodating 1,200 of the largest vessels. Several large fortresses—El Moro, La Cabana, Numero 4, Atares, Principe, and La Punta—frown down in sullen silence upon the placid waters of the bay. The citadel, too, is strongly fortified, as indeed are the entire walls of the city. The view is striking, unique, unparalleled for its combination of symmetry and picturesque effect.

At 4 o'clock a.m. the thermometer stood at 65° in the shade, and long ere the sun rose we were straining our eyes through the darkness in our endeavour to make out the form of the fantastic multitude of boats, manned by Cuban darkies, each and every one of whom clamoured incessantly for the privilege of taking ashore each and every individual passenger on board the steamer. Excessive competition, however, did not seem to have the usual desirable effect of cutting rates to any appreciable extent, as the most modest fee charged for landing was \$2 in gold. I could not help thinking that the Spanish Government, like the Emperor of China, and a few other imbecilities I know of, badly want some very practical hint that they are a long way behind the age, and should be *compelled* to make the improvements demanded by the necessities of civilized commerce. A foreign landing stage for the port of Havana is surely not too much to expect in these advanced times of facilitated commercial intercourse. As it is, even the cargoes have to be lauded and loaded by means of lighters.

I dodged about among a score of dirty hotel-runners and interpreters, speaking English, French and Spanish, and having intimated my intention of stopping at the "Telegrapho," had the pleasure of seeing my baggage thrown like a sack of potatoes into a crowded boat, where I soon found myself *in propria persona*, having arrived there, so far as I can recall the events of such a trying time, by a somewhat similar and almost as unceremonious a process.

On landing, I found that Spanish territory does not quite mean instant liberty to the man who plants his foot upon it; I was mobbed by semi-polite, officials, custom-house officers and soldiers. My baggage was fingered and subjected to the sense of smell of several dignitaries, though it was of a peaceful and innocent nature. I am since inclined to believe that these excellent officers were suspicious that my tooth-powder was in reality a contraband supply of that more deadly material which has made their island smoke so fatally within the last few years. At last, by paying \$2.50 in gold for a signature to my passport, I was allowed to commence a fresh struggle with an ever-to-be-remembered specimen of a Cuban cab-driver. The same sad need exists in Havana, as in Italy, Spain and other countries of Southern Europe for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The drivers lash and goad their poor, half-starved beasts in a manner terrific to behold. I expostulated with my Jehu as well as I could in my ignorance of Spanish; but I am sorry to have to record that in the brief space of half an hour's driving through narrow and dirty streets, he used up enough oaths and whip to consign him to purgatory for, I should estimate, a period of at least 2,000 years.

The "Telegrapho" hotel presents from the outside appearance but little calculated to soothe a traveller as tired and hungry as I was. Large enough it looked, but it might have been the original house built by Sebastian de Ocampo, the first discoverer of these parts, in 1509, A.D., so old and dilapidated are its externals. Inside, however, it is cheerful and comfortable. My rooms were pleasant enough to enrapture a Montrealer in mid-winter. A large hole in the wall supplied the place of windows, and a luxurious parlour led out of an airy bedroom. As I inhaled the fresh breezes let into my romantic hole, a fragrant cup of coffee was brought me, with fresh oranges and bananas and bread as light as the pure element that softened the beautiful landscape before me.

Happiness and sweet content now reigned supreme in my heart, and coming to the philosophical conclusion that we find throughout the world a deal of good mixed with much evil, I determined to pass no judgment on the Capital of Cuba until I had taken further steps to acquaint myself as much as I could with its past and present history. The result of my researches will be given in my next letter.

D. A. Ansell.

THE LATE J. D. WESTCOTT.

Having, in common with many associates of the Press, been long intimate with the "dear old Governor," a few words will not come amiss from one who had a sincere regard for him while he was alive, and who mourns his loss and his eternal severance from the few journalists who were wont to meet on Saturday nights in "league defensive" and for the purpose of relaxing themselves from their weekly official work by cheerful conversation and a social pipe and cup at the Kuklos Club.

Referring to my "Shakspeare Birthday Book," in which are the autographs of my friends and intimate acquaintances, I find: "James D. Westcott, born May 31st, 1801, at Alexandria, Va." The quotation for the day from the poet is apt:—

"Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content these strong necessities;
But let determin'd things to destiny
Hold unbewail'd their way."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Sc. 6.

The "Governor's" heart was always cheery, the times that drove him into exile never made him querulous with his fate; to the last he kept his honour and his allegiance to the cause he so warmly espoused. He had an heroic spirit, and though he had in his own country "once trod the ways of glory, and sounded all the depths and shoals of honour" beneath that of President, he was simple in his habits, unostentatious in manner, and preferred the society of those from whom he could gain information, and to whom he could impart any of that practical knowledge of "men and things" of which his fertile brain was so rich a granary. He had an intense contempt, if not hatred for puffing and "humbug," hypocrisy and pretence, and when such subjects were introduced an animating discussion was sure to follow, and I have heard the "Governor" declare that for the most part the harangues of political speakers, the disquisitions of political pamphleteers and the denunciations against oppression and corruption were all Cant, Cant, Cant! He was one of those blunt kind of men who having been invited to a party where the wines were bad, the company vulgar, and the conversation stupid, would openly say that it was one of the dullest and most disagreeable parties at which it had ever been his misfortune to be present, and yet he could not be accused of cant in his bluntness, or humbug in affected honesty. He had a great dislike to "Newspapers" who endeavour to enrich the language of Addison and Johnson with terms borrowed from the vocabulary of the "swell mob." He once had it in contemplation to compose a treatise upon theatrical puffing, the "humbug" of public spectacles, "operatic laudations," the "battering" lecturers, artists and authors &c., and dedicating it to the booksellers, professors, reviewers, critics, stage-managers, &c., of Canada.

Shortly before his last illness, and when his eye sight was failing him, he brought me a very confused and almost illegible manuscript, it was, probably, one of his last attempts at writing,—and as I could not decipher it, I took down the following from his dictation which I now give for the benefit of all whom it may concern;—but more particularly for the benefit of the readers of the SPECTATOR.

In America, more than elsewhere, custom has sanctioned the publication of biographical notices of persons distinguished in their respective vocations during their lives; whilst living autobiographies are not unusual, and of them it may justly be said that they are often ridiculous for their amount of self laudation, especially when written by persons who are styled self-made men, who, as a sarcastic writer says, are generally noted for their intense admiration of their maker.

In an American work, consisting of numerous volumes, there are many biographical and autobiographical notices of distinguished American men and women, some politicians, some senators, some parsons, some philosophers, some lawyers, some actors, some chemists, some geologists, some artists, and some of other professions, which have been undoubtedly written by themselves, there is such a thorough-going "egoism" in the lives and experiences of the authors, and so much that is empty and conceited, that there is no difficulty in coming to the conclusion that the autobiographers are intensely in love with themselves.

It is true that some members of the professions alluded to are not constrained to resort to the indelicate avocation of scribbling their own praise.

Parsons have in their loving congregations members of both sexes who are willing to assume the burden of presenting to the public encomiastic notices of their adored pastors, for as much as the fame they acquire thereby partly enures to their flock and of course to themselves. Partisans of politicians have an interest in eulogistic notices of their leader, for his advancement is their promotion. The army followers of the warrior divide with their chief the honour and fame with which they clothe him. Publishers being interested in the sale of the works of an author, naturally strive to advance his popularity by getting newspaper puffs. The disciples of philosophical or geological theorists are influenced to laud their wondrous revelations and discoveries in so much as a portion of the fame will fall upon themselves. Chemists are wont

to receive quite as much adulation from apothecaries as are the inventors of quack medicines and patent hair dyes from those who vend their nostrums.

The Dominion of Canada has not been exempt from the nuisances referred to; several volumes of so-called distinguished Canadians have been published in Montreal and Ottawa in which many of the memoirs are manifestly autobiographical. Enlightened posterity will not be led astray by these false histories; they will be rejected as having no authority when reason and truth have assumed their sway.

Of the professions referred to, lawyers and actors are less liable to the imputation of self-laudation than others. In the first place there are few people interested in their false praise; in the second place, the followers of these two professions have always to exercise their talents before the public in a manner which renders undue puffing worthless. The lawyer in addressing the Bench and an intelligent jury, at the same time addresses a discriminating audience who are not likely to be misled by antecedent puffs in magazines, newspapers or biographies, and who judge for themselves and make their decisions by the effect which the speech of the advocate has upon them; and so with the actor, all the preliminary puffing, all the false praise heralding his advent to the theatre, will only tend to prejudice him with his auditory, unless the characters he represents are well sustained. Such puffing, which is too often resorted to for obtaining printing, or "dead-head" seats, is synonymous with injustice, as oftentimes when mediocrity is lauded to the skies, genius is neglected. So, too, with "critiques," which are too often incited by prejudice, or spite, or to display the wonderful acumen of the critic. We often read criticisms in which the writer makes his ignorance, dulness, and presumption conspicuous, and which have no greater effect than enticing a novice in play-going to take an orchestra chair.

It is a mistake to suppose that meritorious lawyers and actors depend upon "four feet posters" and "city items" for their reputation, that rests upon the judgment of an enlightened and discerning public, which decides for itself after witnessing the forensic and histrionic powers of the advocate and tragedian or comedian. Judicial reports and records give unerring testimony as to the ability of lawyers and judges, and an actor's good reputation, acquired by the constant exhibition of his powers, and the long pursuit of his profession, if endorsed by the public, is sure to be well founded.

That this system of puffing professors of every art exists notoriously and widely there can be no doubt, and it would be a good thing if some honest Editor would show the matter up to ridicule and expose the folly of men puffing themselves and thereby making fools of others, and point out that the system of puffing and humbug is always connected with imposition and extortion, and sometimes with injustice and oppression.

Thomas D. King.

CORRESPONDENCE.

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

All communications to contain the name and address of the sender.

No notice whatever will be taken of anonymous letters, nor can we undertake to return letters that are rejected.

Letters should be brief, and written on one side of the paper only. Those intended for insertion should be addressed to the Editor, 162 St. James Street, Montreal; those on matters of business to the Manager, at the same address.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In answer to the query of your correspondent "Euphrosyne," I would say that the presentation took place in the evening. I fully agree with her that it is the prerogative of royal personages, such as the Princess of Wales, to establish a fashion; and in the case of garden parties, &c., the wearing of the morning costume is one consistent with good sense. Our Queen is exercising an indisputable right in saying in what manner people should attend her receptions, and any one who does not wish to conform to her wishes can exercise his right of staying away. When it is the custom to attend a ceremony attired in a certain dress, it is self-respect and a desire to avoid notoriety that should induce us to follow the custom.

Oday.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I beg to draw your attention to an article that appeared in the *Canadian Illustrated News* of January 24th, and which is a criticism of some of the answers accepted by your paper in the recent competition in Canadian History. In justice to myself as the winner of the first prize, and to avoid misapprehension, I beg to say that the answers to the hundred questions, as published in your columns, were *not* my answers, although the sense of nearly all of them was the same. I believe that in publishing them the Question Editor compiled as he considered the proper answers to each question from *all* the manuscripts before him, and with few exceptions the position taken by your paper is undoubtedly supported by the best authorities upon Canadian history. However, there are some debatable points, and I am happy to see them raised

by the correspondent of the *Illustrated News*, as it certainly is in the interest of Canadian history that these points should be settled. Some of his objections are made to the very answers in which I was ruled *wrong*, but, in view of the fact that in the course of a few days a pamphlet will be before the public containing my answers in full and notes upon the same, I will not at present go into the merits of the objections raised; but, fully believing that 99 of *my* answers were correct, and while referring any who may be interested in the same to the above-mentioned work, I beg to say that I will be very happy to defend my position in the competition at a later date, and when the public are placed in possession of the means of judging of my individual research, leaving to you or the other competitors the onus of answering that which does not concern me.

Yours very truly,

Henry Miles.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Euphrosyne," like many others who take upon themselves the office of censor, should read that familiar and oft-quoted passage from Burns, "Would the powers aloon," &c. While accusing "J. W. G." of writing anonymously, "Euphrosyne" is guilty of the same offence in a greater degree. I can afford to pass over the abuse, and let "Euphrosyne" exhaust her vocabulary of *choice words*, but must correct some mistakes. "J. W. G." does not aspire to the honours of the "Embryo Academy." Nor does he claim for his letter that it is a criticism upon Mr. Popham's article in the *SPECTATOR*, but simply stood upon the defensive against the uncalled for, and unjustifiable attack from the pen of Mr. Popham.

And "J. W. G." regrets that "Euphrosyne's" Art knowledge is derived from Mr. Popham's and Mr. King's letters. I think "Euphrosyne" is the only one that derived any advantage from them. Most of the readers of the *SPECTATOR* must have perceived that those letters were but the outpourings of years of animosity, but now they have shaken hands, smoked the pipe of peace, yet, alas! have not buried the hatchet (if I may judge by Mr. King's last letter.)

Again, "Euphrosyne" labours under a serious mistake, when she asserts "J. W. G." desired to hide his name. He gave them the liberty in the office of the *SPECTATOR* to use it in full, if they thought proper, and Mr. Popham knew very well who wrote the article.

Now I ask any intelligent reader of the *SPECTATOR* to turn to the letter of J. W. G. and to that of "Euphrosyne," and judge for themselves who is abusive. Also to the first page of last week's issue of the *SPECTATOR*, and tell me if there is anything in J. W. G.'s letter, or if there ever appeared at any time in the daily press of this city, to equal the following: "The *Globe* fairly snivelled over Mr. Trenholme, tears stood in its dull eyes, its great jaw fell, and its great tongue wobbled." If the *Globe* forgets itself and uses unbecoming language, why do you retaliate, Mr. Editor, and then censure others?

Again, was it fair to keep an article of mine two weeks in type, and after I had read the proof, for you to take out whole paragraphs without my knowledge or consent? I know you have the right to conduct your paper as you please; but, in justice to myself and the article, would it not have been better to refuse it altogether than send it out in its mutilated condition?

As to the publishing of my letter, had you not, there were others quite willing, in the interest of fair play, to do so.

Yours respectfully,

J. W. Gray.

[NOTE.—With reference to the *Globe*, what was written was not anonymously, but over the Editor's signature.

With regard to Mr. Gray's article on "Art Criticism," it was not mutilated; the paragraphs omitted were redundant, and were struck out to save space.]

To Cousin EUPHROSYPNE:

The classic authors and the poets up to the end of the eighteenth century, who have written about the Gods and Goddesses, and those whose reputation for ripe and good scholarship is established, have never used the word *twaddle*. Milton, who, in his "L'Allegro," has immortalized your namesake, perhaps your imaginary godmother, as "the goddess fair and free," never uses the word *twaddle*. Shakspeare, who, by the creative power of his genius, has, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," brought before us the kinsman of Hercules, and the Amazonian Hippolyta, does not use either the word *twaddle* or *tweedle*. Johnson and Richardson, in their dictionaries, have not used the word *twaddle*, although they give us the word *tweedle*, which is used by Addison in the *Spectator*; but whether he first introduced it into our language I do not know, neither do I know its exact derivation, as my education at the defunct "Ladies' Mutual Improvement Society" never extended to abstruse etymology.

The meaning given to the word *tweedle* is to handle lightly or unskilfully, and that of *twaddle*, according to our modern dictionaries, is insignificant discourse. Though you, my dear cousin, may object to the use of the word *twaddle*, as applied to the writings of Mr. Popham anent the proposed "Canadian Academy of Art," and may properly condemn "J. W. G.'s" addition of the useless and redundant adjective "senseless," deeming it uncourtly, yet, upon second thoughts, you will admit that Mr. Popham has laid himself open

to the charge of *twaddle* in its double signification, for there can be no doubt, according to the temperate and gentlemanly letters signed "Toronto" and "M. Matthews," that he has not only handled the subject of Canadian art lightly or unskilfully, but he has done so in a disparaging manner. Again, he may be charged with duplicity, for one of the significations of the verb to *twaddle* is to use duplicity. For many years, during his councillorship of the Montreal Art Association, Mr. Popham expressed his desire to do all in his power, though limited, to carry out the desire of the original founders of the "Art Association,"—namely, the encouragement of the Fine Arts in Canada, and when His Excellency and H. R. H. the Princess Louise are taking advanced steps (though in the opinion of some thoughtful lovers of art the steps are somewhat premature) to establish a Canadian Academy of Art, he, without any disguise, openly sneers at the project. While not commending "J. W. G." for his personalities, yet I am afraid, my dear cousin Euphrosyne, you are to be reprehended for forgetting yourself and descending from the lofty position of an attendant upon the smiling Aphrodite to that of a Xantippe, by saying that you cannot reach to the height of "J. W. G.'s" impudence, and I am also afraid that some not over-churlish folk will say Euphrosyne has "let her angry passions rise," when she charges "J. W. G." with being imbued with an evil and malicious spirit. I do not personally know "J. W. G." whom, I presume, has revealed his name in a recent article in the SPECTATOR, called "Art Criticism." If I am right in my conjectures, I have met him at some Art Conversaciones, and from such a slight acquaintance, I am inclined to look upon him as a very modest, retiring man, though conscious of his own ability. He may possibly have been goaded to anger by Mr. Popham's *Muggins'-sign-board* reflections, which, to say the least, have exposed him (to use the words of the editor) to the charge of being "ignorant of the ways of polite society, and absent of all manly sentiment."

I am only an amateur, fond of ceramics, and occasionally indulge in a little teacup-and-saucer painting, and my Art reading does not extend much beyond the works of such men as M. Lacroix, and Llewellynn Jewett, authors whom a friend recommended to me as indispensable to get an insight into the history and the beautiful of one of the most useful and industrial arts, therefore I do not care to join in a controversy about Old Masters, and Canadian artists. The works of the one are their just renown, and immortal fame; and the works of the other will, I doubt not, improve under the fostering care of the daughter of our beloved Queen, despite the sharp attack and defence of Mr. Popham and others before mentioned. I would not have had a word to say had you not, my dear cousin Euphrosyne, entered the lists, because I do not consider that women's rights are sufficiently advanced to warrant them in criticising anything but needle-work and confectionery.

Your affectionate cousin, *Clio.*

ENGLAND.

Proud despots shout, while in our England's path
Cabul like a volcano vomits rage—
"The hour is come so looked for age by age;
The Sea-Queen shrinks before that tide of wrath,
And reels with backward step to her decay!"
Be that as GOD appoints it, yea or nay:
But at the worst, our England's epitaph
Shall roll more nobly from the lips of Time
Than names of living rule upheld by crime.
For in her land, from cliff to inmost strath,
It shall be said, no crouching serf was seen,
No vassal mind; the indebted world retained
The hope of freedom while she yet remained,
Or has it now, because she once has been.

H. M.

SONNET.

To G. I., AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The leaf you plucked from Shakespeare's garden plot,
And sent me, my most estimable friend,
The voyage of the salt sea injured not;
Green as it grew upon its native spot,
It nestled 'mid the kindly words you penned.
The Poet's genius, free from flaw or blot—
In which Melpomene found naught to mend—
My fancy with this leaflet loves to blend:
But though with care I guard it all my days,
In fret of time 'twill fade and fall away,
Unlike our Dramatist's perennial bays,
Unlike the bloom and sunshine of his Plays,
Rejoicing in their immortality.

Montreal.

George Martin.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
Grand Trunk.....	Jan. 24	42,997	135,598	177,605	168,480	9,125	4 w'ks	49,539	
Great Western.....	" 16	28,750	57,013	85,763	74,924	10,839	3 "	71,804	
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 15	5,794	14,155	19,949	16,415	3,534	2 "	3,641	
Toronto & Nipissing	" 7	1,315	1,525	2,840	1,903	937	1 "	937	
Midland.....	" 14	1,443	1,483	2,926	2,163	763	1 "	1,714	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 17	942	1,161	2,103	1,592	511	fm Jan. 1	1,676	
Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay.....	" 21	547	921	1,468	1,060	408	"	903	
Canada Central.....	" 14	1,419	3,012	4,431	3,073	1,358	2 w'ks	2,175	
Toronto Grey & Bruce	" 10	2,252	4,502	6,754	3,574	3,180	2 "	5,773	
Q. M. O. & O.....	" 15	2,470	1,826	4,296	4,150	146	2 "	572	
Intercolonial.....	Month Nov. 29	46,571	71,052	120,623	121,113	[Month] Month 790	5 m'nths	53,964	

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Jan. 28, 1880.	Price per \$100 Jan. 28, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$130	\$126	10	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	70	54	6	8 1/2
Molsons.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,000	100,000	74	80	6	8
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	121 1/2	110	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	5,000,000	5,000,000	55,000	57 1/2	29	5 1/2	9 1/2
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,506,166	475,000	87 1/2	74	6	6 1/2
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	7
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	6
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	114 1/2	96	8	7
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	88 1/2	96 1/2	7	8
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	38 1/2	41	4 1/2	11 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	163,000	80	69 1/2	5	6 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,881,000	116 1/2	107	10	8 1/2

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

*THE FARMERS' DELIVERIES of home-grown Grain in the 150 towns in England and Wales for the week ended December 27th, 1879, and for the corresponding weeks of the previous nine years and the weekly average prices:—

	WHEAT		BARLEY		OATS	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1880.....	24,574	46s 11d	51,071	37s 7d	2,912	21s 7d
1879.....	37,892	39s 7d	44,798	38s 10d	2,208	20s 3d
1878.....	29,765	51s 8d	54,660	45s 1d	3,137	24s 5d
1877.....	34,239	51s 2d	49,230	38s 9d	2,982	24s 7d
1876.....	29,862	45s 1d	48,655	34s 5d	2,702	23s 10d
1875.....	42,873	45s 1d	42,962	44s 8d	2,298	30s 1d
1874.....	37,778	62s 1d	54,205	43s 11d	5,101	26s 1d
1873.....	28,318	55s 11d	38,658	39s 9d	3,663	21s 11d
1872.....	32,663	54s 11d	59,774	36s 8d	3,212	22s 2d
1871.....	49,799	52s 6d	49,751	34s 11d	4,097	23s 3d
Average 10 years.....	34,776	50s 6d	49,364	39s 3d	3,231	22s 10d

*The receipts of Live Stock at New York for the last four weeks have been as follows:—

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves	Sheep.	Swine.
January 19.....	4,192	228	1,000	35,587	34,849
January 12.....	9,110	243	1,016	26,816	38,418
January 5.....	11,668	162	1,050	23,223	26,241
December 29.....	19,619	160	1,135	21,330	23,235
Total 4 weeks.....	44,989	793	4,201	109,966	122,743
Corresponding 4 weeks 1878.....	38,579	248	3,211	71,832	154,295
Corresponding week 1879.....	11,383	97	626	20,399	41,656
Weekly average, 1879.....	19,933	142	2,098	29,095	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	9,397	124	972	29,765	39,214

*The visible supply of Wheat in the United States and Canada January 17th, 1880, was 713,945 bushels more than on January 10th, 1880, being at the latest date 31,023,306 bushels.

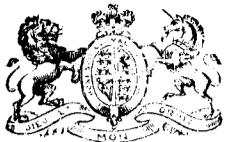
*Beerbohm's London cable of January 22nd, 1880, makes the stock on passage for the United Kingdom at that date 2,100,000 quarters of Wheat and 260,000 quarters of Maize.

*The *Mark Lane Express* gives returns of the cereal crops from nearly every county in England and several counties in Wales for the year 1879, being advices from several hundred points, as follows:—

	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Rye	Peas	Turnips	M'gls.
Average.....	4	51	100	63	85
Over average.....	47	3
Under average.....	475	389	170	79	97	377
Total advices.....	429	422	47	207	45	398

Indicating the poorest crops in many years in the United Kingdom. The Potato crop is also much inferior to that of 1878—badly diseased.

*From New York Produce Exchange.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES,
FISHERIES BRANCH,
Ottawa, 1st Dec., 1879.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to
FIRST APRIL next, for the ANGLING
PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:—

- River Kegashka (North Shore).
- Watsheeshoo do
- Washesootai do
- Romaine do
- Musquuro do
- Pashashchoo do
- Cornelle do
- Agwaus do
- Magpie do
- Trou do
- St. Marguerite do
- Pentecost do
- Mistassin do
- Becic do
- Little Caspédia (Baie des Chaleurs).
- Nouvelle do
- Escumenac do
- Malbaie (near Perce) do
- Magdalen (South Shore) do
- Montlouis do
- Tobique (New Brunswick) do
- Nashwaak do
- Jacquet do
- Charlo do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island) do
- Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated: payable in advance.
Leases to run for from one to five years.
Lessees to employ guardians at private cost.
By Order,
W. F. WHITCHER,
Commissioner of Fisheries.



STEAM SERVICE

BETWEEN

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA,
AND SAN FRANCISCO.

TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-
General of Canada will be received at Ottawa
until Noon on TUESDAY, the THIRD FEBRUARY
next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails three
times a month by steamships of not less than 1,000
tons, nor of less speed than 10 knots an hour, between
Victoria, British Columbia, and San Francisco, for a
term of five years, commencing on and from the 1st
August next.

Tenders to state the price asked for the double voy-
age from Victoria to San Francisco and back, or vice
versa, and payment will be made at Victoria quarterly.

Stipulations of proposed contracts may be had at
the Post Offices of Victoria, British Columbia, and
Montreal, and at the offices of Messrs. Allan Brothers,
Liverpool, and the Agent-General for Canada, 31
Queen Victoria Street, City of London.

WILLIAM WHITE,
Secretary.

Post Office Department, Canada,
Ottawa, 13th Nov., 1879.

ENVELOPES.

The New Tariff is nearly 10 per cent. advance on
these goods, yet I am selling my present stock at old
prices:—

- Manilla Envelopes at.....\$0.75 per M.
- Buff Envelopes at.....0.90 per M.
- Canary Envelopes at.....1.00 per M.
- Amber Envelopes at.....1.25 per M.
- White X. Envelopes at.....1.25 per M.
- White XX. Envelopes at.....1.50 per M.
- White XXX. Envelopes at.....2.00 per M.
- White Superfine Envelopes at.....2.25 per M.
- White Extra Superfine Envelopes at.....2.50 per M.

JOHN PARSLOW,

47 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.

NOTMAN & SANDHAM,

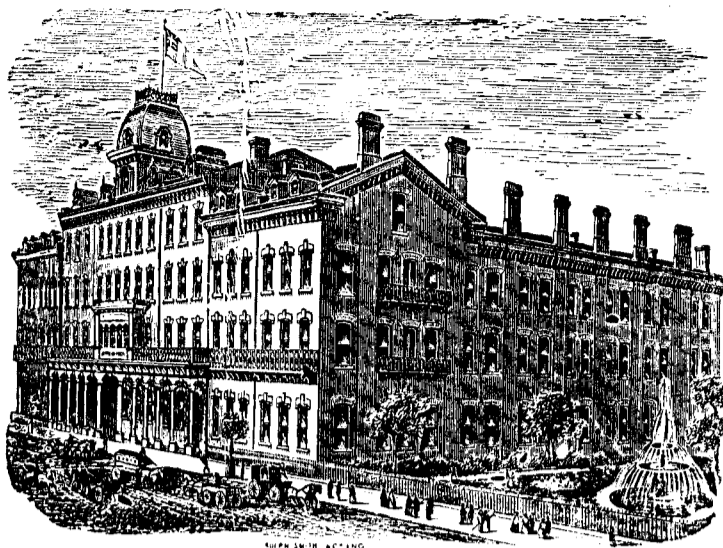
PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN,
17 Bleury Street, Montreal.

BRANCHES AT TORONTO AND HALIFAX,

ALSO AT

BOSTON, MASS., ALBANY, N.Y., AND ST.
JOHN, N.B.

Medals awarded LONDON 1867, PARIS 1867,
CENTENNIAL, PHILADELPHIA, 1876.



THE QUEEN'S HOTEL,---TORONTO, CANADA,

McGAW & WINNETT, PROPRIETORS.

Patronized by Royalty and the best families. Prices graduated according to rooms.

**MANITOBA
AND THE
NORTHWEST.**

**Farming Lands
FOR SALE.**

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY

Have very large tracts of land in
THE GREAT FERTILE BELT FOR SALE,
and now offer

500,000 ACRES

in the
TOWNSHIPS ALREADY SURVEYED.

They own two sections in each Township, and have in
addition large numbers of farms for sale on the Assini-
boine Rivers.

Splendid Prairie Farms, Grazing Land and
Wood Lots.

Prices range from \$3 to \$6 per acre, according to
location, &c.

Terms of payment remarkably easy.
Pamphlets giving full information about the country
and the lands for sale, can be had on application at
the Company's offices in Winnipeg and at Montreal.

C. J. BRYDGES,

Land Commissioner, Hudson's Bay Co.
Montreal, November, 1879.

George Brush,

Manufacturer of
STEAM ENGINES, STEAM BOILERS, AND
ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY.

Eagle Foundry—34 KING STREET, MONTREAL.

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

The testimony of the highest dignitaries of the
State, the Church and the Bar, Officers of the Army
and Navy, authorities in Medical Science and Dental
Surgery and the Learned Professions, all unite in
declaring that

Elliot's Dentifrice

IS THE BEST IN USE.

The demand for ELLIOT'S DENTIFRICE has
constantly increased since its first introduction to the
public, 33 YEARS AGO.

Each box contains THREE TIMES THE QUAN-
TITY of ordinary Dentifrice.

Elliot's Dentifrice,

THE BEST IN USE.

THE GREAT RISE IN WALL STREET.

The "Investor's Guide" exhibits the various
methods, in their successful stock operations, of the
magnates of the Stock Exchange. Sent free with
official reports of the market. Address T. POTTER
WIGHT & CO., 35 Wall street, New York.

THE
**ROYAL CANADIAN
INSURANCE CO.,**

160 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

This Company having closed its Fire Agencies in
the United States, will now give special attention to
Canadian business, which will continue to be taken on
the most favourable terms.

JAMES DAVISON,
Manager.

EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE

1363 ST. CATHERINE STREET,
Corner McGill College Avenue.

MR. THOMAS CRATHERN calls attention
to his present stock of

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,

which has been carefully selected and purchased for
CASH. The acknowledged advantage of purchasing
at the EUROPEAN WAREHOUSE is that all goods
are of the best quality and found to be faithfully repre-
sented.

N.B.—Families returning from the Country and
Sea-side will find it to their interest to give him a call.

ESTABLISHED 1842.

LAND O' CAKES.

"An' farls baked wi' butter
Fu' crump that day."

AT THE OLD STAND,

391 NOTRE DAME STREET,

You will find EVERY ARTICLE IN THE CON-
FECTIONERY LINE needful for Christmas and
New Year's Holidays, consisting of:—

SCOTCH BUN,

SHORT BREAD,

ICED CAKES

OF ALL KINDS,

HORNS OF PLENTY

IN GREAT VARIETY,

FANCY BOXES

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS,

CONFECTIONERY

of the best quality, with prices for all goods mode-
rate.

The Subscriber, from his long experience in the
above line, respectfully solicits a share of public
patronage.

CHAS. ALEXANDER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONER,

391 NOTRE DAME STREET.

**VICTORIA MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE CO.,
OF CANADA.**

HEAD OFFICE, Hamilton, Ontario.

W. D. BOOKER, Secretary, GEO. H. MILLS, President.

WATER WORKS BRANCH

Continues to issue policies—short date or for three
years—on property of all kinds within range of the
city water system, or other localities having efficient
water works.

GENERAL BRANCH:

On Farm or other non-hazardous property only.

RATES—Exceptionally low, and prompt payment of
losses.

MONTREAL OFFICE: 4 HOSPITAL STREET.
EDWD. T. TAYLOR,
Agent

**RELIANCE MUTUAL
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY OF LONDON, Eng.**

ESTABLISHED 1840.

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE, 196 St. James St., Montreal.

FREDERICK STANCLIFFE,
RESIDENT SECRETARY.

The RELIANCE is well known for its financial
strength and stability, being one of the Offices selected
by Her Majesty's Postmaster-General, for Assuring
the lives of Post-Office Officials, throughout the
United Kingdom. Canadian management; Canadian
rates; Canadian investments. Policies issued from
this Office.

The important changes virtually establish the
Society as a Home Institution, giving the greatest
possible security to its Canadian Policy-holders.

F. C. IRELAND,

CITY AND DISTRICT MANAGER, MONTREAL.

THE
STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

(Established - - - 1825.)

HEAD OFFICES: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND,
and MONTREAL, CANADA.

Total Risks, over - - - -	\$90,000,000
Invested Funds, over - - - -	26,000,000
Annual Income, over - - - -	3,750,000
Claims Paid in Canada, over - - - -	1,200,000
Investments in Canada, over - - - -	900,000

This well-known Company having

REDUCED THEIR RATES

for Life Assurance in the Dominion, which has been
accomplished by the investment of a portion of their
funds at the higher rates of interest to be obtained
here than in Britain, beg to direct the attention of the
public to the fact that these rates now compare
favourably with those charged by other First-class
Companies.

Prospectuses with full information may be obtained
at the Head Office in Montreal, or at any of the
Company's Agencies.

W. M. RAMSAY,

Manager, Canada.

**THE ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.**

Head Office, 260 St. James Street, Montreal.

PRESIDENT: SIR A. T. GALT.
VICE-PRESIDENT: JOHN RANKIN, Esq.

THE ACCIDENT is the only Purely Accident
Insurance Company in Canada; its business is more
than twice that transacted by all the other Canadian
Companies combined; it has never contested a claim
at law and is the only Canadian Company which has
made the Special Deposit with Government for the
transaction of Accident Insurance in the Dominion.

EDWARD RAWLINGS, Manager.

ELOCUTION.

MR. NEIL WARNER is prepared to give Lessons
in Elocution at No. 58 Victoria street.

Gentlemen's Classes on Monday, Wednesday and
Friday evenings.

Private Lessons if preferred.

Instructions given at Academies and Schools on
moderate terms.