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The Canadian Spectator.

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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.

It is a sad thing that so promising a career as Mr. Keller had before him should be brought to such a sudden and disastrous termination, but I think we ought to find room for a little sympathy with parties losing their money. This doesn't seem to have occurred to the daily papers when they were remarking about it.

The Jubilee Singers have come and gone, having had crowded houses, and given universal satisfaction. Their rendering of the "Jubilee" or "Spiritual" songs, as sung in former years by the slaves in the South, was a rich treat, and a novelty to nearly all hearers. Almost all the music is set in the minor key aad the weird pathos acts like a charm on the senses. All the more are they to be honoured and helped when the object of their singing is remembered. They are making a noble effort to educate the African race. That is the best kind of missionary work I know of, and I am sorry that their visit to Montreal was not an unmitigated pleasure.

In the days of slavery, in the Southern States, the slave looked upon Canada as his sole haven of freedom. Many lost their lives, or were subjected to brutal treatment in their noble attempt to reach her shores, thinking that Canada once gained, they would be regarded as men. This was very nearly a score of years ago, and now they are free throughout the Continent, but in many places, though they are free, they are denied the common rights of humanity. They are treated with contumely and insult, are refused admission to hotels, etc., and are looked upon as inferior beings. In the United States, that land of freedom and equality, where the star-spangled banner waves over the brave and the free, it also waves over the liberated slave, and has placed him *theoretically* upon an equal footing with his former master, but *practically* such is not the case. The sentiment is still against the coloured man, and will probably exist for many years yet; it is very difficult of eradication, and this feeling is, especially in the South, fostered and strengthened by attendant circumstances. The belief held by some that the negro's intellect is inferior to that of the white man is at the present time true, but why it is, can be explained by the admission that long years of slavery, oppression and suffering have blighted their powers. Phrenologically the Caucasian is superior, but it has yet to be shown that there is no chance of improving the intellectual capabilities of the negro.

Judge Johnson's judgment in the Berthier election case has settled the question of priestly interference. He said what all reasonable beings will accept, that the clergy of any and all churches have the full rights of citizens—they may speak for one candidate and against the other, they may argue this way or that, and advise according to their own minds, but to use ecclesiastical weapons to threaten a deprivation of ecclesiastical rights and privileges is to use undue influence—and the law should protect the poor uneducated and superstitious people from any such coercion. I say uneducated and superstitious, for the educated portion of the people are not likely to be much influenced by ecclesiastical terrorism.

"Endymion" has gone off with a rush in Canada. It may be a brilliant book, and it may be worthy of an Earl and ex-Premier who has been, and is, counted as one of the foremost men of the day, and who has had a great reputation as a *littérateur*, but I do not think so. To my mind it shows a lamentable decline of power and is altogether unworthy of the author's reputation. The book is utterly valueless as a help to an understanding of the last thirty or more years of English political life, for there is hardly a complete character in it. There are a few great sketches thrown in, but for the most part they are so mixed and imaginary as to completely bewilder the reader. There are a few brilliant turns of thought and rhetoric, but there are many more parts which fall below dullness. Here is an example:

"Then they were shown Myra's room, but she said nothing. Standing by with a sweet scoff, as it were, lingering on her lips, while her mother disserted on all the excellencies of the chamber. Then they were summoned down to tea."

Here is another sentence about Myra:

"She took also the keenest interest in the progress of her brother, made herself acquainted with all his lessons, and sometimes helped him in their achievement."

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will allow me some space for the discussion of the questions raised by "Nihil Verius" anent the appointment of English graduates to positions in the High School. That there are Canadian graduates admirably fitted to hold such positions, we have very many instances to prove. But there can be no doubt that some truth lies in a remark made by one of themselves, that, as a rule, those who are worth anything won't take up teaching as a profession, while those who do are worth very little. In other words, the men who are really wanted think they have better things to do.

"Nihil Verius" speaks of "other things being equal," but how often is that the case? Presumably he knows of some applicant whom he considers in every respect equal to either of the two gentlemen whom he has seen fit to attack. A higher culture, due to undeniably more cultivated surroundings—a broader acquaintance with the subjects they have to teach—minds whose ideas go beyond the narrow notion of *utilitarianism* in education, so prevalent in Canada—a more extended sympathy with the rapid progress which education

is now making, hardly likely to be found in men who, as our Canadian graduates too frequently do, take up this profession for a year or two, as a stepping-stone to some other—and, finally, a lack of that spirit which leads so many Canadians to regard their engagements as a mere matter of dollars and cents,—of so much work for so much pay—these are some of the points, in which, in most cases, English graduates are superior to the Canadians who apply for the positions in question.

A few words as to an implication in an article in the *Star*, that the staff of the High School is composed of Canadian graduates. Of the present regular staff, who have "stuck," as the *Star* expresses it, for periods varying from three to thirty years, two are Canadian graduates, and of these two, one did not consider it *infra dig.* to supplement his Canadian course by studying at Cornell under a distinguished Oxford lecturer. As for Englishmen not being likely to prove successful with Canadian youths, we have, as a striking argument to the contrary, the fact, that one of the most successful private schools we have ever had in the city is being carried on by three Oxford and Cambridge graduates, and many other instances of like success, both in private and public schools, could, no doubt, be produced.

I have yet to be convinced that my late colleague was a failure as a teacher. To take an outside view altogether:—Granted that a man must keep discipline of some sort, in order to be able to teach at all, is anyone inclined to dispute the converse, that a man capable of producing such results as this master did,—his classes showing marked improvement, week by week, in knowledge of the subjects taught, and passing creditably the June examinations,—must have been able to maintain among his pupils at least a tolerable state of attention. Could any objection be made to his teaching on the ground that, being a remarkably thorough and painstaking master, he insisted on thorough and painstaking work on the part of the boys?

With regard to the present occupant of the position, no one who has had any experience of teaching in the High School will deny, that any judgment, either favourable or adverse, after so short a trial, must be premature. I myself should have been very sorry to have been judged by the result of my first six month's work in the school. If a thorough love of his profession, a lively sympathy with his pupils, both in their studies and sports, and a good share of that quality, which we call "pluck," have any weight in the management of boys, there is every reason to suppose he will soon silence his detractors.

Does "Nihil Verius" covet the position for himself? Is he one of the applicants so ignominiously passed over? It is very easy to gain sympathy by raising the National cry while indulging one's spleen! Were the gentleman a master in the High School, he would discover that more is required than a minimum of ability with a maximum of conceit to make teaching a success.

Yours faithfully, *G. E. Jenkins, B.C.L.*

SIR,—In a late number of the SPECTATOR there appeared a letter over the initial "C." The writer of that letter endeavoured to show the want of a History Course in McGill College. His statements were in the main correct, but were not complete, and room is left for more comment on the subject. The course of study, as stated in the calendar of the University, should consist of Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, History, etc. Of Classics it is not my intention to speak. They may have their uses, but why they should monopolize the time, to the exclusion of other branches of study equally as important, is a question I cannot understand. History, as above stated, is placed on the calendar as a separate branch of study, but what that History is, and where and when it is taught, no one seems to know, much less care. Whilst no History is taught, strange to say, there is a "Professor of History." During the first and second years of the Faculty of Arts in McGill College they do not think of teaching History; the third year, although it is marked in the calendar, none whatever is taught, and in the fourth year there is an Honour Course of History not taken by ordinary students. Let us look at other Universities. The Roman Catholic Colleges of this city have extensive courses of ancient and modern History, as well as special courses of Canadian History. There might be much said concerning the teaching of Canadian History in our colleges, but time and space will not permit. If, however, Canadian educators wish the young men to become patriots and statesmen, they must give them a thorough knowledge of Canadian History. They must teach them that Canada is not a land of "know-nothingism," but a land of great deeds and great names. When this is done, perhaps we shall be able to procure Canadian professors for Canadian colleges. In the University of Toronto, History, under the able superintendence of Dr. Wilson, is extensively taught. Hence it is that so many of the young men of this city, having a taste for History, and a desire for its acquirement, instead of attending McGill College, leave this city for Toronto University. And now, seeing how the case stands, the question may be asked:—Is it necessary that History should be taught in our Universities? I do not think it is necessary to answer that question. The advantages to be derived from the study of History are obvious to all. I quote from Carlyle:—"Under a limited, and the only practicable shape, History proper, that part of History which treats of remarkable actions, has in all modern, as well as ancient times, ranked amongst the highest arts, and perhaps never stood higher than in these times of ours." If History is to be ranked amongst the highest arts, if it is taught in the different Universities of this city, and also in the large Universities of other cities, as Toronto, etc., should it not be taught in what is supposed to be the first University of the Dominon—McGill College? *B.*

I have been making a few inquiries relating to the subject with which the foregoing letter deals, and their outcome is as follows:—The gentleman who is entitled Professor of History is also an Associate-Professor of the English Language and Literature. His time is chiefly employed in the duties of the Associate Professorship, and rightly so, as the English courses of McGill, both Ordinary and Honour are and always have been in their spirit, literary and not historical. On appeal to the calendar, I find an extensive and thorough English Honour Course of a threefold nature. First it has language—Anglo-Saxon and English—then literature—consisting of portions of the English Classics, from Chaucer to Tennyson: and lastly, History, consisting mainly of English History, Constitutional and Political, together with General History, as embodied in certain selected chapters of Hallam's Middle Ages.

It also appears that History is not a University Course, raised to the dignity of Classics or of Mathematics, but there is a course of lectures on History. This course is compulsory in regard to Honour students, optional in regard to others. Still, History forms a distinctive feature of the examination for the Ordinary Degree. It is an easy matter to fill the pages of calendars with the titles of books which the students are not supposed to read, and which in some instances, at least, are not to be found even in the libraries of the universities themselves. Such schemes do not produce scholars. The essential quality of scholarship is thoroughness, and this can be attained only by careful work over a limited area. I may add that Ancient History finds a place in the Classical Course, and that some specimens of the English examination papers will be published to give the public some idea of the tenor and scope of the work done at our University. Those statements of correspondents which are the result of inaccurate information, we may suffer to pass unnoticed.

Although the Toronto *Globe* is giving every sign of approaching senility it is evident that the old spirit of unfairness and malice still actuates its writers. This was very evident in the leader of last week on the reasons for appointing the Railway Commission. I had ventured an opinion that there was no particular reason for the Commission, except that the *Globe* had been keeping up a constant cry about corruption—that it had no real and tangible charges to formulate, but was making the noise just to have something to say to sell the paper, and the taxpayers will have to pay for this questionable dodge. The *Globe* answers *suo more.* First, it quotes but does not name the paper it is quoting. It can go no further than "a contemporary." That is an old trick of the *Globe's*, and the idea is, not to advertise the paper it attacks. Mr. Gordon Brown has an eye to business; he knows well enough that if he were to give quotations from well written papers his readers might be tempted to transfer their patronage to papers which contain better writing and sounder argument. From a business point of view I think he is right, for the *Globe* just now is only to be counted amongst the second-rate papers of the Dominion.

The next trick of the *Globe* is to hurl a charge of corruption against the quoted but unnamed paper. Of course there is a purpose in that—for if the writer can create an impression against his opponent at the beginning the work of convincing the reader will be easier. The reader will perhaps take it for granted that the charge is well founded, and so admit a prejudice in favour of the *Globe*—for he is not likely to be able to judge for himself since he does nor know what journal is being quoted. If one reading the statement of the *Globe*—to the effect that the contemporary quoted is subsidised by Government advertisements to support the Government—had happened to know that the reference was to the CANADIAN SPECTATOR, and had

turned up the last week's issue only to find no Government advertisement there, and then had gone back for weeks to find the same result, and had found that the Government advertising in this journal all told was a very small affair indeed as a subsidy or anything else—and then, if that same person, I am imagining, had turned to the issue of the *Globe* during the Mackenize administration, the chances are that he would consider that the *Globe* was throwing dust in its readers' eyes. It is no use asking the *Globe* to put away this habit of falsifying matters; it *is* a habit and the *Globe* is aged, and old people do not often learn new virtues, and yet more rarely do they unlearn the long learnt lessons of evil.

The *Globe* said that I did not understand what a serious charge I was bringing against the Government by saying that the Commission was appointed because the press had demanded it. I assure the *Globe* that I had a distinct idea as to what I was saying. During the sitting of Parliament not one on the opposition side of the House had ventured to ask a question which would give a chance to Sir Charles Tupper for defending himself; but after Parliament had risen the *Globe* filled its columns with abuse of him—not that it had the courage to make a statement upon which a charge for libel could be founded—the *Mail* invited it to do that, but the *Globe* knew better than to run any personal risk. Only the vituperation was kept up, and the *Globe* satellites took up the strain and there was a great storm, the *Globe* as chief bass. The Commission was appointed in answer to that. Perhaps it was a piece of weakness on the part of the Government—a weakness the other party would certainly never have been guilty of, but it is in evidence that Ministers were not afraid to have their conduct investigated.

The *Globe's* assertion that Sir John Macdonald ordered the Commission as a means of getting rid of Sir Charles Tupper is ludicrous in the extreme. First of all, it is not probable that Sir John would like to be rid of so strong a man as Sir Charles proves himself to be in debate; and then, if he did wish to be rid of him, he would have hit upon a less clumsy device. Sir Charles found to be innocent after the inquiry will be in a stronger position than he was before the inquiry was made, and when he consented to the appointment of the Commission, the presumption was that he was sure of his own case. The truth is that the *Globe* has a personal spite against the Minister of Railways and is trying hard to hound him out of political life. The success of the scheme is doubtful, to say the least of it.

"A very important circular has been issued by the Postmaster-General as to the investment of small sums in Consols. After the 22nd. inst., at any post-office in the United Kingdom at which there is a a savings-bank, anyone can invest in Consols, Reduced or New 3 per Cents. No investment can be for less than £10 nor exceed a total of £100 in one year—nor exceed a gross total of £300. The charges for *purchase* of Stock and collection of Dividends will be:—

	s.	d.
On Stock not exceeding £25	0	9
Exceeding £25 and not exceeding £50	1	3
" £50 " " £75	1	9
" £75 " " £100	2	3

The charges for *sale* will be—up to £100 the same as for purchase; and for £200 it will be 2s. 9d.; and for £300 it will be 3s. 3d. The dividends will be collected by the post-office and placed to the credit of the investor. Any person having invested £50 or more may, on application to the post-office, get a stock certificate for £50, or any multiple of it. Coupons for dividends payable to bearer will be attached to the Certificates. This is an act of statemanship which contains a germ of great promise far beyond that which is at first sight apparent. We hope the time is not far distant when a much lower limit than that of £10 will be fixed."

The above is from *Public Opinion*, and suggests the question, why do not our Government issue Bonds just as the Postmaster-General of England is putting out Consols. Many people would like to have the opportunity of investing a few dollars at a time. as they can save them, and have Government security. Besides this, to have a large number of people holding Government Bonds bearing interest would do a great deal to help and spread a patriotic sentiment. There is nothing so likely to produce a regard for the country in a man's breast as having a stake in the same. EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

The Canadian Parliament will meet on the 9th December for the discussion and acceptance of Sir John's proposal to the Pacific Railway Syndicate. It is apposite to consider briefly the causes which have led to the construction of the Government railway system of which we are now to finish the most costly part. The Dominion Government, in order to bind the different provinces more closely, has built the Intercolonial road from Halifax to Quebec, and is now committed to the construction of the Pacific Railway from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. Both these roads pass through a wilderness of sterility, and the greater part of the country through which they pass is totally unfitted for human habitation. The Intercolonial in the season of navigation runs in oppositiou to the steamers and has always been a source of loss to the Dominion Government. Until lately the accidents on this road were of frequent occurrence, owing to the bad condition of the road bed and rolling stock—it is therefore probable that many years will elapse before the road will yield any returns; in fact, the loss of interest etc., can never be counterbalanced. This road was built to please Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and now we are continuing a project into which we have rashly rushed, merely to please Manitoba and British Colnmbia. No matter how many railroads we may build, we cannot make them independent of commereial considerations, and it is a proper question to ask whether the game is worth the candle; this railway system was not commenced as a profitable undertaking in a commercial sense, but was agreed to in the ardour of patriotic feeling and with the ambitious desire of building up a great nation.

The Canadian Parliament meets for the purpose of considerig or rather ratifying a contract made with capitalists, or in other words—it meets for the purpose of adding a large sum to the quickly increasing debt of the Dominion; the terms of the contract have been kept secret even from the friends of the Government, and it is probable that they will be found to be very much in favour of the capitalists—to this the reply will be made that the risks run are very great and that inducements must be given in order to secure the construction of the road. This is merely saying that the project is looked upon as one that will offer no adequate returns for capital invested, unless the people of Canada are taxed heavily to indemnify capitalists. We do not see what guarantees are to be given that the road will ever be finished, and we do not see, should the capitalists fail to fulfil the terms of the contract, how the holding to the guarantees could be enforced. The whole railway policy has been in the past unstatemanlike and has been the policy of an idea and not one based on a sound commercial foundation. The contract made with Sir Hugh Allan and which failed utterly, was, so we are told by Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper, much more favorable for his company. We quote the chief terms of the contract made with Sir Hugh and will be pleased to compare them with the terms of the new arrangement when known:—

"1. Sir Hugh's company was organized with a capital of $10,000,000, one-tenth of which was to be paid into the hands of the receiver-general, and the balance of the shares were to remain as a further security to the government for the final completion and equipment of the railway.

"2. The road was to be constructed from some point on or near lake Nipissing to some point on the shores of the Pacific ocean, to be fixed by the governor in council, and it was to be finished in ten years unless the time was enlarged by Act of Parliament. The terminus on the Pacific was fixd at Esquimault, on Vancouver island.

"3 The location of the road and its grades were to be approved by the Governor in Council, and the Union Pacific was selected as the standard in matters regulating the construction, equipment and working of the road.

"4 To secure the construction of the main line of railway a grant of fifty million acres of land and $30,000,000 in cash (the latter to include the cost of surveys made in 1871-2-3) was appropriated to the company—granted or payable as any portion of the railway was proceeded with, and in proportion to the length, difficulty of constrnction and cost of such portion. The land was to be given in alternate blocks of twenty miles in depth on each side of the line and from six to twelve miles in width, and if any of the blocks so laid out were unfit for settlement the company was not bound to receive any greater depth than one mile on each side of the railway. The complement of the grant was to be selected from lands found east of the Rocky Mountains, between the 49th. and 57th. parallels.

"5. The company was to construct, maintain and work a continuous telegraphic line along the whole line of railway, and it had authority to issue bonds to the extent of $40,000 per mile."

This Canadian Pacific Railway is called by many a desperate enterprise and if it is only to be entered upon for the pecuniary benefit of capitalists the sooner it is abandoned the better. The true policy is to develop our North-Western prairie lands and to leave British Columbia, if dissatisfied, to her discontent.

"The mines of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company. These mines are about ten miles distant from the famous Medoc iron mines, which have shipped into the United States this year about 100,000 tons of iron ore. The veins on the company's property carry gold, are very large, and are distinctly traced on the company's property for 3,100 feet. The average contents of about 600 tons of ore worked in sampling the mines was $18.65 per ton; of this over 80 per cent. was saved. The cost of mining, milling, etc.. is estimated at $3 to $3.50 per ton, leaving a net profit of about $11.50 per ton. It is estimated that the ore already developed will aggregate from 50,000 to 100,000 tons, and will give a net profit of from $500,000 to $1,000,000, or even more.

There are five known veins on the property. The main vein is opened in pay ore for about 800 feet in length, while in places it is fully 25 feet in width, with pay ore from wall to wall. There are numerous shafts on this vein, the deepest being about 150 feet. The best ore that has ever come from the mines is being taken out of 140 foot levels. It contains much visible gold, and some of it assays very high, while samples in which no gold was discernable to the eye were found to carry from $140 to $150 per ton. This rich ore would tend to improve the average of $18.65 per ton, but those interested do not look for its continuance; all they claim is a low-grade ore in great abundance, and which can be very cheaply worked."

The adaptability of the Eastern Townships for settlement by immigrants will soon be proven, as it is stated that a Swiss Company has bought two large tracts of land and intend to have them settled in the spring. The inducements to go to the North-West are that the land is more fertile, and it is ready for the plough; but timber for building purposes and firewood or coal are very expensive and markets are distant. These disadvantages do not exist in the Townships, the only drawback being the "clearing" of the land: that this is much preferable to the disadvantages of the North-West is probably true, and we hope to see the Townships rapidly settled.

The recent forgery in the U. S. of $250,000 in bonds leads one to inquire why it is that advantage is not taken of chemical preparations to prevent this crime. The invention of Dr. Hunt consists of a certain colour which cannot be photographed, lithographed or otherwise imitated, and paper, it is confidently asserted, can be so prepared as to render it impossible to eradicate or alter the writing without leaving traces of the alteration. The frequency of forgeries and the large losses resulting, conclusively show that hitherto very little attention has been paid to this matter.

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per $100 Dec. 1, 1880.	Price per $100 Dec. 1, 1879.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum of last div. on present price.
Montreal	$200	$12,000,000	$11,999,200	$5,000,000	$164	$144	4	4.88
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	100	70	3	6.00
Molsons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	106½	75	3	5.63
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	144¼	116	3½	4.85
				*250,000				
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,020	97½	57½	2½	5.13
Merchants	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	117½	90	3	5.11
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	114	..	3½	6.14
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	103	..	3	5.83
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	140	118¼	4	5.71
				*75,000		..		
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	.....	67½	..	..	..
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	131½	95	4	6.08
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	.....	61⅛	38¾	..	..
City Passenger Railway	50	.....	600,000	†63,000	119½	..	†6	5.02
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	.....	151½	118	5	6.60

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.	Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
	Week	$	$	$	$	$	$		$	$
*Grand Trunk	Nov. 27	54,911	155,019	209,930	195,125	14,805	....	22 w'ks	697,446	....
Great Western	" 19	37,038	72,050	109,088	100,731	8,357	....	21 "	305,922	....
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 22	6,591	17,688	24,279	21,930	2,349	....	21 "	73,949	....
Toronto & Nipissing	" 20	1,583	2,880	4,463	3,461	1,922	....	21 "	6,573	....
Midland	" 20	1,617	4,024	5,641	5,615	26	....	21 "	33,072	....
St Lawrence & Ottawa	" 27	1,460	1,368	2,828	2,697	131	....	22 "	....	2,218
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 21	583	951	1,534	1,505	29	....	21 "	6,644	....
Canada Central	" 13	2,399	8,672	11,071	7,423	3,648	....	20 "	49,199	....
Toronto Grey & Bruce	" 13	2,285	4,310	6,595	6,320	275	....	20 "	....	1,021
†Q., M., O. & O.	" 23	9,562	6,991	16,553	4,746	11,807	....	19 "	179,593	....
	Month					[Month	Month			
Intercolonial	Oct. 31	52,352	103,817	156,169	129,390	26,779	....	4 m'nth	119,796	....

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 22 weeks is $725,646.

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

QUEEN'S COUNSEL.

No. I.

Recent events having brought this branch of the legal profession into special prominence, a few remarks about it may not be uninteresting. The term Q. C. is an English one, borrowed from the practice of the English Courts. It has no counterpart in France or America. In Lower Canada, French Canadian advocates who are honoured in this way, generally use the letters C. R.,—*Conseil de la Reine.* The first to receive this honour in England was Sir Francis Bacon, although it appears that it was conferred upon him *honoris causâ*, and without any patent or fee attached. According to Blackstone, the first of the sworn servants of the Crown, appointed with regular salary, was Sir Francis North, afterwards Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to King Charles II. *(Blackstone III., chap. iii., p. 27).* The King's Counsel were selected from the Advocates before the Bar. Of these there were two grades or ranks,—Barristers and Sergeants. The former were admitted after a considerable period of study, or at least standing in the Inns of Court, and are in old books styled apprentices *(apprenticii ad legem)*, being looked upon as merely learners and not qualified to execute the full office of an Advocate till they were of sixteen years' standing; at which time they might be called to the state and degree of Sergeants or *servientes ad legem.* Sergeants-at-law are bound by solemn oath to do their duty to their clients. By custom the judges of Westminster are admitted to the degree of the Sergeants before ascending the bench, and thereafter in Court address the Sergeants as *brother* From both these grades the king selected his Counsel, learned in the law, to assist the Crown in the performance of its judicial functions. The two principal counsel are the Attorney and Solicitor-General, and the others take rank according to the date of their appointment, and are entitled to pre-audience before the Courts. In practice in England there are almost invariably two Counsel engaged on each side, called Leader and Junior. The Leader is generally a Q. C. Queen's Counsel in England are appointed by the Crown upon nomination by the Lord Chancellor. After being so appointed, a Q. C. cannot, according to the ancient rule, appear in defence of any one prosecuted by the Crown, without having obtained a special licence, which is never refused, and for which a small sum is charged.

A counsel, whether he be Queen's Counsel or not, cannot, according to the ancient rule, maintain an action for his fees; which are not given as a salary or hire *(locatio vel conductio)* but as *quiddam honorarium*, which a counsellor cannot demand without doing wrong to his reputation. And, in order to encourage due freedom of speech in the lawful defence of their clients, and at the same time to give a check to the unseemly licentiousness of prostitute and illiberal men "a few of whom" saith Blackstone "may sometimes insinuate themselves even into the most honourable profession, it hath been holden that a counsel is not answerable for any matter by him spoken relative to the cause in hand and suggester in the clients instructions, although if he subsequently publish, it may be otherwise." Counsel guilty of deceit or collusion are punishable by the statute *Westin* I. 3 Edw. 1. c. 28. with imprisonment for a year and a day and perpetual silence in the courts.

It appears that the rank of Queen's Counsel was at first given to eminent barristers, who received in return for their legal services a certain salary from the Crown, and could not unless by special permission, appear in any case against the Crown. Later on, letters of precedence were granted to others, and these assumed the position and the privileges of the Crown's Connsel, being appointed in the same way but receiving no salary—still later on, the system of salaries was abolished and the only trace of it remains in the cases of the Attorney General and similar offices.

It does not appear that a barrister upon his appointment as one of the Queen's Counsel was bound, in the event of his appearing against the Crown (in order to do which a special licence, as we have said, was neccessary) to guard in a special way the interests of the Crown. In such a case his duty would be to his client alone.

In our own courts the old rules have not been enforced. No special licence need be obtained by any Q. C. before entering upon the defence of a prisoner arraigned by the Crown, nor is the Counsel in any way required to consider whether his duty to his client is modified by his own relation to the Crown; his position in such a case is precisely similar to that of any other advocate. As now conferred, the title is regarded as a reward for professional merit and is conferred upon lawyers of eminent standing, after ten or twelve years practice. Unfortunately, however, political consideration too often enters into the calculations of our Local and Dominion Governments when they determine whom they shall honour. No oath is exacted; no fees have to be paid; no special duties have to be performed

Our leading lawyers in this Province do not hold this title in very great esteem, it having been refused on several occasions by men of whose talents there can be no doubt; it is not improbable that the recklessness with which the honour has been distributed, has led them to consider it an empty one and indicating *primâ facie* no special legal ability but merely a certain amount of political influence.

THE LASH.

In the United States some attention has of late been attracted toward the question of corporal punishment; this has arisen on account of the frequency of brutal crimes. It is doubtful whether, with their democratic ideas, the American people would allow the introduction of flogging as a criminal punishment; the question as to its necessity is hardly disputable. In England the punishment of the lash has been the only efficient deterrent; as soon as brutal crimes are found to be of frequent occurrence, it is a fact that a dose of the lash soon remedies the state of affairs; it is the only punishment that has put a stop to garroting, and there are very few to be found who object to the infliction of the lash upon criminals.

In the United States when a criminal is sentenced for some peculiarly atrocious crime, it is strange that a morbid sympathy is created in the minds of some persons whose minds must be peculiarly constituted, and the criminal is wept over, petitions for pardon are numerously signed, and the condemned one is presented with floral offerings and feasted upon good things. That this is common is easily seen by the reports in the daily press of the murder cases; it appears much more sensible that Lynch-law should prevail than that these brutal criminals should be thus fêted. On the principle that a partially unjust law is better than no law, it is much more desirable that one innocent man should suffer than that ninety-nine guilty ones should be thus exalted and glorified as heroes or martyrs. Making a claim to be philanthropists, some persons continue to protest against the use of the lash, and these philanthropists' sympathies seem to grow deeper and greater in exact proportion to the diabolical brutality of the crime; but when the punishment is found to be so efficient, their whinings will not be of much avail.

There are some who may claim that feelings of revenge should not be allowed to exist; this is quite true, but that they do exist is not so true. In nearly all cases there elapses quite a lengthy period of time from the commission of the crime to the sentencing of the culprit, and the punishment is given with dispassionate judgment commensurate with the enormity of the offence. Sometimes, in cases of murder, the position and standing of the murdered one make the crime seem much greater, but as murder is usually punished by hanging, the use of the lash in such cases is not necessary. It is necessary where the offense is committed against those who are peculiarly defenceless, such as women or children, and in some cases in which the chances of detection are small, or in which the effect is to condemn the one assaulted to a living death. The moral effect of the lash is great, and culprits dread it more than penal servitude. A case in point is thus related by the New York *Journal of Commerce*:—

"A few days since one of the most brazen-faced ruffians who ever stood up in a British court suddenly whited, and uttered a scream on hearing the terms of the judge's sentence, and was taken away in a fainting condition. He had no defense. The evidence against him was conclusive. He was sure of conviction and of a severe sentence, and he knew it. But he was not prepared for one part of the punishment prescribed by Justice Stephen. He screamed and almost fainted, not in view of the twenty years of penal servitude, but because the judge ordered, as a fitting prelude, thirty lashes. This man had robbed and attempted to murder by drugging, and then throwing from a railway carriage, a travelling companion, in whose confidence he had ingratiated himself. It was a premeditated crime of the most heinous kind. It would have ended in murder but for the inability of the assassin to eject his victim from the car before the train stopped. The ruffian then escaped with his booty, but was followed by the half-stupefied, badly-injured man, who staggered upon the platform and gave an alarm which led to the capture of the assailant. This strange affair took place in a car of the London underground line, of which the two men were the only occupants. Justice Stephen, in passing sentence, said it was the 'most cowardly and brutal outrage that had ever been brought under his notice.' He marked his sense of horror, as well as made the sentence a wholesome caution to all other like-minded desperadoes by prefixing the thirty lashes to the twenty years' imprisonment. The prisoner would not have flinched from the incarceration, but he winced terribly under the judgment of the cat, as if he already felt the nine-tails raising wales on his bare back."

This surely must have a great effect upon all to whom the facts become known, and must be considered a great preventative of crime.

THE F. F.'S.

(From The Queen.)

No. II.

Yet sometimes the F. F.'s are condescending and exceedingly sociable. My lady is the handsome widow of a City knight, but her title sounds as well as another's; and no one looks behind the word into the designation of the patent. Her daughters are supremely proud of the distinction which marks off their mother as one of the F. F.'s by Act of Parliament and the Queen's grace; and you will be made free of the fact that they have been nursed on the bosom of one who has the right to call herself Lady Fourstars, before you have got well through the fish or have begun a conversation with your left-hand neighbour, the "warm" "snug" tailor from a provincial town, where bad debts are few and the spirit of competition is not. Perhaps, if you are one of those sinful creatures who a little resent patronage and dislike condescension about as much as insolence, you wish that your new friends—those undeniable F. F.'s—would not be quite so sweet, not quite so amiable. You detect in their voices the ring with which fine ladies greet the Mollies and Bettys of their parish when they go to see them in their cottages, with no more idea of those cottages being houses, and therefore castles, than if they were visiting the horses in the stables or the fowls in their coop. And this same kind of things is passed on to you. It would be no more understood that you have your own reserves, your own disinclination to strange friendships and unpresented associations, than that Betty should object to be caught at the wash-tnb with her house all in disorder, or that Molly would rather the great ladies did not come about her place to find her Joe sitting by the fire, or snoring on the floor, unwashed, not at work, and drunk. You are one of the second set, and the F. F.'s are—well, the F. F.'s are what they are. Your place, then, is to be thankful for what you get: to pick up your crumbs with placid content; and to think the F. F.'s lovely for their condescension and affability.

Sometimes again, they come into the circle as an invading and hostile army; and if they can offer a sufficient bribe to the innkeeper, so as to make it worth his while, they trample you all to the ground and remain masters and mistresses of the situation. F. F.'s of this kind are never by any chance satisfied with their first portions; nor will they allow any person to have anything whatsoever better than themselves, or retain what they may desire. They find fault with their places at the table, and make it a *sine quâ non*—if they are to stay—that the whole arrangements shall be recast to admit of their special grouping according to their fancy. If the head of the table has been taken as it generally is, by right and seniority, they demand that the *doyen* of the house shall be removed lower down, and that the chief F. F. of the party shall be exalted in his stead. They demand also that all the table shall be disorganised to enable them to remain in a compact body. If the *doyen* is good-tempered and indifferent to small matters—kind-hearted, glad to do the host a service, and anxious to avoid disturbance—he and his vacate their places; and behold the superior F. F. on her throne, and so far happy in her victory. Do they cast longing eyes at a certain room—a room with a pleasant balcony and a charming view, already tenanted by someone else? They go to the landlord with a fresh ultimatum, and positively must have that one special chamber, else,—phew! they will all vanish to-morrow like a puff of smoke! There is nothing for it but to dispossess the present tenant, with a dozen apologies and regrets. Duty is sometimes hard, and landlords have awfully disagreeable things to do. It all comes to the same thing in the end, however. Apology, regret, explanation, self-excuse—the whole roll call counts for nothing more than so many flourishes about the central sentence: "The F. F.'s want your room, and you must give it to them." Have they peeped through your open door and seen a chair or a table, a glass or a wardrobe, that they covet? Without warning and silently, the piece of furniture is removed, and you have to make shift without any at all, or with an inferior substitute received in return. Perhaps you hear that yours has gone to be mended, or what not. To this you pay no great heed. You know that the F. F,'s were your Mordecai, and that you have had to suffer in consequence; and you either leave the hotel in a pet, or follow the example of the "altruistic" *doyen* and give up your rights for the sake of your landlord and his "good-let."

These F. F.'s hold themselves rigidly apart from the rest of the company. They have their own jokes, their own talk, their private allusions, their unshared fun. They look at the exiles and laugh among themselves as whispers make the round of the close-set block. Some jest, connected with that lady's cap or this one's gown—that gentleman's voice or the other's beard or hair—sends the whole party into polite convulsions, from the cause of which the company in general are shut out. But by degrees the point of their wit becomes blunted by too exclusive sharpening on one worn-out old hone. They use up their subjects and run aground in a manner that betrays itself to all the world. Then they cast wistful looks down the table where the exiles talk and laugh with constant supplies of fresh material poured like oil on to the fire of their minds; and perhaps some among the superior creatures think that exclusiveness and F. F.ism may be bought a little too dearly, and that human nature counts for something if, in the code of values, being of the F. F,'s counts for more. That young girl who turned her back straight on her natural comrade in the first days of their invasion, now looks wonderfully inclined to speak to her and "make friends." The exile is the prettier of the two, the better dressed, and incomparably the better bred; but then she is not an F. F., she is only a banished Peri; so of what good are her sweetness, her prettiness, her fresh little girlish frocks, her nice kind ways, her amiability altogether? Her mother has been all the world over and can tell you long and strangely interesting stories of China and Japan, of roughing it here and queening it there. Her father has a voice that would have made his fortune on the stage had he chosen to take up Mario's dropped mantle. But to what good? They are not F. F.'s; they have not a coronet about them, nor a title, nor even great wealth. They are

only broken-winged Peris at the best; and the F. F.'s do not consort with anything but Peris who can fly straight. So they cut themselves off a pleasant association—in the first days the young exclusive turns her back on the pretty exile—and she only repents when it is too late. Perhaps they relent in favour of the clergyman who sits near them. The cloth is respectable, the man is prepossessing, the circumstance safe. But if they thaw toward him, they keep a "stiff upper lip" to his married brother in the Church—women being, to the lady F. F.'s, inadmissible, where good looking single men may be countenanced. And so the thing goes; and the philosopher can only stand by with a smile, that means substantially a sigh, as he sees how men and women wreck themselves on the sands for nothing, and how love and humanity get lost in the foolish waves of pride and exclusiveness which beat upon the lines of social ordering, and reduce what might be such a fine and fertile shore to barrenness and desert loneliness.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

III.—The Free Church: Prof. Robertson Smith.

Much more important has been the liberal movement in the Free Church of Scotland, as shewn in the case of Professor Robertson Smith of Aberdeen. This *cause celèbre* arose out of certain contributions by Professor Smith to the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* in course of publication, especially an article on the *Bible* in the third volume of that work. And notwithstanding the decision of the last General Assembly in favour of Professor Smith, it seems as far as ever from any satisfactory solution. With the appearance of the last volume of the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* containing his article on "Hebrew Language and Literature" the whole case has been reopened, and the last word in connection with it is still a long way off.

What precisely is Professor Smith's position; what are the real issues between him and his church?

A critic's attitude towards sacred literature is determined by that which he assumes towards the religion of which it is the literary expression. The point of view, therefore, from which Professor Smith regards the Hebrew Bible is conditioned by the conception he has formed of the religious ideas and system it embodies. Hence he begins his famous Bible article with a sketch of the rise and development of Old Testament religion, indicating the main stages in its growth, and the various streams of influence by which its course was modified. Old Testament religion, according to Professor Smith, divides itself into two periods—an era of ever increasing productivity, from Moses to Ezra; followed by a period of spiritual stagnation and conservative tradition, onwards to its close. The productive period was one of constant struggle between the "spiritual principles of the religion of revelation" and a popular polytheistic nature worship, combined with an unspiritual conception of Jehovah as a merely tribal God. Old Testament religion was not a revelation given once for all. It represented the gradual growth of higher and more spiritual ideas in the face of a degraded faith and worship. Its chief ministers were the prophets, who worked out the spiritual problems of the national faith with ever increasing clearness. They have been falsely regarded only as inspired teachers of old truths and predicters of events, and not as the leaders of a "great development in which the religious ordinances and beliefs of the old covenant grew from a relatively crude to a mature form." Falsely; because there is no such finality in the doctrine and ritual of the Old Testament. The spiritual religion of the prophets was not a finished but a growing system, not finally embodied "in authoritative documents, but propagated mainly by direct personal efforts." With the fall of the northern kingdom, however, the era of productivity in spiritual religion ceased. Ezra came not like the older prophets, with living words of truth, fresh and glowing with the fire of prophetic inspiration. He appealed to the "Book of the law of Moses," the public recognition of which as the rule of the theocracy, was a declaration that religious ordinances had ceased to develop, and the substitution of a canon of scripture for the living guidance of the prophetic voice.

The Old Testament, therefore, necessarily arose when prophecy ceased to be a living power in the national life. In its present form, however, according to Professor Smith, it belongs to a comparatively late period of Jewish history. The historical portion of the Old Testament—the Pentateuch and Earlier Prophets—is not a narrative continued from age to age by successive writers, each taking up the story where his predecessor left it. It is impossible to construct a theory of authorship on the principle of division into books; the whole represents a fusion of several independent narratives by a single editor. Modern criticism, moreover, according to Professor Smith, has accomplished the task of disentangling some of these component parts. The three streams of influence observable in the development of Old Testament religion—the Priestly, the Prophetic, and the Popular—find their counterparts in the historical records. The use of two different names of God—Elohim and Jehovah—indicating a difference of whole mental attitude, affords a criterion by which two separate, independent documents can be disentangled, the one priestly, the other prophetic, in tendency and authorship; and, from the genius, style, and sympathies of another well marked literary individuality, an author from the northern kingdom has been postulated for a third document.

As to this composite character of the narrative, there is, according to Professor Smith, tolerable agreement among critics. The Levitical or Elohist document, however, he remarks, is the subject of violent controversy in regard to the chronological relations between Deuteronomy and the Levitical code. Professor Smith does not pronounce dogmatically upon the points at issue, although the side to which he leans is evident. In regard to Deuteronomy, he holds that it is difficult to suppose the legislative part of it as old as Moses. Indeed, he says, "it may fairly be made a question whether Moses left in writing any other laws than the commandments on the tables of stone." Deuteronomy, he thinks, cannot be placed at the beginning of the theocratic development "without making the whole history unintelligible." It is therefore, he concludes, certainly a *prophetic* legislative programme, the author, whoever he was, not being guilty of a pious fraud in ascribing it to Moses, since his purpose was to develop the old Mosaic principles in relation to new times and circumstances.

The fusion of the various narratives by a single editor was easily accomplished, since the Semitic genius tended to stratification rather than organic structure. The process was facilitated by the prevailing habit of anonymous writing, and the want of any idea of copyright. The copyist worked according to his own sweet will among the documents at his disposal, extracting here and there at pleasure, and harmonising them "by such addition or modification as he felt necessary." Little harmony was sought in matters of internal detail. It was enough if the compilation bore the semblance of outward unity. "Thus the minor narratives were fused one after another and at length in exile a final redactor completed the great work."

The whole of the Old Testament is regarded by Professor Smith from a similar point of view. The Hebrew character being intensely subjective, its poetry is lyrical. Hence the Psalmody, of which the greater number of the Psalms comprising it are anonymous, the traditions as to authorship indicated in their titles being unreliable. The 51st, or Penitential Psalm, so confidently ascribed to David by tradition, was "obviously composed during the desolation of the temple." The Song of Solomon embodies in dramatic form the pure love of the Shulamite for her betrothed as victorious over the seductions of Solomon and his harem. Difficulties as to Jonah and the whale disappear before the magic wand of criticism. Like *Esther* and *Job*, the book of *Jonah* is more than probably, according to Professor Smith, a "poetical invention of incidents attached for didactic purposes to a name apparently derived from old tradition." On the same authority we learn that the remains of prophetic literature, dating partly from the 8th and 7th centuries B.C., were edited so late as the 2nd century. By this time many had been lost; some were only fragmentary; others were anonymous. The whole, however, was then arranged into the modern form of four different books. It is not safe, therefore, to assume that every *anonymous* prophecy is by the author of the immedately preceding *titled* prophecy. Nor is it, according to Professor Smith, a valid answer to reply that internal evidence of date is altogether inapplicable since the prophets looked supernaturally into the future. The prophets all start from present sin, present needs, and historical situations. There is no reason to think a prophet ever "received a revelation not spoken directly and pointedly to his own time." The predictive element in prophecy consists not in minute descriptions of future events, but in its "laying hold of the ideal elements of the theocratic conception and depicting the way in which it would be realised in a Messianic age."

The standpoint of Professor Smith is the modern scientific one. His presentation of the rise and development of Old Testament religion is substantially similar to that of the religions of the East, for example, at the hands of oriental scholars. He no doubt claims for the Hebrew prophets, at least, that they were inspired men. But in what sense inspired? He speaks of them as having a "faculty of spiritual intuition not gained by human reason, but coming as a word from God, wherein they apprehended religious truth in a new light as bearing in a way not manifest to other men on the practical necessities, the burning questions of the present." He refers to the fact that in spite of the crass and unspiritual character of the masses of the Israelites, the noblest traditions of their national life were intertwined with religious convictions, and, he adds, "the way in which Amos, *e.g.*, could arise, untrained, from the herdmen of the wilderness of Judah, shows how deep and pure a spiritual faith flowed among the thoughtful laity." This may indicate inspiration, but it is not of the objective, supernatural kind, hitherto claimed by orthodoxy for the writers of the Old Testament. His whole treatment of the Old Testament is precisely similar to that applied by literary critics to the Homeric Poems of Greece, the Vedic Hymns of India, and the sacred literatures of other nations; and it is attended by similar results.

So much for Professor Smith's position: how is it related to the Church's creed? If the Westminster Confession is so far dogmatically silent on the point, Professor Smith's attitude towards Old Testament religion is at least foreign to its spirit. Considering the mental structure of the time, such a standpoint as he occupies was impossible to the framers of the Confession.

The Westminster Confession is an elastic document, but it seems hopeless so to stretch it as to cover Professor Smith. If the Books comprising the Old Testament have been "committed to writing" by God, as it teaches, and derive their authority from being His word, hostile criticism like Professor Smith's is clearly inadmissible. According to its statement of the case, "the Old Testament (*i.e.*, the Books specially mentioned as comprising it) in Hebrew and the New Testament in Greek, *being immediately inspired by God, and by His singular care and providence kept pure in all ages*, are therefore authentic." Compare with this Professor Smith's theory of the origin and growth of the Hebrew Scriptures, the composite character of many of them, the fragmentary nature of others, the wholesale mixing up of different narratives, the liberties taken by copyists, and the hopeless antagonism between the method and results of his criticism and the orthodox creed becomes apparent. It is a strange commentary on God's "singular care and providence" in keeping "pure in all ages" the various Books of the Old Testament, to be told of one of them, the Song of Solomon, that "this lyric drama has suffered much from interpolation, and presumably was not written down till a comparatively late date, and from imperfect recollection, so that its original shape is very much lost."

Such criticism may be thoroughly scientific; it may mark the rise of a higher conception of the scope and value of the teaching of the Hebrew Scriptures; leaving behind what is local and temporary merely, and seizing hold of what is universal and eternal, it may point even to a deeper and more reverent apprehension of the far-reaching spiritual truth contained in them; it may indicate that the degrading superstition which found a fetich in the mere Book alone, every word and letter of which was regarded as of equal value, is passing away, like the mist which curls up on the mountain side before the rising sun. But there can be as little doubt in the mind of any candid reader, free from the casuistry and sophism of church courts and ecclesiastical politicians, that such "Higher Criticism," in itself and the results to which it necessarily leads, is altogether inconsistent with, and contradictory of not only the spirit and whole tenor of the recognised creed of the church, but also its express teaching on the subject.

ENDYMION.

Endymion, the latest production from the Disraelian pen has been published, and has no doubt met with a large sale both here and in England. Apart from the reputation of the author, the sale has doubtless been largely increased by the fact that a very large sum was paid for the copyright and that many political celebrities were described in the work. To many readers on this side these political celebrities are purely historical and the faithfulness or truth of their delineation cannot be very adequately determined. Many of the delineations are but curt and incomplete and the natural consequence has been that they are applicable to more than one personage, and that their truthfulness or impartiality cannot be finally decided upon, even by those who are competent to judge. There is nothing new as regards literary style in the work and it is full of mannerisms and antitheses; these latter in many cases are mere platitudes. The colouring in the work essentially emanates from Oriental dreams and Beaconsfield in this tale is not at his best as he is in relating the wondrous tale of Alroy, or in telling us of Tancred. This Oriental bent of mind we have seen in his political policy which has abounded in romantic impossible dreams, and which would no doubt have led to the inauguration of the Empress of India as Empress of Egypt and Syria as well. His fanciful mind exults and rejoices in ethereal dreams and he believes that the wildest theories ought to be the ultima Thule of political ambition.

In Endymion we find but little attention paid to chronology as it abounds in anachronisms, (description of the Tourney) and the noble author has succeeded in giving us a somewhat artistic picture of himself and his experiences but it is worthless historically. Even in his delineations of personages he tones them down and colours their characteristics to accord with his own views, or rather to accord with what he believes they ought to have been. Combined with this, there is no plot, the merit of the work consisting in his analysis of character, whether historically true or not, in his criticisms of human motives and his knowledge of human nature.

There is a very great similarity between this work and "Lothair,"—the thoughts, expressions and epigrams are much the same. There is the same tendency to toady to aristocracy and its surroundings, and he throws a glamour over the relations of noble ladies to the hero, Endymion. All of them are in love with him or with others, with which circumstance their husbands seem to be curiously unacquainted;—this is very strange, and will be a new fact (?) to many. Endymion (who is presumed to represent the author) is drawn as a man of ability and ambition; as one who does not carve his way to fame and fortune, but waits for opportunities and for assistance from noble ladies; his progress is due to accident, and he thinks himself ill-used if a cross word is spoken and sulks. The characters in the novel are supposed to represent the following personages:—Agrippina is Queen Hortense, Prince Florestin is Napoleon III., Lord Roehampton is Lord Palmerston, Nigel Penruddock is Cardinal Manning, Lord Waldershare is Lord Strangford, Lord Montfort is Lord Melbourne, Job Thornbery is Cobden, Sir Francuys Scrope is Sir Francis Burdett, Neuchatel is Rothschild, Sidney Wilton is Sidney Herbert (Secretary of War), Count of Ferroll is Bismarck, Vigo is Poole, and Hortensius (of whom only a sketch is given) is somewhat applicable to Gladstone. The following extracts are the descriptions of the above characters:—

Agrippina was a "lady fair and singularly thin. It seemed that her delicate hand must really be transparent. Her cheek was sunk, but the expression of her large, brown eyes was excessively pleasing. She wore her own hair—once the most celebrated in Europe—and still uncovered. Though the prodigal richness of the tresses had disappeared, the arrangement was still striking from its grace. That rare quality pervaded the being of this lady, and it was impossible not to be struck with her courage as she advanced to greet her guest, free from all affectation and yet full of movement and gesture. which might have been a study for painters." * * * "It was a court of pleasure, if you like; but of pleasure that animated and refined and put the world in good humour—which, after all, is good government. The most dissolute court on the continent of Europe that I have known," she says, "has been outwardly the dullest and most decorous." * * * "Throned or discrowned, music has ever been the charm and consolation of my life." The Queen refers to her son, the future Emperor, as "soft-hearted, affectionate and mysterious; acquiring knowledge with facility, silent and solitary, never giving an opinion, seeming always to be thinking."

Prince Florestan was one who rarely spoke; he was a man of action and thought, but "the weakness of the Prince—if he was one—is not want of knowledge or want of judgment, but an over-confidence in his star which sometimes educes him into enterprises which he himself feels at the time are not perfectly sound."

Lord Roehampton was one "in whose combined force and flexibility of character the country has confidence, as in all their counsels there would be no lack of courage, yet tempered with adroit discretion. He was a very ambitious and, as it was thought, worldly man, deemed even by many unscrupulous, and yet he was romantic. He was somewhat advanced in middle life, tall, and of a stately presence, with a voice even more musical with the tones that recently charmed every one. His countenance was impressive, a true Olympian brow, but the lower part of the face indicated, not feebleness, but flexibility, and his mouth was somewhat sensuous." * * * "A great favourite with society, and especially with the softer sex." * * * "Gifted with a sweet temper, and though people said he had no heart, with a winning tenderness of disposition, or, at least, of manner, which at the same time charmed and soothed." * * * "Too sagacious to be deceived by any one, even by himself." * * * "Scarcely without vanity." * * * "An Irish peer, and resolved to remain so, for he truly appreciated a position which united social distinction with power and a seat in the House of Commons."

Nigel Penruddock's religious change of thought and feeling is well pictured; he had a voice which was "startling and commanding; his expression forcible and picturesque. All were attracted to him by his striking personal appearance and the beauty of his face. He seemed something between a young prophet and an inquisitor,—a remarkable blending of enthusiasm and self-control." On his return from Rome, a fanatic and a Roman Catholic, "the immense but inspired labours which awaited him and his deep sense of his responsibility." * * * "Instead of avoiding society, as was his wont in old days, the Archbishop sought it, and there was nothing exclusive in his social habits. All classes and all creeds and all conditions and orders of men were interesting to him." * * * "He was a frequent guest at banquets, which he never tasted, for he was a smiling ascetic, and though he seemed to be preaching or celebrating high masses in every part of the metropolis, organizing schools, establishing convents and building cathedrals, he could find time to move philanthropic resolutions and even occasionally send a paper to the Royal Society."

Lord Waldershare was "the slave of an imagination so freakish that it was always impossible to foretell his course." * * * "His versatile nature, which required not only constraint but novel excitement, became pallid even with the society of duchesses." There was a monotony in the splendor of aristocratic life which wearied him." * * * "He was alike incapable of sacrificing all his feelings to worldly considerations or forgetting the worldly for a visionary caprice."

Lord Montfort "was heard of in every capital except his own. He lived in Paris in Sybaritic seclusion, much with the old families of France in their haughty faubourgs. He was the only living Englishman who gave one the idea of a gentleman of the eighteenth century. He was totally devoid of a sense of responsibility. There was no subject, human or divine, in which he took the slightest interest. He entertained for human nature generally, and without exception, the most signal contempt. He had a sincere and profound conviction that no man or woman ever acted except from selfish and interested motives. Society was intolerable to him, and that of his own set and station wearisome beyond expression. Their conversation consisted only of two subjects—horses and women—and he had long exhausted both. As for female society, if there were ladies it was expected that in some form or other he should make love to them, and he had no sentiment." "He attempted to read. A woman told him to read French novels, but he found them only a clumsy representation of life which for years he been practically living. An accident made him acquainted with Rabelais and Montaigne, and he relished them, for had a fine sense of humour." * * * "No one could say Lord Montfort was a bad-hearted man, for he had no heart. He was good-natured, provided it brought him no inconvenience, and as for temper, he was never disturbed; but this not from sweetness of disposition, rather from a contemptuous fine taste which assured him that a gentleman should never be deprived of tranquillity in the world where nothing was of the slightest consequence."

Hortensius is thus described as he concluded a debate:—

"Safe from reply and reckless in his security it is not easy to describe the audacity of his retorts or the tumult of his language. Rapid, sarcastic, humourous, picturesque, impassioned, he seemed to carry everything before him and to resemble his former self in nothing but the music of his voice, which lent melody to scorn and sometimes reached the depths of pathos."

The scope of the novel consists in the presentment, such as it is, of the inner side of political life from the time of Canning to the advent to power of Lord Derby. That the work will have permanent popularity is doubtful and it is extremely probable that the somewhat fictitious interest at present taken in Endymion will soon cease. In one passage of the work there is an excellent encomium upon the Press, rather a change from the phrase—"the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity."

Sappho.

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

(By the Author of "Phyllis," "Molly Bawn," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc).

CHAPTER III.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asks Gretchen, entering her mother's chamber, with a delicious little pink-rose flush upon her cheeks, born of her swift run through the scented garden. Kitty by this time, having safely incarcerated Flora in her dressing-room, has also joined her mother.

"To see poor Kenneth Dugdale," returns Mrs. Tremaine. "I actually never heard of his arrival until this afternoon. And it appears he has been in the country now a week. Such a very long time to be in ignorance; but your father is always most careless. He must have known of it, and I suppose forgot as usual."

"Perhaps **he** didn't hear of it," says Gretchen.

"Well, at all events the visit cannot be put off any longer; and of course I shall go myself. His mother was my dearest friend. You may as well come with me, Gretchen, as Kitty is so busy. Poor fellow! it is such a sad case. Quite the saddest I know. It makes me positively wretched even to think of it. Thank you, dear; yes, you may ring the bell. I think I *will* take a glass of sherry before I start."

"You mean Maudie Dugdale's brother?" asks Gretchen,—"the poor man who broke his back out hunting, or dislocated his spine, or did something horrible? You and Kitty, I remember, used to tell me of him last year.

"The doctors now say he will be an invalid all his life. Can't stir off his sofa, I've been told."

"I think I can recollect him years ago," says Gretchen, musingly. "He was down here, was he not?—a tall, fair boy of about fifteen. Old Mr. Dugdale, his uncle, was so fond and proud of him. Both he, and Maudie before she left for India, never seemed to tire when telling me of him."

"There was a sincere attachment on both sides, I believe. He never would come here since his uncle's death, although that event made Laxton Hall his own. It seems sad that he should come here now for the first time, as master, only to die."

"He may not die for years," says Mrs. Tremaine, who is vainly struggling with a refractory bracelet. "That old man in town with the one large tooth—that wonderful surgeon, you know, Sir—Sir—what was his name, Kitty?—said he might live for a long time. (I wonder they can't make proper clasps nowadays! Thank you, dear.) But poor Kenneth was so wilful, gave himself up at once, and, because one doctor spoke unfavorably of his case, could hardly be persuaded to see another. Old Sir—Sir—told me all about it. What *was* his name, Kitty?"

"Sir Henry Pilaster."

"Of course; of course. Plaister they call him in town,—so rude of them. He told me the poor boy was greatly changed."

"He must be," says Kitty. "I met him wherever I went the season before last, and thought him the gayest fellow possible. He was a general favorite all round, it seemed to me; and now, we hear, he is silent, morbid, melancholy."

"Who can wonder at it?" exclaims Gretchen, with deep compassion. "To go in one moment from a state of perfect health to what must be only a living death,—the worst in that it *is* living,—the very thought is depressing: what must the reality be! If such a thing were to happen to me I think I should just turn my face to the wall and cry and cry until I died."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't," says Kitty, with a little laugh, patting her cheek softly; "I know you better than that. At first you would sigh a little and repine in secret; and then one day you would take yourself to task, and say to yourself, 'After all, are there not others more unhappy than I am?' And then you would begin to think how you could lighten the cares of other people."

"You are describing an angel," says Gretchen, with a faint blush, and a suspicion of reproach in her tone.

"My dearest Gretchen," breaks in Mrs. Tremaine at this moment, "do run away and put on your things. It is quite half-past three, and you know how your father hates to have the horses kept waiting." As a rule, Mrs. Tremaine alludes to her husband as though he belonged to the girls alone, as though he was their exclusive property and they alone were responsible for his eccentricities. "Now, don't be five minutes, darling, or I shall be really vexed," she says, mildly, her thoughts intent upon her card-case, which is nowhere to be found.

* * * * * * * * * *

Above in the heavens—

> "Apollo, Delius, or of older use
> All-seeing Hyperion—what you will—
> Has mounted."

All the air is hot and heavy with the strength and fierceness of his glory.

As the carriage rolls along the dusty road, bearing Gretchen and her mother to Laxton Hall, the horses fling up their heads impatiently, as though in eager search of the cool wind that comes not, and throw upwards little flecks of foam, that, lighting upon their backs, gleam like snow-flakes against their glossy skins.

The day is merry with the voices of many birds that send their sweet hymns of praise from wood and thicket. There is no less harmonious sound to mar their melody. A sense of peace and warmth has lulled the world into a mid-day sleep.

Below in the bay the ocean, vast, illimitable, has also sunk to rest. Not a breath, not a murmur, comes to disturb the serenity of its repose. Only from out the great gray rocks, that seem ever to keep eternal watch, dash the sea-birds wildly from their hidden nests in search of watery prey. Their snowy wings expanded glint and glisten beneath the sun's hot rays like silver lightning as they hover above the great deep and then drop into its bosom to disappear only to rise again.

Far away upon the horizon the sea and the sky have met and melted into each other's embrace. All is one soft ethereal mass of palest blue: in vain to seek the termination of one, the beginning of the other. The heaven itself is a continued sea, where tiny cloudlets, yellow-tinged, stand out as isles, and placid lakes and quiet shores are numerous.

By this time Gretchen and her mother have reached the gates of Laxton, have entered, and are driving swiftly down the long dark avenue. Having never seen it since the old man's death, Gretchen now turns her head admiringly from side to side, as though to recall to mind the pretty spots once loved.

On one side can be seen a small but perfect lake, on which swans float gracefully in and out between the broad green leaves of the water-lilies that are hardly so fair as their own breasts. On the other side stretches a vast expanse of park and upland, swelling, waving,—one grand mass of living foliage, tender greens and tawny browns and russet reds, while through them here and there, like a faint streak of moonlight, comes a suspicion of the distant ocean.

"What a perfect place it is!" says Gretchen, dreamily, yet with a certain amount of honest enthusiasm.

"Quite so," says Mrs. Tremaine, briskly, who never dreams, "and just fifteen thousand pounds a year. Really, it is most unfortunate about that poor young man. By the by, I quite forget who the next heir will be."

"If he was very nice I shouldn't mind marrying him," says Gretchen, idly, with a little lazy laugh. "Oh, see, mother, that exquisite touch of light upon the hill beyond—how beautiful! It sounds wicked, but do you know I am rather glad this Mr. Dugdale cannot go about much? New people have such a horrid trick of altering things, and cutting down trees, and generally behaving very badly. If he is as apathetic as you say, I dare say he will let well alone,"

"I dare say," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I should rather think George Dugdale's son would inherit. A most unpleasant man, and a very distant cousin; but no doubt the younger branches are better mannered."

Then the carriage sweeps round a softened angle and draws up before the hall-door. It is opened, and a very gorgeous personage in irreproachable garments comes down the steps and tells Mr. Tremaine that Mr. Dugdale is pretty well, and down-stairs, but that he is not in the habit of receiving visitors.

As he draws towards the close of this little speech, Mrs. Tremaine—who, to judge by her expression, must be utterly unaware that any one has been speaking—takes out a card, scribbles on it a word or two, and gives it to one of her men, who gives it to the other man, who gives it to somebody else inside the hall, who vanishes.

Then ensues a pause that might be a silent one but for the faint little laugh that breaks from Gretchen.

"What is it?" asks her mother, rousing herself from an apparent revery.

"Very little, dear, almost nothing. I was merely wondering how you would look if this very difficult young gentleman sends you word he will not see you."

"That is impossible," replies Mrs. Tremaine, calmly. "No young gentleman ever sent me such a message. He will, of course, be very pleased to see me."

She is right. He will be very pleased to see her. The gorgeous personage returns presently with a few words to that effect; whereupon Mrs. Tremaine descends from her carriage, and Gretchen follows her, and they rustle through halls and corridors, across a library, and past a heavy *portière*, into a small room beyond, where lies the hero of the hour.

It is a charming room, not large, but comfort itself. Everything is pale, or faintly tinted; there is scarcely a pronounced colour anywhere, unless, perhaps, in the huge bowls of sweetly-smelling flowers that lie about in graceful disorder on all the tables. Against the walls and on the brackets quaint pieces of china frown, and simper, and curtsey, and make hideous grimaces. Upon the cabinets, and in them, old English punch-bowls push themselves officiously before the notice of dainty Chelsea maidens, and cups innocent of handles stand in rows.

Wedgwood jugs, and Worcester plates, and little bits of rarest Sèvres shine conspicuously everywhere. There are eight or nine fine pictures,—some by modern artists,—and a good deal of handsome carving.

The whole place seems full of sunshine as through the open windows the soft breezes creep shyly in and out. It was Maud Dugdale's room in the old man's life, before she married and went to India, and even yet the charm of her presence seems to haunt it.

The windows, made in casement fashion, are thrown wide, so that the ivy and the struggling roses that cover the walls outside are peeping in, forming a bower picturesque and perfumed.

The fond little sunbeams, too, lest they should be forgotten, have stolen in, and are flecking all they touch with gold. Across the grass comes a tender murmuring as of doves from the wood beyond. It is one of those calm, sleepy days when "all the air a solemn stillness holds" and a sense of peace makes itself felt. The "tender grace" of the hour, the careless artistic beauty of the room and all its surroundings, touch Gretchen, though vaguely, and then her eyes wander to the couch close to the window, upon which a young man lies full length.

As her glance meets his, a great and sudden pity fills her heart. He is a very tall young man, and, though somewhat slight, is finely formed. He is fair, with that rich nut-brown hair through which soft threads of gold run generously; his face is not so much handsome as very beautiful. His eyes are large and of an intense blue,—eyes that before misfortune clouded them were friends to laughter, but are now sad with unutterable melancholy.

His mouth beneath his light moustache is tender and mobile, but firm. Originally there must have been a certain amount of happy recklessness about the whole face that fascinated and contrasted pleasantly with its great gentleness. But the happiness and gayety and laughter have all disappeared, leaving only regret and passionate protest in their place, and something that is almost despair in the blue eyes.

He flushes painfully as Mrs. Tremaine enters the room, and, closing his left hand with some nervous force upon the arm of the couch, makes the customary effort to rise. It is only a momentary effort. Almost on the instant he remembers and sinks back again passive. But the remembrance and the futile attempt are indescribably bitter.

"Dear Kenneth, I knew you would see me," says Mrs. Tremaine, quickly,

with an unusual amount of kindness in her tone, going up to the couch and taking his hand in both hers.

"It is more than good of you to come to me," says Dugdale, raising himself on his elbow. "You must forgive me that I cannot rise to receive you." As he speaks he smiles, but it is a smile that saddens one. Even as their voices sound in each other's ears both he and Mrs. Tremaine remember the hour when last they met. They see the brilliant ball-room, the glowing flowers, the pretty faces, and all the *piquante* crowd that had courted and petted and smiled their sweetest upon poor "beauty" Dugdale.

Involuntarily Mrs. Tremaine stoops and presses her lips to his forehead. A sympathy that is almost motherly stirs her breast. Had he been in good health her greeting in all probability would have been cold, but now in his affliction he seems very nearly dear to her.

"Of course I would come to see you," she says, gently, "and I have brought Gretchen with me. I suppose you and she hardly remember each other." She moves a little to one side, and Gretchen, coming nearer, lays her hand in his.

"I recollect Mr. Dugdale," she says, half to her mother, while smiling kindly upon Kenneth; "I seldom forget a face, and you art not so greatly changed. But you were only a big boy then, and I was a little child. It is very long ago."

"I don't remember you," Kenneth answers, reluctantly, shaking his head. "Your face is strange to me; and yet—how could I have forgotten it? It does not say much for my memory, does it? Is your sister quite well?"

"Kitty? Yes, thank you."

"I am so very glad you have come down," says Mrs. Tremaine. "I am sure the fresh air will do you good."

"Will it?" says Dugale, in a peculiar tone and with a slight contraction of the brows; then, though ashamed of his curtness, he goes on quickly: "Perhaps so. At all events I rather fancy the country just at this time, and the view from the windows here is perfect. It was Maudie's room, you know. One can see where she had the trees cut down to give her a glimpse of the ocean."

"It is charming,—quite too lovely," returns Mrs. Tremaine, who in reality thinks it a little bleak, and has a rooted objection to the sea. "How is dear Maud? Have you heard from her lately?"

"Yes. Last Monday. She is very happy, and seems to be enjoying herself tremendously. They have gone pretty well up in the country, and appear to have fallen in with rather a nice lot. She says the life suits her, and she likes it. She would, you know. She was always a lazy child,—fond of lying in the sun, and that."

"Maudie and I were great friends," says Gretchen, turning from the open window where she has been standing, looking like a picture framed in the drooping ivy and the clustering roses. "How pretty she was, and how full of *verve!* I was more sorry than I can tell you when Major Scarlett married her and took her away from us."

"Every one liked her, dear little thing," says Dugdale.

"I have not been here since she left; and this room reminds me of her so forcibly," says Gretchen, with some regret in her tone. "I can almost imagine I see her over there at that easel bending her sleek head above her paintings,—which were always quite impossible."

"She certainly wasn't a young Turner," Kenneth says with a faint laugh.

"No," echoing the laugh gayly. "I used to wonder how she kept her hair so smooth. Dear Maudie! everything here recalls her so vividly."

"I like this room," says Dugdale, looking round him. "It is small, that is one comfort. When a fellow has knocked about a good deal in barracks he gets an affection for his walls and likes to have them near him. All the other rooms are so vast they make one almost lose sight of one's own identity. Though, perhaps,"—slowly and with a sudden accession of gloom,—"there might be worse faults than that."

"There is one fault even in this your favourite room," says Gretchen, hastily, anxious to turn his thoughts from their present unhappy channel.

"And this is?" asks he, with some animation.

"You have flowers, but no roses," says Gretchen, nodding her pretty head disdainfully at all the china bowls full of flowers that are sweet but ill-chosen; "and what is a bunch of flowers without a rose?"

"A mere mockery," replies he, catching her humour; "yes, of course you would notice that. But you must pardon my want of taste. Remember, I have no one to gather them for me."

"I shall do it this moment. I can see some tempting ones just below me," says Gretchen, craning her neck over the balcony. "May I?"

"Oh! thank you," exclaims the young man, gratefully, a little colour coming into his pale face. And then he watches her as she crosses the balcony and decends the steps, her long dove-gray skirts trailing behind her,—watches her musingly as she moves with unstudied grace from tree to tree, a fairer flower herself than any she can gather,—a veritable symphony in gray,—while Mrs. Tremaine talks on, and succeeds, as she always does, in making herself intensely agreeable.

Then Gretchen returns with the roses, and going up to him, puts them softly to his face.

"Are they not sweet?" she says; and he answers her back again,—

"They are indeed," gratitude in his face and voice.

"They will die, darling. Ring for some water and arrange them in one of those Wedgwood bowls," says Mrs. Tremaine.

"If I may have them here beside me just as Miss Tremaine has brought them in, without water and without arrangement, I think I should prefer it," says Dugdale; whereupon Gretchen, feeling pleased, she hardly knows why, brings them back to him and lays them on the small table near him.

Then Mrs. Tremaine rises and tells him they must really go.

"Must you?" says Dugdale, regretfully, and wonders vaguely how he could have felt so bored half an hour ago at the mere thought of having to entertain them.

"Thank you a thousand times for coming," he says, earnestly. "Do you know I never realized how lonely I was until you came?"

"Then I am afraid we have done you more harm than good," says Gretchen, mischievously glancing at him over her mother's shoulder, with a kind little smile.

"Oh, no, you must not say that. On the contrary, you have given me something pleasant to think of. I shall now live in the hope that you will come again," returns Dugdale, this time addressing Gretchen rather than her mother.

"It is quite dreadful your being so much alone,—so disheartening," says Mrs. Tremaine thoughtfully. "Well, we must see—we must see; oh, yes, of course we shall come again, and soon, very soon. Good-by, my dear Kenneth; and pray do not keep those roses so close to you. Flowers are always unwholesome,—so full of midges, and flies, and other unpleasant things."

"I don't believe there is anything unpleasant in these flowers," Kenneth replies, with conviction, letting his glance rest on Gretchen for one moment as she bids him farewell. Her clear eyes look calmly into his; his hand closes round hers. This visit, so unlooked for, has proved inexpressibly sweet to him, has linked him once more with the old world on which he has so resolutely turned his back, refusing to be comforted, and yet for which he has never ceased to pine daily, hourly.

There is a colour on his lips, now, a warmth at his heart, that ever since his sad accident has been unknown to it. He holds Gretchen's hand closely, as though loath to let her go; and she, being quick to notice the signs of grief or longing in those around her, returns the pressure faintly, and says "Good-by" in her gentlest tones. It seems to him there is a hope, a promise in her voice that sustains him. Yes, she will surely come again. The thought almost reconciles him to the weary days that lie before him, in which life, in its fullest sense, must be denied him. He has so long been a recluse, has so long brooded in solitude over his own misfortunes, that now to hold sudden converse with his fellow-creatures seems strange to him, and good as strange. He watches the girl's departing figure, as she follows her mother from the room, with a wistful gaze. At the door she pauses, and looking back at him again, bestows upon him a last little friendly smile and bow, after which she vanishes.

To Dugdale it seems as though the sunshine had gone with her. He sighs impatiently, and with a gesture of distaste closes the book he had thought so interesting half an hour before and flings it from him. A gloomy expression falls into his eyes, and the old look of heavy discontent settles round his lips; he raises his hand, and by chance it falls upon the roses at his side. His face softens. Lifting them, he separates them slowly and examines them one by one.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, what did you think of him, Gretchen?" asks Kitty.

It is many hours later, and dinner is almost at an end. The servants have departed to a more congenial though a lower world, and Brandy and Flora have brought to a successful termination the mild but vigorous dispute that has endured through every course.

"I thought him handsome—particularly handsome,—but sad," says Gretchen, a little absently. She has been somewhat silent since her return home, and apparently full of thought.

"Quite depressing," remarks Mrs. Tremaine: "one hardly knew what to say to him, poor fellow. Really, but for Gretchen I don't know how I should have sustained conversation. She cheered him a good deal, I fancied. Yet he is not emaciated in appearance. He is pale, of course, but really looks wonderfully well; only melancholy, you know, and—hopeless, it struck me."

"Yes, hopeless," repeats Gretchen, quietly.

"He evidently depressed Gretchen too," says Brandy, screwing a most unnecessary glass into his eye; "she looks as if holding up one's finger would make her weep. I have been lost in admiration of her charming face ever since dinner began. That pensive expression suits her down to the ground. The general effect, however, was spoiled by her appetite, which was most objectionably healthy. You ought to do the thing thoroughly, my dear Gretchen,—artistically,—when you go about it at all. Have some more ginger? You appear to like it."

"I think he is lonely," says Gretchen, suddenly. "I glanced back as I was leaving the room, and found him gazing after us with a terribly wistful look in his eyes. I am sure he was thinking he would have no one to speak to him all the rest of the long evening."

"You should have gone back and offered your services," says Brandy, severely: "I hate half-hearted charity. I don't know how you can enjoy your dessert with such an evident sense of gratification when you picture to yourself that poor young man absolutely pining for you. *Do* have some more ginger. I know you love it."

"Well, I will, then," says Gretchen, with a little grimace, letting him help her.

"But this is a most miserable state of affairs," exclaims Mr. Tremaine, anxiously. "It is most unneighbourly and inhospitable to think of his being there all alone, whee perhaps he would like to be here. It is sufficient to drive him melancholy mad lying there all day long brooding over his misfortunes."

"You are going to propose something, Harry," says Mrs. Tremaine, with a smile.

"And you guess what it is?" with an answering smile.

"Yes. I think we ought to invite him here: poor Mary Spencer's son: is that it? You see I always know your thoughts."

"Ah! that is just what was in my heart," Gretchen breaks in, eagerly. "How thoughtful you are, papa! I am sure he would be happier here. Brandy may laugh at me, but when I was leaving his room to-day I would have given almost anything to be able to go back again, to have got a book and drawn my chair close to his and read to him for an hour or so. It seemed cruel to be so strong and healthy, when he was so afflicted."

"Your sister Gretchen's fate will be a Methody parson," says Brandy, *sotto voce*, to Flora, who, indignantly repudiating the idea, at once opens up another exhaustive argument, that lasts on and off till bed-hour.

"The library would be a charming place for him to lie in all day," says Kitty, with animation. "It is such a pretty room, and we occupy it so much during the morning, and nearly all the evening."

"But his bedroom," ponders Mrs. Tremaine, thoughtfully. "I could see at once how painfully sensitive he is about his unhappy condition, and I don't think he would submit to be carried up- and down-stairs in a strange house."

"He may have my morning room," says Gretchen, "willingly; it is off the library, and he can be easily brought from one room to the other."

"But you will miss your room, dearest," says her mother.

"No. For the time being I shall inflict myself upon Kitty. You don't mind, do you, Kitty?"

"Then I shall go over to-morrow and insist upon his coming," says Mr. Tremaine; "I won't hear of a refusal."

"I think, pappy, it would be almost better if mamma went," puts in Gretchen, very gently, giving her father's hand a soft little squeeze. "You are the kindest old pappy in the world, but perhaps mamma could explain better; you know"—with a glance at her mother—"how wonderfully clever she is about such matters."

"Do you hear her, the oily hypocrite?" murmurs Brandy, still *sotto voce*, to the incensed Flora. "Buttering up both the Pater and the Mater in one breath. Ugh! it makes me ill."

"You are a miserable creature," returns Flora, with subdued but evident force; "and I forget myself when I condescend to bandy words with you. She is the sweetest creature on earth, but you are incapable of appreciating her. There is not a drop of 'oil' in her body!"

"You would have to boil her down before you could swear to that," returns Brandy, provokingly. "Do you *want* to boil her? Why, positively you are worse than Wainwright, and Hannah Dobbs, and all that lot. And your own sister, too! Why, bad as you are, only that I heard you with my own ears, I shouldn't have believed that of you."

"I never said it. How can you even hint at such a thing?" says Flora, angrily; whereupon the argument waxes hotter and hotter, until Mrs. Tremaine, fortunately rising, carries off Flora to the drawing-room, and so puts an end to it—for the moment.

(To be continued.)

FEMININE FORCES.

Time was when, even in middle-class society, young girls were scarcely allowed to go out alone, and *never* to travel unaccompanied; but now it is nothing unusual for a girl of seventeen or eighteen to be travelling daily backwards and forwards to her college or classes, and she necessarily gains a confidence and assurance of manner very much out of character with our typical shy English maiden. Even the old names are changing. We have no longer governesses, but "lady-tutors;" no more school-girls, but "students;" and whether we are gaining much by the changes perceptible everywhere around us, is difficult to say. The great cry for the better education of women, for the equality of the sexes, is being responded to, but where will it carry us? Will it go on till the youth stands blushing and trembling, whilst the maiden whispers "the old, old story?" Education is grand, it is also indispensable; but it may be carried on at too high a pressure, and upon useless and even extravagant lines. *If* a girl is to be governess, or has to gain her own living, she *must*, in these days of competition, work very hard, if she would not be altogether left behind in the race for bread. But the present rage for colleges and classes makes many girls, who have no reason ever to think of getting their own living, work much harder than is good for their physical health. And the question is, does the kind of education they obtain make them better wives and mothers, pleasanter companions, or more estimable or intellectual women than their grandmothers were?

People say women have done nothing very notable *because*, in past generations, they have had no chances, have never had proper educational facilities; but the real fact is, women have not the creative faculty; and for one woman who has orginated anything, twenty or thirty men may be named. It is not a matter of education, but of natural power and ability. Men of power and genius have forced their way to the surface *in spite* of neglected education and endless other difficulties; and women of equal power could do the same. That only a stray woman here and there has done so must surely be an argument that women of any great genius and creative power are very rare. Can anybody mention *one* woman worthy to be placed amongst the sculptured figures round the base of the Albert Memorial? And it is not from the lack of education that they are not there. There were women in the days of Queen Elizabeth, besides Bess, herself, as highly educated as any of our modern students. Woman is man's complement, not his rival; her chief power lies in the influence she has over him; *through* men, women have tenfold more power than they will ever have in their proper persons. That to many women the present educational advantages are of immense value I do not deny; but these, it may also be said, are exceptions; we can count on our fingers our lady-doctors, or our lady-lawyers; our known lady-artists are not numerous; and the world would be better without some of our lady-writers. But take the mass of our English girl-students, and can we say that the present high-pressure system of education is good for them?

If a girl is to be a governess, and teach, or in any way to get her own living, she must necessarily learn thoroughly such subjects as are essential to the object in view; but even so, we hold that working desperately for a period, and then having three months' holiday, is a bad division of time. And for girls who are *not* going to be governesses, but whose lot in life is rather to be pleasant home companions, helpful intelligent members of society, and probable mothers of children, it is a pity their health and strength should be strained and overtaxed by condensing the work of months into weeks, and of years into months. And, indeed, some of the brightest and most intelligent of the many delightful women we meet have never had a college education, know nothing of mathematics, and not much of science; but instead have dipped deeply into good literature, and can take an intelligent interest in, and give a sound opinion upon, the great questions of the day. Was it Charles Lamb who said his idea of educating a girl was to turn her loose into a well-chosen library? Of course he was thinking of a girl as a companion, not as a clerk or a lawyer.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

MISTRYSTED.

I feel the nicht as I wud choke,
  I feel I canna breathe within;
My mither threeps that women fowk
  Sud ever bide at hame an' spin;
I trow when faither used tae spiel
  The brae, and whustle o'er the moor,
She didna' sit an' birl her wheel,
  An' never look ayont the door.

Sae I wud wander doon the brae
  Whaur him an' me strayed ilka e'en;
An' think, as a' my lane I gae
  On a' the joy that micht hae been.
They say a bonnier lass he's foun'—
  Ah weel, that was na' ill tae do—
But he maun seek braid Scotland roun'
  Or ere he licht on ane as true.

I wunner if her heart does beat
  Whan in the gloaming he comes ben;
Is it that sair, she fain wud greet,
  Whan he gangs ower the door again?
I wunner is she far ower blate
  Tae raise tae his her happy ee,
For fear the joy, she kens is great,
  Is mair than, maybe, he sud see?

I wunner does he cast a thocht
  On ane, wha ance was a' tae him;
I wunner—whiles mair than I ocht,
  Till heart is sair and een are dim—
Ay, here the sun sank red an' roun,
  An' here we heard the laverock's sang,
An' here was whaur we sat us doun,
  Here whaur the burnie flashed alang.

Last year, we daun'ered down the braes,
  Last year we heard the gowk's first cry;
Last year, we pu'ed the nuts an' slaes,
  An' watched the honey bees sail by;
An' here a mavis built her nest,
  Close underneath the auld stone wa'
But ane her peacefu' hame has guessed,
  An' stole the mavis' nest awa'.

My mither says she's fairly sick
  To see me gang a' day an' mourn;
When lads, she says, are aye as thick
  As are the haws on ilka thorn.
Aye, an' the gowk 'ill come next year,
  The mavis fin' anither hame;
The burnie's dance alang as clear,
  The bees gang singing ower the kaim.

The nuts an' slaes hang ripely doun,
  An' lads and lassies pu' them fain;
An' hearken tae the laverock's tune,
  When next year shall come roun' again.
It's this my mither aye has said
  She doesna see sae clear as I,
That I hae reeled aff a' my thread,
  An' laid my rock an' reels a' by.

L. A. Johnston.

"CHIMES OF NORMAN-Y."

Affectionately dedicated to the Canon, in view of a late letter addressed to the CANADAN SPECTATOR.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L. :
"This vile SPECTATOR critic says, says he,
'If equally well qualified, 'twere well
Canadian graduates preferred should be.'
Vile wicked words! with which I don't agree,
Since for good manners, polish, high-tone, common sense,
Canadian graduates, the truth to tell,
To equal gents from Oxford can't commence,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.,
"This simplest of critics, says he,
Strange tales of lax school discipline men tell,
Of DR. STEVENSON, P. B. S. C.,
Vile scribbler, writing for his petty fee!
Thou shalt from me fit punishment receive,
Who once in English Billingsgate did dwell,
Can call bad names from morn till dewey eve,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.,
"They may be learned and competent," says he,
"But then they have not the true Oxford swell,
High tone, flash, *culture*, seen in men like me.
The Brummel type in them you never see,
Tuft-hunting these poor people do not go,
Nor gaze in awe where titled people dwell,
They know no lords, nor do they want to know,"
Says REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

Yet, dear SPECTATOR, thee doth *Grip* commend,
No "Norman conquest" hast thou got to fear,
Let native writers native rights defend,
In no back seat let Canada appear;
Our Hanlan beat their Oxford crew 'tis clear.
Go on, thou bold SPECTATOR man although
Thou for so doing be assailed pell-mell,
With all the spleen an Oxford man can show,
By REVEREND W. NORMAN, D. C. L.

—*Toronto Grip.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

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

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.

CANADIAN WOOD ENGRAVERS.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—My attention has been drawn time and again to the work of Mr. J. Walker for over 25 years past, and I wish to give an unsolicited testimony to what I deem to be its value. While I consider his skill to be great, both in cutting and the previous drawing for the wood, I think he has not often enjoyed a fair field for his powers, and that that has arisen chiefly from the grade of work most in demand amongst us, which cannot be classed as high. But good drawing and conception show through all such impediments, and I think it a pity he should not have the opportunity of proving what he could do.

Mr. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy, with his accustomed urbanity, will be likely to overlook the rather hasty expressions arising from the disappointment felt by a superior workman who had deemed himself somewhat neglected; and Mr. Walker will, no doubt, be able to take the hint. Yours truly, *Art.*

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—In a former issue of the SPECTATOR appeared a letter over the signature "Lia Phail." This writer states that he is desirous of proving or attempting to prove the Anglo-Israel theory. This he will doubtless be able to do in the same manner in which the theory has hitherto been proved (?). I am willing to enter into the controversy with him; stipulating that he is to begin the argument by stating his premises, and that my position is to be of a purely negative and critical character.

Inquirer.

Chess.

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

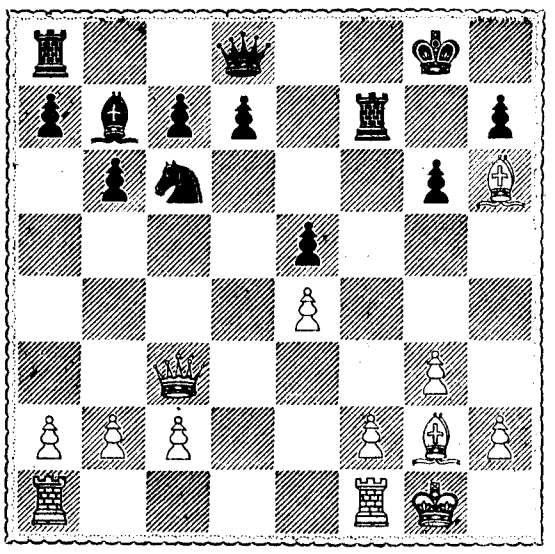
Montreal, December 4th, 1880.

END GAME NO. 3.

From Walter Pelham's Journal.

Position after Black's 14th move in a game between Herr Louis Paulsen and the Rev. Mr. Owen.

BLACK (Mr. Owen.)



WHITE (Herr L. Palsen.)

White.	*Black.*	*White.*	*Black.*
15 P to B 4	B to R 3	20 P takes P	Kt to K 4 *(d)*
16 P takes P *(a)*	B takes R	21 B to R 3	P to K Kt 4
17 R takes B	Q to K 2 *(b)*	22 Q takes P	P to Kt 5
18 R takes R	Q takes R	23 P Queens (ch)	Q takes Q *(e)*
19 P to K 6 *(c)*	Q to K 2	24 Q to Kt 7 mate	

NOTES.—(*a*) A bold move, but apparently quite sound.

(*b*) He dare not take the R on account of B takes R, for he cannot afterwards avert the attack of this B.

(*c*) Obviously this daring Pawn cannot be taken.

(*d*) The exchange of Queens or taking the Pawn would not relieve him—*e.g.*, Q to B 4 (ch 21 Q takes Q: P takes Q. 22 P to K 6, and wins.

(*e*) Either this or the Queen is lost.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

To J. W. Shaw, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—It is a great pity that there is no appeal from the decision of the umpire; his decision is a ridiculous one. Common sense, it is my belief, should govern the 50-move limit law. I do not know who your opponent was in the game mentioned, but surely he could not be in earnest when he claimed the 50-move limit. Yours truly,

St. Louis, Nov. 29th, 1880. *Max Judd.*

To J. W. Shaw, Esq.:

DEAR SIR,—The remarkable decision rendered by the Conductor of the "Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney" upon the appeal of your opponent, Mr. Kittson, seems to me so preposterous that, were not so serious a matter involved, it might well be viewed in the light of a huge joke! A plethora of argument has already been adduced in your local chess columns to expose the idle tissue by which the fallacy is supported; and, for the credit of the Tourney, it is certainly to be hoped that the gentleman will not obstinately adhere to so perverted an interpretation of the law in question as that which he has enunciated. He must be precisely one of those peculiarly obstinate characters against whom the enactment of the 50-move law became necessary. The stand taken by him and his supporters is extremely absurd, if not puerile. Sincerely yours,

New York, Nov. 20th, 1880. *C. A. Gilberg.*

To the Chess Editor CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

DEAR SIR,—In the *Globe* of the 20th inst. appears some more of the Chess Editor's remarkable "reasoning" on the 50-move limit question. He pretends to quote from what he is pleased to call my "paradoxical reasoning," that I scout the idea of preponderance of force in applying a law which states that "whenever one player considers that one side can force the game," etc. Here are two distinct instances of disingenuousness, and I am forced to the conclusion that he is not honestly arguing the matter with a view to arrive at a clear understanding of the truth. In the first place he conveniently omits to notice that I wrote "preponderance of force not *alone*." In the second place he also conveniently winds up the quotation with "etc.," trying to convey the idea that when one player considers the game can be forced that the law applies, whereas it only permits a player to refer the question (as to whether the case calls for the action of the law) to the umpire. Is this honest argument? Now if the contention of the *Globe* Editor that end games of all descriptions and positions where one player has a superiority of force are to be subject to the law, why should the umpire be appealed to at all?

In spite of being considered "fatuous," I repeat the assertion that a position being an end game does not of itself bring it under the law. That the rule was extended to embrace

all classes of end games is true enough, but it only does so so far as to allow the umpire's decision to be called for, thus showing that all end games do not call for the operation of the limit.

The Editor does not attempt to reconcile the clear statement that the meaning of the law is simply to force a drawn game to an end with his theory that it applies to all sorts of positions and forces, because, I presume, the undertaking is beyond even his powers. He makes one correct deduction from my reasoning, and says triumphantly, "that is to say, the more reason one has to believe the game can be forced, the less reason the umpire has to grant the count!" He appears to think this a crushing retort, but it is exactly what I did mean, and correctly states the case, because then there is no drawn game to be forced to a conclusion.

In answer to his outrageous assertion that his opponents are driven from the law itself by its plainness of language and take refuge in Notes and Observations, I simply say neither the letter nor the spirit of the law sustains him, and also that the wording of the law compels a reference to its meaning as may be briefly shown.

The spirit of the law is shown in the phrase "simply intended to force a drawn game to a conclusion."

The letter of the law says the umpire shall decide as to whether the case calls for the action of the law.

In conclusion, to justify the Editor in his position, he has to ignore and throw aside some parts of the explanation of the meaning of the law, whereas the opposite conclusion reconciles every part of it.

Yours truly,

New York, 24th November, 1880. *A. P. Barnes.*

Musical.

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

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

QUEEN'S HALL ORGAN.

In our notice of the specification of the above instrument the Pedal Trombone 16 feet was accidentally omitted; one or two errors also were apparent in the classification of materials, the Claribella, for example, being made of wood, not metal. The builders have made the chests to *exceed* the limit of the specification, all the manuals extending to A in alt., two semitones higher than the ordinary compass. The Vox Humana (which is being imported from the celebrated house of Messrs. Cavaillé-Coll of Paris) is expected to arrive next week.

IMPORTANT INVENTION BY A CANADIAN ORGAN BUILDER.

Mr. E. Smith (of the firm of Bolton & Smith) has invented a new pallet which he claims will do away with the necessity for pneumatic attachments to the lower keys of large organs. It has been always a puzzle to organ-builders how to lighten the touch necessary to the opening of the large valves of the lower notes of monster instruments, the wind pressure being so great as to defy any human muscles. Several methods have been devised to ameliorate this pressure, the most notable being the "jointed pallet," which, allowing a small portion to open first, admits the air on all sides and lessens the touch considerably, but Mr. Smith has adopted a totally different principle, and reduces the touch of the largest pallet to a minimum. We understand that a patent has been applied for, and so at present we are not at liberty to explain the simple method by which this result is attained; suffice it to say that we have tested the pallet now on exhibition at the factory in Mountain Street, and are satisfied that it works perfectly, and with a very light pressure of the finger. Mr. Smith seems to be not only by name but by natural proclivities a worthy successor of the great father of organ-building, and we wish him every success with his new and useful invention.

"CARRENO" CONCERTS.

All who have heard Madame Carreno's artistic performances will be glad to have an opportunity of hearing her once more in the Queen's Hall on Thursday Dec. 2 and Saturday Dec. 4th. The artists who accompany her are of the "first water" and we are sure that at the low price named by the managers few will be able to resist such an attractive entertainment.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

The first of the Popular Ballad Concerts will be given on Monday evening next in the Queen's Hall. Some of the best available talent has been secured, including Mrs. Rockwood —Soprano, Miss Emma Scott—Contralto, Mr. Delahunt—Basso, Miss Holmes—Pianiste, and Mr. Boucher—Violinist. Dr. Maclagan will act as Accompanist and Musical Director.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

The first concert of the present season will take place in the Queen's Hall on the 9th December. The solos will be taken by members of the Society; the orchestra also will be composed of local performers. We think our citizens should show their desire to encourage home talent by attending in large numbers.

CHRISTMAS CONCERT.

The members of the Cathedral Choir intend giving a concert during Christmas week, a feature of which will be the singing of Christmas carols in which the boy choristers will take part.