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THE TIMES.

SIR,—My first opponent has ridden from the field declining further combat unless I lift my visor up. Another champion however, caparisoned upon the prancing steed of a new Commissionership, has entered the lists and "feels constrained to break a lance" with me. Let me assure you that under ordinary circumstances, nothing would give me greater pleasure. I am no stranger to

"The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel."

But unfortunately, Canon Norman, impelled by the weakness of his cause, stoops to employ a method of warfare to which I confess myself unaccustomed—of which indeed I would be ashamed, and in which I readily admit my inferiority. When a discussion such as this degenerates into mud-flinging, he who has the largest quantity of that cheap material on hand is sure to be the victor. I am sorry that my opponent has soiled his canonical hands in this manner; and although it might be pardonable in me to follow the example of so illustrious a man, I shall nevertheless not venture to do so. To turn aside from the real question of controversy, to exchange compliments of which "anonymous scribbler" "contemptible cowardice" and "impertinence" are specimens, would be, however pleasant to the refined taste of Canon Norman, neither congenial to myself nor edifying to the public.

But if Canon Norman had emulated the "refined courtesy" of Dr. Stevenson, which he lauds indeed, but does not imitate—if he had refrained from twisting and distorting my sentences in a vain endeavour to glorify himself—if he had shown any desire to discuss the real points at issue, instead of indulging in that personal vituperation of which, and of other arts, he is, it seems, a master, I would have been ready in "all love and sincerity" to have broken any number of lances with him. As matters stand, however, I must request this gentleman to lay aside his violent anger and passion, and discuss the matter in a proper way.

Let Canon Norman observe that I still maintain the statements in my recent article to be true; none of them have been disproved; none of them have even been directly denied. The Canon states that I wonder at the silence of the Oxford nominees. He is mistaken; I do not wonder at it in the least. Again, he remarks "one of these gentlemen has been for so short a time in our employ that to pass a definitive judgment on his results would be premature." Here is damning without even faint praise! It is not even known whether the gentleman is likely to be successful or not! Of the other, Dr. Norman asserts what I never denied, viz., "that his power of imparting knowledge to those who chose to learn, was as great as that knowledge itself." What I do assert is, that in this gentleman's presence very few chose to learn, owing to the wretched, or want of, proper discipline that was maintained. And I further assert that it is most unfair that the efforts of other tutors, able, zealous and efficient, should be hampered and hindered by the incompetence of Dr. Norman's protégés.

The worthy Canon's letter is certainly not deficient in vigour of a certain kind; nor is there any lack of vindictiveness. In these respects he has

surprised his friends not less than his foes. Towards the close of his epistle the Canon grows dramatic, and exclaims, in his most lofty and grandiose manner, "Let 'Nihil Verius' return into well-deserved obscurity!" I admit that it is here my duty to feel crushed, to hide my diminished head, and to cry for gracious pardon. But this I cannot do, and instead I reply: Let Canon Norman exult if he will in the fame which an angry epistle has added to his pompous mediocrity, but let him never attempt by such anger and violence to stifle the free discussion of vital questions! *Nihil Verius.*

SIR,—In your issue of November 13th Canon Norman, in a very undignified tone, takes exception to an article written by "Nihil Verius." Though I am unwilling to appear as the champion of "Nihil Verius," I may say that it is hardly fair that two "big guns" of such great calibre as Canon Norman and the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, D.D., should discharge their missiles upon an anonymous correspondent; therefore I would, as quietly as possible, notice a few discrepancies in the letter of Canon Norman. He writes as follows:—

"Nihil Verius says: 'I hope that very few will deny that, other qualifications being equal, the preference should be given to a Canadian graduate.' I beg leave to think that many will hold exactly the opposite view. In the first place, entire equality in intellectual qualifications among candidates for educational appointments is one of the rarest of phenomena. Again, something besides book-learning is required in a teacher, knowledge of the world in a good sense, geniality of temperament, sympathy with the young, a high estimate of education as a calling, should (apart from good moral principle, an essential requisite in all) be taken into account; and these might be found more readily among University men from the old country than among Canadian graduates. This is entirely distinct from any mere arrogant assumption that Oxford metal is always pure gold, and Canadian currency dross."

These statements or deductions of Canon Norman are not logical. "Nihil Verius" speaks of "qualifications being equal," and makes his deduction—the Canon speaks of "qualifications being unequal," and makes his deduction, fancying that he has proved "Nihil Verius" to be in error. Shades of Locke! I have no acquaintance with any of the Commissioners, nor do I know how the appointments are made by them, but I am sure that if Canon Norman makes the appointments in the same manner as he reasons in answer to "Nihil Verius," there must be some faulty appointments.

Another statement made by Canon Norman with regard to one of the nominees, is that "his power of imparting knowledge to those who chose to learn was and is as great as that knowledge itself." What a wonderful educational luminary this nominee must have been! and in what an extraordinary degree he must have transcended all former educators, and how the Canon and his colleagues must have hugged themselves with delight at having secured this *rara avis*, who succeeded in "imparting knowledge to those who chose to learn." Is this "damning with faint praise"? And further, as to the power of imparting knowledge being as great as that knowledge itself, the statement is an absurdity, and even if it were not, the fact that this knowledge was only imparted to schoolboys who chose to learn, shows that the appointment could not have been a very good one.

The Canon says that the grammar and taste of "Nihil Verius's" article are eminently bad. I will say nothing of the Canon's taste in calling a person "pusillanimous," accusing him of "contemptible cowardice," &c. &c. I wish to say a few words regarding Canon Norman's English, and I am glad that he acknowledges having been a graduate for twenty-eight years, as the fact that he graduated so many years ago will account for his errors. Here are a few: "I might appear in the light of one," "qualifications among candidates," "sandwiched into the middle," "two gentlemen far his superior" (the Canon is superior to writing superiors). The relative pronoun "who" in the phrase "who is morally" should be preceded by the conjunction "and." I would also ask the Canon what he means by the phrase "behind a pseudonym rather than a *nom de plume*." Is there a hidden meaning here? Are not the terms convertible? I also question the construction of the following sentence:—

"I should then counsel him to abstain from rushing into print until he has learnt something of the art of reasoning, that conclusions must have premisses, and till he has at all events attained some mastery over the English language."

And I conclude with the Canon's conclusion, bidding him "in the interim, farewell." *On-looker.*

["On-looker" might also have pointed out that "essential requisite" in the first quotation is not particularly good English.—ED.]

The *Gazette* has taken this matter up in a very peculiar manner. It deals with the question in much the same way as "Nihil Verius"—accepts his position in general, and as to particulars, claims to know nothing, but yet ventures to talk of the questionable taste of "Nihil Verius," and calls him a "somewhat impertinent scribe." Surely "Nihil Verius" has just as much right to discuss this matter in the *SPECTATOR* as an anonymous writer in the *Gazette*! We all know where Canon Norman graduated because he has told us, but I am at a loss to know where the writer in the *Gazette* took honours for modesty and good breeding.

I am glad to hear that the stock of the Canada Consolidated Gold Mining Company is going well in the market. Canadians seem to have confidence in the scheme. The subscription list will not remain open longer than Thursday, 25th. Let us hail and help all these new efforts to develop the country.

I am glad of the chance to say a good word for the coloured singers of the Fisk University who are about to pay a visit to our city. I heard them about six years ago in Manchester, and they sang their quaint, weird, plaintive songs with splendid effect. These are no mere "nigger minstrels" trading upon their colour and the misfortunes of their race; they have a general education in letters, as well as a special education in music, and I hope we shall have no bigotry of the white-skin to show them. They are worthy of respect and esteem, and for myself I want no better treat than to hear them sing for an evening.

The object they have in giving these concerts is purely missionary. They have built Fisk University, Nashville, Tennessee, and paid for it at a cost of \$150,000. The University will accommodate 347 pupils, with 13 professors and tutors. A recent gift of \$60,000 has enabled them to build a Livingstone Missionary Hall, which will double the capacity of the University. Last year 10,000 pupils were under the instruction of its trained teachers. The money realized by these concerts will be used as an endowment fund for the theological department, and I hope they will have in Montreal all the success they deserve.

I gladly contribute my quota of praise in honour and glory of muscle. Edward Hanlan has conquered Trickett, and in him all the world of scullers, and will probably return to Canada with more money than Gladstone will get for a year's Parliamentary work and anxiety—more than Tennyson made by "In Memoriam," more than Beaconsfield will get for "Endymion," just to be published, and as much as would pay and satisfy thirty or forty editors in Canada. Some citizens of Toronto are anxious to purchase for him the freehold of the little island on which he lives, and to present him with the freedom of the city, so that he may henceforth have no taxes to pay. "Nothing succeeds like success" because nothing deserves it so well. If Edward had failed, and yet done his best, all the little dogs would have barked at him instead of wagging their tails. I am sorry the motion was not carried, for it would have been an honour to Toronto to have its first and only free citizen the champion oarsman of the world: and other cities would have been encouraged to honour their champion "heel and toe, go as you please," or lacrosse player, or Græco-Roman wrestler, or anything else of the kind. Toronto has lost a great chance. Poor, shortsighted Toronto.

The editor of the *Toronto Mail* said the other day, in commenting upon an article in the *Saturday Review*, that writers in daily papers have no time for writing spiteful things. That editor must be new to the country, and he will correct his views when he becomes a little more acquainted with our daily press.

The horror of the two deaths on the St. Lin Railway is pervading all our society as this is written, and forms a painful check upon the pen. The loss of Mr. Pangman will be deeply felt in his own neighbourhood and in Montreal, for he was the leading man of his district and President of the line on which the shocking occurrence took place. It is bitter to think of our enterprising men and captains

of industry being lost to our rising community through failures and wants in organization, that any calm and unprejudiced mind might be free to apprehend. Though waiting the close of the inquest, I am free to say that the calamity should form a lesson for Canada, and a lesson for the age in which it has occurred. We cannot restore to life these broken forms so suddenly called into the presence of their Maker; but there is not the shadow of a doubt that our railway organization, calculated as it is to gladden with prosperity generations yet unborn, might be and ought to be reformed by the constitution of a special branch, where none can now be said to exist, for the conservation of life by dealing with the active and passive causes of the various disorders in working a construction from which disasters spring. One shrinks from talking of expense in the construction—but the argument is urged against every reform—and so it may be broadly asserted that on the whole in place of expense there would be a great saving from the contemplated institution of safety officers on the railways. Of course before this proposal can be honestly discussed, the newspapers will take a long pause to see what other people have to say. But who are the "other people" likely to come forward not steeped in the prejudice of use and wont? It would be foolish to disguise the fact that we seriously need their help. There may be more hope of early action by the authorities who always have to pause and think than of movement by those organs of opinion. And in the very midst of our humiliation the Corporation of Montreal will be debating whether they shall allow a new railway section to cross seven streets in place of running unimpeded by the water side. *O tempora!*

"SIR,—As a postscript to the paragraph on heating and ventilation in last number, it should be observed that, if the neighbourhood of the stove on the ground floor is used as a sleeping place for an invalid or delicate person, there will most likely not be the same freedom for the admission of cold air on that floor, although there will be no reason on this account for altering the 'warm-air-chamber' arrangement of the doors. The heated air from the stove ascends and leaves the side of the room in atmospheric quiet. If the fire burns well, we understand that there is a constant admission of air from the outside with the house—much of it no doubt, coming in under the doors; according as such openings are left free or otherwise—one use of a special ground floor cold-air draft, supposing the weather to admit of it and no patient to hinder, is to enable the stove to give off cooler streams of air from its surface. This object may be attained also by the dampers. At any rate, it will not do to have the friend we are interested about, located in Florida only to catch cold for all the pains taken. The best practical test, as already indicated, will be the sleeper's own sensations on wakening—and we should not make it a too risky one."

An old and favoured correspondent of the *Witness* has written a sufficiently unpatriotic letter to that journal on the prospects of our great North-West, in which climate forms the chief engine by which he hopes to confound his adversaries. Climate will divide itself into two heads,—its effects upon production, and its effects upon mankind. It has also to be considered separately, as summer and winter. Field production in these regions is not much influenced by the winter's cold. The duration and the qualities of the summer are far more important. He has little to say about the fertility of the greatest wheat-growing tract in the world—nor about the limits fixed by nature to the wheat-belt on this continent—nor about the cattle-raising prospects—but a great deal on the excellence of certain routes into the United States and the value of intercourse with that country, all of which may be very desirable, but does not adversely affect the Canadian question; for, so far from the one branch of enterprise excluding the other, they will aid one another in the east by the common use of trunk lines, and a man of his experience and eloquence ought to have been able to discern this more plainly. What we ought to be more concerned about is to see that the option of possession of the railway and reversion of the lands are secured to our Government and people.

Parliament has been summoned to meet on the 9th of next month, and we may hope that in a few days after that Sir John will

satisfy our long-drawn-out curiosity as to the kind of bargain he has made with the Pacific Railway Syndicate. That he has done the best he could for the country we may be quite sure—that is, taking it for granted that the building of the whole line at once is a foregone conclusion; but that the enormity of the money and land to be granted by the country to the Syndicate will not work a change in the opinion of the tax-payers is not a foregone conclusion. It is as plain as anything political can be that this question of building the line into British Columbia has never been before the voters as a distinct issue, and it is only fair and reasonable to ask the Government to lay the facts and figures before the people, and then take a vote upon them.

It can be demonstrated that it will pay us well to open up the great Prairie district around Manitoba; and it can also be demonstrated that going across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia will mean a considerable drain upon our resources for the next fifty years; so the question arises: Can we not do that which will pay at once and postpone the rest indefinitely? We do not require the railroad into British Columbia for commercial or political purposes, and Canada cannot afford to mortgage the future much more heavily.

The P. R. Commission drags its weary length along and people are beginning to ask what it is all about. As yet no practical advantage has arisen from it, except the discovery of a few irregularities in the management of details, and a very substantial clearance of Sir Charles Tupper from all the charges of corruption brought against him in the columns of the *Globe*. It simply means this: The *Globe* abused Sir Charles and accused him of sundry malpractices in the letting of contracts; it always kept clear, however, of any chance of being held responsible before a law court—still in its own manner it toiled at the work of mud-slinging just to keep up the attention of its readers and maintain the circulation, and the Commission was appointed and the taxpayers will have to foot the enormous bill of expenses, because the manager of the *Globe* had the wit to hit upon a business dodge.

There should be some way of putting down such tricks as these. Public sentiment, or law, should compel all writers making statements, which involve public and private characters, to make good their words or pay the cost of any enquiry demanded by them. If the *Globe* had to pay the expense of this P. R. commission it would learn a useful lesson in careful speaking.

Mr. Parnell may be a great patriot and intensely anxious to see the Land League succeed, but it is quite certain that he cares a great deal more for Mr. Parnell and his immediate personal concerns. In *Blackwood* for last August I find it said: "Sir L. Tollemache Sinclair, recently twitted Mr. Parnell, in the course of a debate in the House of Commons, with the fact that the rents on the Parnell estate in the County Armagh are 40 per cent. above the rents on neighbouring estates; and that, although the Parnell tenants were promised a reduction last spring of 15 per cent. they only got 7½ per cent. We know estates in Ireland where the rents are the same at the present day as they were forty years ago, without lease or writing of any sort, and notwithstanding the great increase which has taken place in the value of farm produce during that period."

Here is another clipping from the London *Times* of the 13th of last month anent Mr. Parnell and the Irish Land League:—"A correspondent has written to the *Irish Times* to direct attention to a memorial in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in Dublin, 1880, B 44, No. 199, memorial of lease dated 18th August, 1880, Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., of the one part and — of the other part, in consideration of a former lease and in lieu and bar of all claims for improvement past and future, disturbance or otherwise by the said —, the said Charles Stewart Parnell devises," &c. This looks as if the great agitator is quite willing that the Ulster tenant right shall obtain everywhere except on the Parnell estates. This is a new school of patriotism and Parnell is its prophet.

EDITOR.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

In eight or ten days there will probably be no sea-going vessels in port and there will be but little activity in commercial circles until the movement takes place to fill spring orders which usually begins towards the latter end of January or beginning of February. At present there is a press to get off goods for the west by the last boats; and western merchants who have annual contracts for freight by rail are having their orders filled to be shipped on or before November 30th. The outlook for trade in general, though not of a gloomy character shows no promise of any very great activity; the orders being in nearly all cases merely given at short intervals and for small quantities to supply immediate wants. Credits are not so easily obtained as they were in the past and long notes are not as general. The habit of "dating ahead" bills has also been curtailed and very properly, as it offered too many opportunities and facilities to the dishonest trader. In our opinion, no bills should, unless under very extraordinary circumstances, be given for a longer duration of time than sixty days; insolvencies would be fewer and sellers and purchasers would meet with more confidence and satisfaction. We have great satisfaction in noticing the reduction in the number of failures in Canada during the past nine months and hope to see them still further reduced. It would appear that we have at present reached a sounder condition of affairs than for years past and trust the revival of business may be secured with a corresponding certainty of stability.

An early close of canal navigation is expected; probably by the 28th instant. Lake navigation will be practically closed on the 28th of November, as insurance policies on hulls of vessels usually expire at that date, and special rates usually very high, prevail after that date. Shipments via the St. Lawrence for Europe will probably terminate for the season by the 25th November. Shipments of Grain from Buffalo by canal will be limited after the close of this week. The stock of Wheat on the canal November 6 was about 2,240,000 bushels, and of Maize 909,000 bushels; and on the lakes—Wheat, 1,862,000 bushels and of Maize 3,140,000 bushels.

The meeting of Grand Trunk proprietors on Thursday last October 27th was one of those occasions, pleasant alike to shareholders and directors, which resolve themselves into the exchange of congratulations and compliments across the table. Sir Henry Tyler could inform the meeting that the half-year under discussion had given the best results ever obtained by the company, and that the receipts of the latest week just advised were the highest yet reached; while the proprietors on their part showed due appreciation of the services of the Canadian officials, in producing such results, by a well-deserved acknowledgment to Mr. J. Hickson, the manager, then present, as they had on a previous occasion recognised the labours of the London administration. That such a meeting should be disturbed and thrown into a turmoil only to be allayed by a well-timed and well-applied exertion of physical force to the offending member, is only another illustration of the impossibility of perfect felicity in mundane matters. Grand Trunk proprietors at least have the sympathy of half a dozen other bodies corporate, afflicted from time to time in a similar manner, but not, happily, so quickly relieved. These bodies, doubtless, would cheerfully unite with Grand Trunk shareholders in any reasonable outlay, not only for moderate legal, but even for sumptuous funeral expenses to effect a permanent cure.

Considering the able and exhaustive speech of the chairman, and the details with regard to the undertaking, we need not here discuss at any length the extraordinary advance shown by the undertaking, nor the fair promise of continued improvement. The future of the Grand Trunk is assured, and opinions can only differ as to the greater or less rapidity with which further progress will be made.

The rumours as to further capital issues to be announced at the meeting, of which a good deal was made by speculators, but which, in the present development of the property, need hardly be a matter of uneasiness to the proprietors, resolved themselves into a suggestion that the annual charge for station accommodation at Chicago, which would be between £13,000 and £14,000 a year, might with advantage be capitalised at 5 per cent., and thus effect a saving under this head of £2,000 or £3,000. Proprietors will have read with interest and satisfaction the remarks of Sir Henry Tyler as to the benefits to be derived from the full development of the Chicago connection and the construction of the Canada Pacific Railway.

A prominent firm in the chief city of the West, it is reported, have cleared over six million dollars in what is termed a pork corner. They forced up the price of mess pork from about \$12 to \$18 per barl. Having bought up the entire available supply they forced all who sold pork short to come to their terms, and to do this levied a tribute upon every laboring man in the country. Mess pork is a staple article of food with the masses. Its cheapness has enabled the poorest classes to have this kind of meat for their tables almost daily. Since the sudden rise, however, of September last they have been denied this substantial article of food. To the day laborer who averages \$10 per week for

wages it makes a great difference whether the meat he buys for his family costs 12 or 18 cents a pound. The advance is not of much moment to the middle or wealthy classes, as with them the consumption of this article is small. To the masses, however, it is next to bread the chief staple, and an advance of over fifty per cent. in the cost is of paramount importance. The Press generally have spread the report of this lucky venture as exhibiting a great stroke of business skill, but so far have been silent as to the unjust tax it imposed on the poor who have suffered by the extortion. Every dollar of this gain has added anxiety, want and pinching economy to families who are compelled to save in every possible manner to find the means of daily subsistence. The men who combine and force up the price extortionately of staple articles of life deserve the out-spoken condemnation of the Press and public. The millions they gain are at the expense of honest toil and add new burdens to many homes already straitened in supplying daily wants. The wealth thus secured, it is true, may buy elegant mansions and clothe the possessors in soft raiment and fine linen, but with it comes a canker and a curse because won through extortion and greed. God never gave to any man or set of men the moral right to take advantage of surrounding circumstances and force up the staples of life to a point far beyond legitimate commercial values. Such combinations are outside the scope of regular business transactions. They cause privation, distress and oftentimes absolute hunger to thousands who otherwise would escape them. Six millions is a round sum to make so easily and in so short a time. Power, influence and position will be associated with it, and for a brief period the possessors may feel gratified with their triumph. The end is not yet, however, for the blight that ever comes over extortionate gains will cast its shadow here as the wheels of providence roll on.—U. S. Economist.

UNPROFITABLE PROFITS.

It is a decided exception in this expanding Dominion of ours to find a trader who has not made money, who has never known the joy, the sense of elation, which the first thousand dollars added to the capital account brings with it. And yet, as a nation, we are conspicuous for failures. Statistics show that these outnumber vastly even the United States in proportion to our numbers and extent of trade. Why is this? It can hardly be traced to a lower standard of moral rectitude. There is certainly no more trickery in trade here than in the United States.

Some other cause surely must be at work, unless statistics be wholly unreliable, and as the statistics at our disposal are both from the same source they must be given equal credence.

The cause of the discrepancy may probably be traced to this, that while we made this first thousand dollars quite as readily, and quite as generally as they, we are not quite as careful about its re-investment. We Canadians want to see it as well as to know we have it. Our American cousin is quite content to feel that he has got it; whether he shows it to others, spreads it out so that he can see it himself, is a matter of little moment to him. It is an axiom of trade mathematics that if the first thousand dollars made be as well invested as the thousand which made it, it will readily and semi-spontaneously produce its thousand also. The axiom so stated will have few objections; but are there few who act on it? There are at least two roads which lead astray from it. One is that the same care, the same prudent foresight and caution are not exercised about the re-investment of the first thousand dollars earned which was displayed in the investment of the original thousand of capital. The trader generally brings all his judgment, all his knowledge, all the anxiety which the toilsomeness of achieving these first savings have engendered to bear upon his choice of a means of investment. He dwells on safety as the first consideration and profit as the second. He does not expect probably to do more than a \$4,000 or \$5,000 annual turn-over with his original thousand, and will neither attempt nor allow himself to be tempted to exceed this limit he has set down as safe. When, however, it has gained him another thousand he feels sure he has "struck ile," that all his plans are right. He has proved them so, and has only to go in pluckily, extend as far as he possibly can in order to produce correspondently happy results. He believes he can use his second thousand more largely and also all the credit he can gain by it, on the same lines, with the same profit. This original one thousand was only capable of doing a \$5,000 business, but with this second thousand, aided by the good genius of "credit," he now sets out to do a \$20,000 business. This in plain English is expecting his second thousand to do a \$15,000 business—a thing he would have deemed madness to ask his first thousand to do. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he finds this second thousand not equal to it, any more than would have been his first. He gets over-stocked, supply exceeds demand and interest begins to eat him up like a cancer. Expenses grow, while profits decrease. At first he holds his own, but he makes nothing, and is painfully conscious all the time that his stock is depreciating, for his power of replenishing it or disposing of it are alike decreasing. Two evils afflict him; cash does not flow in, and both his credit and credit to others flow out and get lost. Unless he is peculiarly level-headed he gets flurried and worried. From lack of resolution and strength of mind to recognize that the first loss in such circumstances is the last, he permits himself to drift slowly into ruin. Then, if not before, he might have used his legitimate increase of capital to fair advantage in shorter cash payments without arriving at a sudden increase of business and thus have made his original trade a more profitable one, while maintaining a position to meet any gradual and natural increase of demand which might arise.

But the other phase of the evil is one perhaps more peculiarly Canadian. It is—a craze for bricks and mortar, combined with a reckless obliviousness towards any unloveliness of feature in the playful mortgage. It seems a hereditary taint in the Canadian mind, this hunger for building and possessing real estate. Generally the first thousand dollars added to capital finds its final resting place there. The idea invariably is that when it is so invested in something visible and tangible, both he and others will be better able to realize that he has it. This "estate" will then be "real" because it will be in "real estate." And further, so full is the happy builder of his genius in this particular line, that he almost invariably feels confident he can so build himself a "store" which will excel in usefulness and beauty all other stores, that it will be a pleasure to the fortunate mortgagee thereof to lend him all the money it has cost him. Thus he will have his money for use in his business and the interest will be no greater, if not much less even, than the rent he has been paying. That is how he sets out. This store is to cost him \$1,500. The lot he purchased at \$200, he values at \$500 or half more. When the two are combined, in the beautiful and artistic building his fancy paints, there will be no difficulty whatever in borrowing \$1,750 on it at 7 per cent. He will thus be actually \$50 in pocket for use in his business. The reality of course comes out as an expenditure of \$2,500, and the hard-hearted mortgagee values it at \$2000 and the land at \$50, and will only lend him \$1000 on it at 8 per cent. As he has already extracted all this \$2,700 out of his business and has

Clearances of Flour and Grain from Montreal for Europe for the week ended November 9th, 1880:—

		Flour, brls.	Wheat, bush.	Corn, bush.	Peas, bush.
November 2—	Steamer Waldensian, Glasgow.....	3,826	12,657	22,356
" 5—	Steamer Astorian, Glasgow.....	4,635	34,283
" 9—	Steamer Effective, Glasgow, (9,224 bush barley)....	13,321	390
" 5—	Steamer Sarmatian, Liverpool.....	1	19,996	4,000
"	Steamer Ontario, Liverpool (7,721 bu oats, 1,229 bu barley).....	3,234	4,455	40,428
" 8—	Steamer Laka Champlain, (448 bush oats).....	101	15,247	22,311
" 6—	Steamer Ocean King, London.....	3,547	22,382	16,682	5,000
" 8—	Bark Aspogagan, Queenstown.....	39,184
" 9—	Steamer Ashburne, Avonmouth.....	25,295	440	17,217
" 5—	Bark Angela, Bremenhaven (23,549 bush rye).....
Total week ended November 9th, 1880.....		28,664	134,315	43,823	115,185
Total week ended November 2nd, 1880.....		11,976	191,936	146,649	299,538
Total week ended November 11th, 1879.....		10,782	306,931	245,339	297,776

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Nov. 17, 1880.	Price per \$100 Nov. 17, 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	\$158½	\$142½	4	5.04
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,756	100,000	98½	71½	3	6.08
Molson's.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	103½	74½	3	5.80
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	137½	3½	5.09
Jacques Cartier.....	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	99	59	2½	5.05
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,518,933	475,000	115½	89	3	5.19
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,382,037	200,000	114½	3½	6.11
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	136½	117	4	5.86
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	75,000	68	45
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	133½	91	4	6.00
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	66	40
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	†63,000	121	70	16	4.95
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	155½	122	5	6.44

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	Period.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
		Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se	
*Grand Trunk.....	Nov. 13	\$6,440	\$164,805	\$230,245	\$220,128	\$10,117	\$	20 w'ks	\$651,450	\$	
Great Western.....	" 5	39,565	75,636	115,201	102,010	13,191	19 "	291,316	
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 8	7,522	25,587	33,109	28,878	4,231	19 "	68,158	
Toronto & Nipissing ..	" 6	1,392	3,327	4,719	3,853	866	19 "	5,482	
Midland.....	" 6	1,758	6,623	8,381	6,700	1,681	19 "	33,230	
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 6	1,440	1,756	3,196	3,140	56	19 "	2,323	
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay.....	" 14	609	1,293	1,902	1,317	585	20 "	6,907	
Canada Central.....	Oct. 30	4,900	8,752	13,652	13,426	226	19 "	36,189	
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	Nov. 13	2,285	4,310	6,595	6,319	276	20 "	1,532	
†Q., M., O. & O.....	" 8	7,513	7,376	14,889	6,482	8,407	17 "	158,492	
Intercolonial.....	Month	52,352	103,817	156,169	129,390	26,779	Month	4 m'th	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 20 weeks is \$679,650.

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

declined to entertain any such proposition as a \$1000 loan previously, he has now become so hard up, that he feels he must take it; and thus he attains the position of a man with only \$500 capital in his business with the other \$1500 locked up in brick and mortar. Said capital used in his business, as he has already shown himself able to use it, would double itself every three years. Now it saves him say, \$200 a year rent, and costs him \$80 a year interest and \$40 a year taxes—or a net earning on his \$1500 capital of \$80 per annum, instead of the 500 per annum which he would make were it employed in his business legitimately. To which falls to be added this advantage that it is too big a store for a \$500 capital to keep running; so the second mortgage is given in order to get goods to fill it with. The end of that man in a business point of view is *not* peace.

Nor is this mania confined to the small trader. Would that it were. We have plenty of \$100,000 stores in which are transacted annually only \$400,000 worth of business, for which a cheap plain brick building worth \$20,000 would amply sufficient. These stores are not producers, grand and imposing as they may appear. They are dead-weights on the trade of the community. Banks even, with a million dollars of capital lock up \$150,000 or \$200,000 in real estate in which to transact a trade in money of a couple of millions. The \$150,000 or \$200,000 so locked up is alike useless and dangerous, because wholly unrealizable when the pinch of hard times comes upon us.

The only apology to be made for intruding this lugubrious view upon the at present justifiably sanguine trading and financial public, is the fact of such dawning prosperity, which in a few brief years will have reached its meridian height. It is because on the manner in which our profits—the profits we will undoubtedly make during the next three or four years—are re-invested, will inevitably depend the continuance of that prosperity for a longer or shorter period. If these profits are re-invested in forms that tend to further usefulness and development of our real resources as a nation, we will continue to prosper and speedily be able to use profitably the vast aggregation of fine buildings we have on hand. If used to produce costly and still more magnificent edifices yet more useless, when the pinch comes again it will come as sharply as before. The useless bricks and mortar, the gorgeous polished stone, will be found powerless to meet engagements, for it is only by trade that buildings prove of value. They are valueless without it.

Trader.

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

Latterly there have been severe remarks in the daily press anent certain city aldermen and their votes upon the City Passenger Railway question. Without venturing to express an opinion one way or the other, we may state that it can hardly be disputed that the more influential citizens are and have not in the past been induced to perform aldermanic duties. That this should be the case is not just nor proper, and it is the duty of every voter to secure the election of efficient men to civic offices. That a change in the *personnel* of our present Municipal Council is perhaps thought desirable by many, and also that it would be advisable to make some changes in our civic methods of government in order to do away with the petty squabbles, peurile charges, investigations, and extremely annoying delays.

There are two ways of effecting this reform, one is by making a bitter personal campaign upon those aldermen who are believed to be incompetent or untrustworthy, and in this way rather strengthening their position than weakening it—as personal invective is justly and properly held to be very materially different from argument. For the presence of any incompetent aldermen, the voters themselves, in the majority of cases, are greatly to blame by not requiring a higher standard of representation. Therefore, before attacking them, it is always well to investigate the voters' share in causing the mischief, and try to amend that as well. Montreal, it may be said without fear of contradiction, is badly governed, and almost solely because the intelligent and wealthy citizens do not as a rule take the trouble to secure good government, nor do they take any great interest in the welfare of the city except to the degree that their own pockets and profits are concerned. If they took an active interest, there is no doubt but that a decided improvement in civic rule and affairs would almost immediately take place.

To mention one instance of civic mismanagement it may be mentioned that previous to the holding of the Dominion Exhibition at the Mile End, some sixty or seventy laborers were employed to break stone for the road leading to the Exhibition grounds; more than one half of this extravagant expense might have been saved by the use of the stone-crusher. In this instance common sense and business knowledge were surely lacking, so that tax-payers have paid or will pay double what is just under the circumstances.

Then there is a class of "interested" persons who manage to get into municipal positions and make of their duty a trade. Their "interest" serves them as well as energy and honour do the estimable citizen, and they manage to get into places where it would be thought impossible for them to come. When things have gone too far, an agitation is started and continued until the political atmosphere is cleared for a time; but this working by fits and starts is

not the proper way—though it is better than none, yet the vigilance should be constant, and not come by fits and starts. In the United States the municipal elections are controlled to a great extent by the political parties and here in Montreal we are fast drifting into the same dangerous channel. The question as now put, is not as to the fitness or capabilities of the candidate for alderman or civic office, but as to whether he is a Liberal or Conservative. Then again, the question is asked—Is he a French Canadian, Irish, English or Scotch? Is he a Roman Catholic or Protestant? So long as voters allow themselves to be influenced by these considerations the difficulties of getting fit representatives will be greatly augmented.

There are certain representatives in the Council at present, who occupy their time in making accusations against officials, in making senseless charges against other representatives and in dealing in personal abuse of a very bitter and ungentlemanly character. With these the reform should begin and we believe that they can reform themselves if they will only endeavor to do so—they, we are sure, must see and know that their conduct is not applauded, that their arguments under the circumstances carry little weight and that there must be an ending to it.

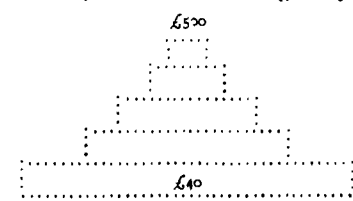
A VIEW OF IRELAND.

To say that there is something wrong in the condition of Ireland is of course, neither more nor less than may safely be said of every country on the face of the earth. The Hibernian trouble, however, differs from that of most other regions, chiefly by reason of the noise it makes; the amazing diversity of aspect which it is made to assume; and in its remarkable tendency to shrink when tested by what is called the hard logic of facts. The honest and earnest enquirer, desirous of hearing and seeing for himself, would probably visit the island and be quickly confronted by difficulties undreamt of in his or any one else's philosophy. In a vain endeavour to comprehend the incomprehensible he would have to abandon the methods by which men and things are commonly judged. For the first time he might begin to question whether in this world of ours there is, after all, anything positive: whether a part may not be greater than the whole; and whether two when added to a like number gives the quantity of four. Not the least of his troubles would consist in keeping out of his enquiries Brian Boru, Malachi of the Golden Collar—personages absolutely mythical or of remote antiquity—Henry the Second, Queen Elizabeth, Oliver Cromwell, the Penal Laws, and a variety of matters which he would feel disposed to regard in the light of ancient history, and but slenderly connected with the subject of his investigation. He would experience no lack of witnesses, passionate and voluble, about whose utterances there would be nothing uncertain save their meaning. He would hear that the "great evil" lay with the landlords—again, that it was to be found amongst the tenants—somebody would say that it was the climate, the unchangeable character and possibly the religion of the Celt. But by far the most popular sentiment would be that in some way sufficiently mysterious the British Government was at the bottom of all the evils of Erin. This general concurrence of opinion would, doubtless, lose much of its force when he came to discover the clearness of vision with which Irishmen say they can discern that everyone or everything but themselves—who, all things considered, are probably the greatest offenders—is to blame. Whether the something said to be wrong in the condition of Ireland has its origin in any or all of the alleged causes herein stated, it is not our present purpose to discuss. We prefer to take up a position removed as far as possible beyond the range of dispute and therefore invite the public generally and Irishmen particularly to aid us in an attempt to estimate some portion of the evil of which the latter complain, by measuring what they are pleased to call the land of their fathers. The surface of the Emerald Island is, we believe, 30,000 square miles in extent, equal in English measurement to some 20,000,000 of acres. From this must be deducted no less than 5,000,000 of acres representing the collective areas of bays, arms and inlets of the sea, rivers and lakes, mountain and bog of the irreclaimable kinds, the sites of cities, towns and villages, of farm buildings, and public institutions, of roads, railways, canals, grave yards and land planted for ornament or profit, leaving a residue of 15,000,000 of acres of cultivable land. The population of Ireland so little exceeds 5,000,000 that for facility of calculation that sum may be assumed as correct. Estimating at 1,500,000 the dwellers in cities and large towns, the clergy, the gentry, professional men, merchants, bankers, traders, mechanics, police, sea-faring men, laborers and all not engaged in agricultural pursuits, we have 3,500,000 persons, who as occupiers and laborers, are immediately dependent upon land for their sustenance. Supposing amongst these three and one half millions of people the fifteen millions of acres of cultivable land were equally divided each of them would have for his or her share a trifle less than four and one quarter acres. Selecting wheat as the standard of agricultural produce in the British Islands we proceed to observe that Ireland is not usually considered as a country favourable to its cultivation. In some parts of the island 30, 40 or 50 bushels to the acre may be raised, but in many districts, especially in the western or

southwestern counties, wheat, as a crop, is either extremely rare or wholly unknown. Twenty bushels to the acre may, therefore, be accepted as a fair average yield from the entire area of the 12,000,000 of acres.

This average would give to each of the three and one half millions 70 bushels of wheat or the equivalent thereof in some other description of crop as the total outcome from his or her allotment. At 40s per quarter the farmers in Great Britain and Ireland can barely hold their own against American competition; but if the Americans can profitably compete with them (which they say they can) at 30s the quarter the growing of the wheat in the United Kingdom for purposes of profit must, in such case, come to an end. At 40s per quarter the value of the product of each $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres would be £22 10s. From this amount the following items should, of course, be deducted. Rent at £1 10s per acre £6 7s. 6d. Seed £3. Poor and county rates 12s 6d. Repair of agricultural implements 7s 6d, in all £10 7s 6d, to which should be added 10 per cent. for contingent expenses making a total of £11 8s 3d, leaving the modest remainder of £9 16s 9d, or little more than 6d per day for feeding, clothing and educating or amusing the occupant of the three and one half acres.

In computing the average number of individuals forming the families of other nations the figure 4 would suffice; but as we are now about to write concerning Irish families the figure must be increased to 5, which divided into 3,500,000 gives 700,000 as the number of families to each member of which was allotted $4\frac{1}{4}$ acres or $21\frac{1}{4}$ acres per family yielding a profit of £41 8s 9d per annum. Considering that the producer of food is the most important person in the state and that upon his exertions the very existence of the whole social structure depends, there seems to be no just reason why the Irish agriculturist should be condemned to eke out a living upon a sum barely sufficient to preserve the connexion between body and soul. Of the 700,000 families assuredly some of them should aspire to at least a well-to-do, if not to a wealthy, condition. A nation of people who are little removed from paupers is a nation of dangers. In most communities wealth is more evenly distributed amongst the agricultural than amongst others of its members. Of the former not many are the owners of capital such as would be so considered in commercial or manufacturing pursuits, but the aggregate wealth of a large and important community tends to the creation of enterprise to which it is essential. Agriculture being the sole occupation of the vast majority of the people of Ireland, we now proceed to consider how far their condition may be favourable for the accumulation of capital. £9 16s. 9d. being taken as the net produce of each $4\frac{1}{4}$ acre allotment, the total net outcome from 3,500,000 allotments would not much exceed £34,500,000 per annum. This sum divided among 400,000 families in the shape of incomes would give them sums ranging from, say £49 to £500 per annum, in somewhat irregular proportions, as illustrated in the following figure:



The savings from such sources would necessarily be slow, if at all practicable; but to effect even so much, the allotments of the remaining 300,000 families would have to be added to those of the families whose incomes would be intended to range above £49; thus depriving 1,500,000 persons of their means

of subsistence, and forcing the question of what to do with them.

(To be continued.)

THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

As I have stated in previous letters, plush is the favourite *par excellence* among the heavy materials. Costumes trimmed with satin to match, and mounted on a silk foundation, are made of it; and very rich and seasonable they look. Bronze, amethyst, dark green, and garnet are the favourite colours, and the plush is all silk, with a long, heavy, thick pile, very different from former makes of the material. Beaded passementery and chenille rope-like cords are used for such costumes, the former for cuffs, collar, and pockets, the latter for holding up the tunics. The usual make of a plush costume is a basqued bodice, and a clinging narrow skirt, the back breadths draped soft and full, partly of satin and partly of plush, the tablier wrinkled in front, and turning back at the sides with satin revers. An amethyst plush costume, the tunic draped with chenille cord, collar, and cuffs embroidered in gold, is one of the handsomest carriage dresses yet introduced this season.

I have seen a pretty tea gown for a bride, made of blue plush, opening over a plastron of cream Surah, trimmed across with rows of Alençon lace, and a small hood of the same lace at the back; and I have also seen long negligés of light plush, all of which testify to the fact of the extreme popularity of the material. In black, however, it is not such a success; it gives place to velvet, and a black brocaded velvet bodice, with a skirt in which satin, velvet, and jet are combined, is infinitely handsomer than a black plush toilette.

In Worth's show rooms I recently noticed many dresses made of Sicilienne, Persian, silk, and velvet combined. The skirt was velvet, the bodice and laveuse were Sicilienne, and the scarf gay Persian silk. Bronze and blue Sicilienne are effectively used in this way, and the trimmings are beaded gimp and chenille to match.

Dark figured velvets, such as olive and bronze, are made up with satin for reception dresses, and these require but little drapery, as the fabric is too stately and stiff to submit to poufs; chenille, or fur or feather bands form the trimmings. If for outdoor wear, a small, soft bag-muff (a combination of the materials used in the costume) is usually sent home with it.

Demi-long carriage dresses are now in vogue when ceremonious visits are to be paid, and here the same rich fabrics meet us. They are all either combinations of brocaded velvet, plush and satin, or they are plain velvets in dark colours, but there are various shades of the same colour in one dress. Amethyst, olive, and maroon are generally selected, and the make is a basqued bodice, and trimmed skirt—varying of course, in some small details. Black, gold, and rainbow beads, the new down bordering, plush, and chenille, are the ornaments. When the bodice is different from the skirt, then the richer material of the former is used for trimming the latter. A collar or fichu is always an elaborate feature on such bodices; pointed, square, round, and Directoire collars are all worn. If a fichu is preferred, it is of mull muslin and Alençon lace. The cloaks to be worn over such dresses are made of either brocade or seal cloth (imitation seal), and lined with satin, while the small bag-muff suspended round the neck is of the same material as the cloak; it likewise is lined with bright plush, and trimmed with cream lace. The small bonnet is of plush the colour of the dress, and shaded ostrich tips.

I visited a few days ago the *salon de mode* at 22, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Mme. de Combronze, and noted seven different styles of bonnet. The first was a small cornet-shaped capote, made in golden-brown plush the shade called Biblis. It was trimmed with a narrow band of old-gold ostrich feathers mixed with tiny brown pheasant feathers; at the side there was a large gold agrafe. Both feathers and bows this season are fastened down to the bonnet with some bright gold ornament or small animal in precious stones, mounted in either silver or steel or burnished gold. There was a bonnet with a crown like a pastrycook's cap made in black velvet, and the brim edged with a wreath of chenille and small grimp grelots terminating with a jet bead; the strings and linings were old-gold satin. A third example was a charming Parisian capote in dahlia plush, with a steel coronet on the crown, and a large steel fly at the side; wide strings of lilac plush. There was a large Directoire bonnet in dark green plush, lined with red satin, and on the top a large bow of Merveilleux satin, fastened down with a double gold pin. Another was of the same form, only in brown satin, had the most exquisite little bird at the top, the feathers being brown and green. Both these bonnets were tied with wide plush strings, and nothing is softer or more becoming than this silky material. The theatre and carriage bonnets made by Mme. Combronze are beautiful specimens of millinery—light coloured plush trimmed with the most gracefully curled feathers, and with the fancy gold and ruby pins and ornaments so much worn at present.

The season for evening dresses is coming on, as receptions have commenced, and the richness of the fabrics used was never surpassed in Imperial days. They consist of *ciselé* velvets, satins brocaded with gold and silver threads, and beaded brocades in which the designs are picked out with pearl or opal beads. The plain material is usually satin, in which there are three varieties—satin de Lyons, Surah satin, and satin Merveilleux. The front and side breadths of evening dresses are clinging, and are usually of some rich material that can dispense with flounces and tablier drapery. The *ciselé* velvets and the brocades that have the designs covered with pearl or iridescent beads are used for the front, while plain satin de Lyon or velvet is chosen for the train. The train is tied back to make it quite narrow, and may be either square, round or else fan-shaped. The drapery is bouffant, but is so closely held back that it does not interfere with the clinging effect at the sides, even when formed of scarfs that cross the front of the dress. There are three kinds of bodices—the corset waist, the pointed waist, and the high basque—but points back and front are in the ascendant.

Flowers are scarcely seen upon evening dresses, except in the single large bodice bouquet, which may be placed on the left of the neck, or directly in front of the bust, or at the waist on the left side. A marked feature is the use of beads instead of piping for edging the lower part of the bodice, basque, and collar; large pearls also finish the white satin scarfs that serve as drapery of the skirt. Sometimes three small beads are strung together, then attached to the edge of the bodice, while other basques have a row of large Roman pearls, like a string of beads, instead of piping, for a finish. Gilt beads and cashmere beads are used in the same way, and also transparent white beads.

A single colour prevails in most of these dresses, such as cream white, salmon, lavender, maize, or pale blue, but there are three or four shades of one colour in most dresses. Salmon pink shaded into cinnamon red is one of the favourite colourings in rich brocaded velvet and satin merveilleux. When contrasts are seen, the pearl, lavender, and amethyst shades appear; these are beautiful with pale sky blue and with salmon colour. Amethyst velvet with light blue satin and lace, enriched by brocaded panels of combined heliotrope and silver threads, makes a most elegant toilette. The laces are not the valuable point d'Alençon and duchesse laces now in fashion, but are excellent imitations of the designs of these laces, and are formed into jabots, flounces, and balayeuses in a profusion that few could afford if the laces were real.—*The Queen.*

Mlle. BERNHARDT IN "ADRIENNE."

A reception had been conscientiously arranged to degrade this actress in every point, to make her appear as a sensation and a charlatan, and to fasten public attention exclusively upon her physical singularity, her defective diameter, her temper, or upon the clothes she had extracted with some anxiety from the Custom-house; but when it came to facing her with her first audience there was enough quiet receptivity in the house, and enough distrustful attention, to make the *début* a test. The people who had seemed like an army sacking a castle outside turned into a bench of moderators as soon as they found their places. And they listened with a fixed, hard patience, a dutiful, unwearied responsibility, that in its way was a good background on which the artist could sketch her effects. She had to play without the approving murmurs and sighs of satisfaction at the finer shadings to which she is accustomed, and the applause was in every instance dictated by herself with the common declamatory apparatus. We are without devices for expressing a sense of the refinements of playing, and can show approval only in an ejaculatory manner. This produced on Monday night the unfortunate result that such of the actress's successes as were most directly in the line of her character passed without sympathy; and that the applause came down specifically upon the passages in which she endeavoured to go outside of her own proper nature. Mlle. Bernhardt, however, never seems to wish to exceed the limits of herself except in passages where the author forcibly commands it. She shows an overweening anxiety to give her part a complexion in consonance with her own possibilities. It is evident that she has taken her temperament as a given quantity of artistic material, looked at it from the outside, and sought to develop it in its own line as a study of dramatic quality. Her subtle but unsafe kind of tenderness, her Phœnician keenness of profile, her cajoling smile as of the Cyprus statues, were the edged instruments of her craft; and her acting at the recalls, when she practised all the tenderness and smiling on the audience, and seemed to hold her life on the tenure of its approval, had the air of being studied up a little more anxiously than anything in the play.

The purely plastic study of Mlle. Bernhardt's acting was a most interesting thing. Few tragedians may be supposed to have arranged the business of the play with a more intelligent use of merely sculptural effects. When she raised her spectral arms—one was always raised higher than the other—the line of the figure, the posture of the limbs, in her case apt to be a mere diagram, was always supported with her own drapery or with some one else's. Thus, when fainting with arms extended, in the recitation-scene at the *Hôtel de Bouillon*, there were duchesses on either hand, in assorted colours, to imbed the diverging members (with an instant intuition of the fainting business) in their own robes. It is not likely that a person in the audience, during a series of attitudes that were very free and anatomical, once derived a sensation of meagreness, or perceived aught but the fastidious grace of the motion itself. In the recitation of "The Two Pigeons," at the line "Amants, heureux amants, voulez-vous voyager," the actress spread her hands, with a happy sketch of a flying bird, over a form, a pose that seemed positively to soar in its aspiring and towering elevation. When she learned that her lover was the *Prince de Saxe* in the little actress's haunt of *Mlle. Duclos*, her first gesture was one used by Doré for La Connétable in the 'Contes Drôlatiques,' a lifting up of the hands, in a curled concave fashion, high above the body bent back in a repellant gesture; but when she advanced upon the *Princess* to unmask her, in the interview of the hiding-place just after, her body was bent forwards almost at right angles, the advance was in measured paces, and the hands were extended as far back as possible, bent almost like claws, as if ready to tear and rend. When defending the door of the *Princess*, in the preceding scene, she met the intruding *Abbé* with a pointing hand of threatening, almost precisely like the sketch by herself in her libretto. In the scene of desolation in her own chamber, she sat by the box of flowers in a mass of crushed lace, and extended her whole body along with the hand in which she held out the blossoms for sympathy towards the old prompter; in this pose, and in the accent of the "mon pauvre bouquet!" she found an effect almost as thrilling as the incomparable "meine Blumen" of Seebach; but, directly after, when envying a supposed rival in the words "aimée! elle est aimée!" she rose and thrust out her palms, held downward, at their extreme distance and higher than her face, with the gesture of combating strange seas of melancholy. The arm movements were all made so that the audience could see them without foreshortening, and were never wasted by being pointed in front. The artist moved through the acts, indeed, in a succession of intensely descriptive poses, calculated to the very point of being spontaneous, and never once ungraceful. The hands were pressed to the heart often—both together, as in the "Ta femme! moi?" of *Maurice's* final declaration in the death-scene, or the left hand alone, as in all the first moiety of the declamation from "Phèdre." They nervously tossed a lace mouchoir from one to the other when she promised the prompter to triumph over her passion as he had triumphed over his own. In this moment, too, there was a suggestion of realism and familiarity, at variance with the gently idealized tone of the rendering in general, and balanced on the one side by the early introduction of comedy-acting when *Maurice* is bantered for

his spelling, and on the other by the stark naturalness of the death, when Mlle. Bernhardt completely abandoned the atmosphere of poetry thrown over all the preceding portion, and gave the house a good raving, dishevelled dissolution, fit for "The Sphinx" or any melodrama that had never seen the *Théâtre-Français*. The episodic quotations throughout the piece were variously worthy of attention. The play is rich in them, and the actress gave them great variety of reading, from the purely idyllic, bucolic, country purity of the "Two Pigeons" (kindly ascribed to Corneille in next morning's *Sun*) to the "Phèdre." In this last, however, the reader certainly did not rise to the opportunity of divesting herself completely of Bernhardt, of *Adrienne* herself, and compassing the full height of a legendary heroine, of a mythological character compelled by the gods. The plastic variety shown by the artist in her recalls must not be forgotten. Her first was effected leaning her cheek upon her hand, and being pulled slowly across a broad doorway by the assiduous prompter; all were deeply curved, or hollowed out, with lassitude and a sense of movelessness even in the advance; and all were so appealing, so eloquently silent, that the house had an outburst of loyalty at every appearance, between its rather critical spells of coolness in the body of the play.—*The N. Y. Nation*.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

(From the *Queen*.)

All of no avail! Skill, love, prayers, tears—all useless before the stern fiat of the dread King! His hour has struck, and he must go where we all must join him sooner or later. The kind heart beats no more; the busy brain is stilled; the life which has been so rich in circumstances is over; and the peace of eternal sleep closes the days which have been so full of work, of thought, of affection, of happiness. Your mission is at an end. You have seen the dear old friend once more and received his dying farewell; you have made her sorrows your own by the force of your sympathy, and have been her sister in your grief as well as in your love; and now your own affairs call you back to the vineyards and olive trees of fair Italy, and you leave the house which has ever been to you as a second home, and the family which is as your own and whose great loss, common to yourself as well, seems to have brought even closer to your heart.

From the house of mourning and death, with the flowers lying round that pale face in the darkened chamber above, every flower representing a tear and embodying the undying love of a human heart, you go to the house of your "child," whose young happiness is a track of sunshine across your life. You stop there but for a moment; rejoicing in the peace and love and prosperity which are the canopy under which she lives, halting for a brief space like a thirsty wayfarer drinking at a fountain; and then you turn your face to the south and enter on the long day's march that lies before you.

At Calais you receive your first companion. This is a *bourgeoise* Frenchwoman with a bundle and a basket, who looks as if she had meandered into a class where she had no business to be. But, as her ticket is not confiscated, nor she herself scolded, she is presumably in her right; and you steam away together. She is lively, voluble, expansive after her kind, and talks to you with a kind of hungry eagerness. She tells you that she just left her daughter at a convent where she is to undergo her novitiate before profession. Asked if she regrets this step in a young creature of eighteen?—she says energetically "Non?" On the contrary, she is glad she has this vocation, and that the *Bon Dieu* has taken her into His service. Men are so bad, she adds with an emphasis that does not bode much good to the husband at home; and her child is free from all the *tracasseries* of marriage, of maternity, of society, and gaining her own living. Asked if she likes the present state of things in France?—she says even more energetically, "No! mille fois non!" The Government are a set of rogues and rascals who insult the *Bon Dieu* by expelling His ministers, and no blessing can follow on such unrighteousness as they commit. You carefully guard your own opinion and let her rail unchecked; but you keep that opinion all the same, and think that *la belle France* has seen worse days than those through which she is passing at the present moment, and that even for the expulsion of the recalcitrant Orders something may be said that is not wholly condemnation. You part company with your little *bourgeoise* at Boulogne, and henceforth have the carriage to yourself, save for one or two short-distance companions who have been spending the day in pleasure and are now on their way home.

At Paris the first note of future disaster is sounded. You dine and are cheated in the *note*. You are pre-occupied, and always a very clumsy accountant—by no means a ready reckoner in any sense; therefore, you do not find out that unholy summing up until you are far away and the francs have melted into thin air like the fumes of dissolved gold. Settled in the two back corners of the carriage are a distinguished-looking couple. He is evidently somebody. You see intellectual distinction in his fine, handsome face, with the thick black moustache, finely cut mobile features, pallid complexion, high broad brow and prematurely white hair. His social honour is betrayed by the rosette in his button-hole. His breeding by that nameless refinement of look and bearing which is as eloquent as a printed certificate. His wife is of a commoner type; but they harmonise so well together as to make your presence there evidently as much a *gêne* to them as their pronounced affection is embarrassing to you. As, however, you cannot efface yourself and must remain where you are, you shut your eyes and are discreetly asleep for most part of the way. All goes right so far as you know or suspect. Once, with the restlessness of fatigue, you pull out that precious green book wherein are "Cook's tickets" from London to Como and also the ticket of your luggage from Paris to Milan. You stare at the contents in a stupid, owlish, half-blind manner—a stare that teaches you nothing. You neither see nor learn the number of your tickets from Cook nor of that for your luggage; and you put the book back into your pocket—or you think you do—and go on, not a whit the wiser or happier.

At Modane comes the guard for ticket. You put your hand into the pocket of your dress, and—you put it into vacancy. Your precious book is gone! No search reveals its whereabouts, and after looking everywhere in vain, and especially in places where by no human ingenuity could it possibly have got, you resign yourself to the inevitable, for which you have only yourself to blame;—pay your fare from Aix-les-Bains to Modane, take a ticket from Modane to Milan, and go of on your journey a wiser, a sadder and a poorer woman than you were an hour ago.

At Turin you change your carriage and set your face for Milan. Two young Italians, man and wife, are your companions; and to them you tell the history of your loss and your folly. They compassionate you with true Italian sympathy. The man advises you to buy a leather satchel, and to carry both purse and money in this thing round your waist. He looks at your ticket and you tell him moreover that you are bound for Como; and neither he nor anyone else warns you that Alessandria is the changing place for Milan, and that you must look sharp and be quick about it. You come to Alessandria, and no raven croaks above your head. No guard asks your destination or wants to see your ticket; no porter calls out that you have to change, or if he does you fail to hear him; your young people give you no word of warning; and a kind elderly man, who enters at Alessandria, knows nothing of your story or your destination, else he would have been more apt. As it is, the door is shut, you press yourself into your corner, half dead with fatigue and all the sorrow of the past fortnight, cast down too by shame at your folly; and so you remain till midnight—which is an hour later than your appointed time. When you draw up at a large station and say "At last Milan!"—"Milan!" they all cry in a breath; "la Signora is at Genoa!" There are straws and camels: and for the moment you think that this must be the last straw on your poor camel of courage. But what good does it do to give way and go down even before misfortune? When a thing has to be borne, it is better to bear it bravely than to sink and be crushed. You stiffen your muscles and brace your back. You have no one but yourself to blame, and what has come to you must be accepted. The station master, however, tries your hot British blood. He is unnecessarily brutal; and you pay your fare from Alessandria to Genoa with far more reluctance than the money is worth, because of your indignation with a manner which seems to regard you as a *quasi*-criminal, good only to be insulted.

Thus in a few brief hours you have lost your tickets, your luggage, your money, your way, and your self-respect in the humiliation involved; and in this abject state you go to the hotel nearest the station, for such sleep as you can get in a room which it were almost flattery to call a cupboard.

When you start next morning—on the principle of stopping up the spigot and letting flow by the bung-hole—you go second-class, and so save a few pence which are to indemnify you for your lost pounds. A pretty young woman is already in the carriage; by the door is standing a tall and singularly handsome young man. The two are pale, tearful, in deep distress. The young fellow speaks to you and asks you to take care of his wife at Milan. You say you will do what you can, but you are not very well able to take care of yourself. Thus you accept the office of incompetent mother, and they make you free of their confidence on the spot. She is ill; has a pain in her side, her back, her chest; spits blood; is losing flesh, and is on her way for a two months' *séjour* at Udine, where she is to take the waters and try the grape-cure. This is their first separation since they married; and they have been married three years. Both are three-and-twenty. They are like two children in their grief and their love. He weeps and she wipes his eyes with her handkerchief; she weeps and he kisses away her tears as they fall. They are in such despair! They are so broken-hearted! You feel your own eyes grow dim to see the child-like passion of sorrow between them. They part with a thousand mutual recommendations as to health, diet, habits, letters; and when the train has fairly left the station the young wife pours out all her love into your breast and asks you if you do not think him handsome? Look at his eyes and his eyelashes, his figure, his height, his hands!—and he is as good as he is beautiful! You are able to be a little comfort to the poor young creature; you lend her one or two things she wants, and refresh her with the Eau de Cologne that had been given to yourself. But you can do nothing for her at Milan, for you have only just time to get your lost luggage restored to you—without your ticket to prove that it is yours—and then to catch the train which is to take you to Como. But as you are walking up the platform quickly a little bit of legerdemain startles you. The elderly man who was in the Genoa train with you last night meets you, takes off his hat and hands you a paper containing the direction of Cook's Agency office in Milan. He had been very kind and helpful in the train when he had heard all your story of disaster as you drew up at Genoa; had told you where to go for the night; what to do at Milan the next morning to get your luggage and perhaps recover some of your money; and here he is on the Milan platform waiting to do you this last bit of kindness! Verily, Italy, is the land of contrasts! Nowhere will you meet with more hideous brutality, nowhere more divine gentleness, more gracious kindness. Your loneliness, ignorance of the way and evident suffering last night, touched the heart of this kind, good man; and he has put himself to great trouble to be of some little help to you in your hour of need.

Now, however, the neck of your disasters is broken. You just catch the Como train; pass through the pretty country that lies between Milan and the mountains; fight your way into the omnibus that takes you to the lake, and through the crowd which throngs the space between you and the boat; and then you stumble up the ladder, and go forward with the rest of the crowd.

A typical English family is on board. Father and mother sit in stately magnificence alone, well under the shadow of the awnings on the front bench of the boat, where, by rights, four people should find their places. Immediately behind them are their two daughters, not yet "out,"—the one being perhaps fifteen, the other just seventeen, if quite as much. The younger is pretty but the elder is supremely lovely. When she is introduced she will make a *furor* and perhaps become a professional beauty like some others. There is another girl, still younger; but she is relegated to the care of her own especial attendant, and does not count. A stout, smiling, energetic, middle-aged French governess belongs to the elder girls; and a brisk, trim French maid completes the party. They have appropriated these two front benches, well under the awning

and with the best of the view; and have gathered round them almost all the *pliants* in the boat for their books, shawls, opera glasses and attendants. You, ill, fatigued, suffering, asks the elder girl if she expects anyone else on her bench; the whole deck else is crowded, and you are on the sunny side of the boat. She raises her haughty eyes with a brief, proud look. "Yes," she says, laconically, and drops her lids again without moving a muscle of her face or a line of her body.

There she sits as if carved out of stone. Her hands are crossed on her lap, her feet crossed over each other. She is too proud, too still and cold, to even admire the beauty of the glorious scenery through which she is passing—too thoroughly imbued with the false idea that the most perfect immobility is the most perfect breeding, to care for more than her own dignity and beauty. She will neither raise her eyes nor respond when her stout, smiling, energetic French governess comes with eager exhortations to look at this, to admire that. "I do not care," she says coldly, and goes back to her self-contemplation, like a nineteenth-century English Brahmin on board a Como boat for the eternal lotus-leaf.

Presently comes wandering by a typical American—a man with no respect for persons and with strong ideas of fair play and public equality—not caring a straw for high-caste Brahminism, but caring a great many stacks full for his own comfort and his wife's rightful share of shade and view. You, poor, tired creature, sitting there in the burning sun, are too broken with fatigue to dispute that haughty little lady's repulse; but Brother Jonathan, in full health and vigour, has no weak places about him. "Guess that seat holds four," he says in a rich Yankee accent. "Here, my dear," to his wife; "you just fix yourself there and I'll go and get the baggage together. Excuse me, young ladies; this place is fixed for four, and you are only two."

The whole airy fabric of high-caste exclusiveness falls to the ground. Your nineteenth-century English Brahmin, with one rapid glance to you, which you cannot read, holding her head very high and looking as if she had some assafoetida somewhere about her, has perforce to move a few inches farther to the side; and Brother Jonathan, with Sister Jane, ensconce themselves quietly and firmly on the sacred lotus leaf, where they disport themselves noisily and without regard to the youthful Brahmin whose fence they had broken down with so much audacious boldness.

A soft-skinned, sweet-voiced, gentle-mannered Italian woman, in a veil and no bonnet, sitting on the bench next in the shade, has seen the whole of this little drama. She speaks to her husband, who looks like a brigand in a slouched Rubens hat, brown velvet shooting coat, and with a belt of cartridges round his waist, and forthwith he gets up and goes away. Then she comes over to you and begs La Signora to come and sit by her! It is impossible, she says, to remain in that sun! And with this she lays her hand on your arm and leads you to her bench; then talks to you pleasantly, evidently seeing your suffering condition and pitying it. Well! our English grand ladies may be very beautiful and very refined, but, to our way of thinking, their coldness and insatiable pride go far to spoil their charms. Your gentle, soft-voiced, large-eyed Italian women, with their ready sympathies and quick affections, probably know nothing that can be called knowledge in its true sense. In book learning they are nowhere; but their gracious ways, their warm hearts, loving humanity, womanly tenderness, sweet soft sympathies and unselfish devotion, are worth a little smattering of art, of history, of geography, of even science. In the table of the comparative value of virtues these would stand higher than the English Brahmin's varied "acquirements"—higher even than her proud refinement which shrinks from contact with a stranger for fear that this stranger may not be of her own high caste. So the world goes, and the virtues of one land are the vices of another. But now you round the point which has hidden beautiful and flowery Cadenabbia from your view. The bell rings; the steamer slowly draws alongside the pier; the gangway is laid down; and the porter of the pleasant Hotel Britannia recognises you among the landing passengers and comes forward to give you kindly greeting. Your long sad journeyings are at an end, and you are once more safe from specialised disasters and at rest in your sweet Italian home. Now you have only to take up the dropped threads and go forward in your accustomed way, as if there had been no break in your days. But a wound has been given to your heart which will never be more than scarred over; and the loss that you and others have sustained will neither be forgotten nor can ever be made up to them or to you.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

I.—THE UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The paradox, sometimes conspicuously illustrated in the case of prominent individuals, so long observable in Scotland as a nation, of a political radicalism of the most advanced type, closely allied with a rigid conservatism in theology, is now fast disappearing. A violent religious revolution is passing over Scotland. Its ecclesiastical sky is black with clouds. A storm has arisen which is no mere temporary disturbance, soon to pass away and leave things as they were, but which seems destined to shake to its foundations, and to overturn the whole system of orthodox beliefs which has there been so long implicitly received.

Hitherto Scotland and orthodoxy the most rigid have been regarded as convertible terms. However active in practical, and demonstrative in ecclesiastical affairs, the Scotch churches for the most part have been stationary in theology, content to move within the circles of thought drawn by their predecessors of a long past age. If the calm should happen to be disturbed, it was only for a short time at the most. A heresy-hunt, moreover, varied the monotony; and original genius found scope for its development in devising the most effectual means of "stamping out" any unfortunate brother bold enough to question an old, or venture a new idea.

But a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream. It was impossible

the religious mind of Scotland could remain permanently unaffected by the liberalizing influences abroad, engendered by the intense intellectual activity which everywhere prevails. It is now a truism to assert that the present is an age of criticism and transition. Established ideas, formulated systems of truth, religious creeds and institutions of every kind must now seek another justification for their existence than that they are a sacred heritage of the past. They are no longer taken upon trust; they must answer the demand for a reason for their acceptance in the present day; and what elements of truth and permanent possibilities of progress they contain must be tested by the fires of criticism. It was in vain, therefore, to expect that Scotland alone could escape the necessity of wrestling with the Time-spirit of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

The discoveries of physical science and the adoption of the scientific method in historical inquiry and criticism, which elsewhere have proved so destructive of established ideas, in Scotland also have been attended with like results. Geology, demonstrating the vast antiquity of the earth and of man; Astronomy, inverting the relative positions which past thought had assigned to these, and shewing the utterly insignificant place occupied by both in the universe of which they form a microscopic part; Biology, substituting for an original creation out of nothing and special creative acts for each species or germs of living beings its profound law of evolution, have all dealt fatal blows to the commonly received religious doctrines. The progress made in every department of physical science has been directly hostile to theories constructed from the Bible and hitherto regarded as "entering into the substance of the faith," which the most ingenious devices of interpreters have failed to reconcile with it. So too with the scientific method. By the student of physical science the whole universe is regarded as under the reign of eternal and immutable laws, no break or suspension of the established order being conceivable. Instead, therefore, of the *a priori* assumptions of the schoolmen, physical science finds itself on observation and analysis of the facts of experience; its laws are reached by an induction from the facts so brought to light. Adopted by the historian, the Biblical critic, and the theologian, such a method of investigation has been attended with still more disastrous consequences to established creeds. The science of Comparative Religion, for example, now being prosecuted with such brilliant results by scholars like Max Müller, which the adoption of the scientific method has alone rendered possible, destroys all speciality attaching to any one religion in the shape of a supernatural origin or possession of infallible, because divinely-inspired oracles, such as has been claimed for the religion of the Jews and Christianity. It regards every form of religion as an outcome from the human spirit itself, the history of religion as a phenomenon in the history of the race being that of a development from lower and material to higher and more spiritual ideas. While with the *Higher* or historico-literary criticism which has inevitably followed such a conception of religious phenomena, all claims to the possession of an objectively inspired and infallibly authoritative manual of belief and conduct have disappeared, as the sacred writings of the Jews and early Christians, though possessed of a supreme intrinsic value, are seen to have been compiled in the same way as the sacred writings of any other people. Such influences, operating powerfully among an intellectually active people, have been the chief factors at work in producing the present rationalistic movement in the Scotch churches. Among minor causes may be specified the mental stimulus arising from contact of the more thoughtful of their ministers and students with the intellectual currents abroad, through personal attendance at continental universities, or careful study of the works of continental scholars, such as those of the Tübingen and Dutch schools, in which the critical and distinctive tendencies are most permanent, and which are now placed by means of translations within easy reach of all.

The present series of articles is designed to exhibit some of the various forms in which this remarkable movement has recently appeared with each of the three great denominations of the Scotch Presbyterian Church,—the United Presbyterian Church, the Free Church, and the Church of Scotland,—and to estimate, as far as possible, its real depth, significance, and final issues.

ENGLISH DOMESTIC LIFE.—The domestic life of England has undergone a complete alteration. Change, a hurrying to and fro, is the great object of modern life. Society moves, and the dweller in society must go with it, and though the members move and the scenes are perpetually changed, the same faces, the same routine, the same "daily round and common task," are to be found wherever society's votaries most do congregate. We are not so domestic as we were, by any means. We will not here enter upon certain questions relative to the influence of the present state of things upon our children, nor touch upon the relations existing between married couples. We are glad to think and believe that England in these respects can still, let our detractors say what they may, hold up her head high above the rest of Europe in the purity of her hearths, hearts, and homes. Feminine independence is certainly rearing its head; the ladies seek for rights and privileges they did not formerly desire. But it should not be forgotten that so far as they seek business equality with men they run the risk of losing, not the respect, we trust, but the outward deference which a gentleman should always pay, and pay spontaneously, to a lady. Woman's place is at home, where by her example she can purify and elevate the man who enters it fresh from the contamination of a rough world. We are far from saying that women should not work, or join in certain pursuits fitting for their sex; but we think that some champions for "women's rights" are going beyond the necessity of the case.—*Cassel's Family Magazine.*

THE DREAMS OF OLDEN TIME.

The world's dark forests yet untrod,
As at Creation's birth,
When favoured prophets spake with God,
And angels walked the earth.
All silently the deserts lie,
Unstained by human crime:
How dimly flit their shadows by,—
The dreams of olden time.

A thousand years—fair idols bend
O'er many a graceful shrine;
And all the glories Art can lend
In dazzling splendour shine;
With all the light and melody
Of sunny Grecian clime;—
How beautiful to fancy's eye
The dreams of olden time!

Then comes the pomp of chivalry,
And many a warlike deed;
The cross and crescent floating high,
Proud knight and prancing steed:
The memories of that feudal age
That light the poet's rhyme,
And fling upon the golden page
The dreams of olden time.

A thousand and a thousand years,
Their darkening shadows cast;
The cities man so proudly rears
Are visions of the past.
The changing forms of land and sea
Earth fading from her prime;
And England! shall thy fame but be
A dream of olden time?

Anon.

THE UPPER KENNEBEC.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

From the great mere set round with sunbright mountains
Full born the river leaps,
Dashing the crystal of a thousand fountains
Down its romantic steep.

'Tis now a torrent whose untamed endeavour
Is eager for the sea,
Angry that rock or reef should hinder ever
Its frantic liberty.

Then for a space, a lake and river blended,
It sleeps with tranquil breast,
As if its haste and rage were ended,
And all it sought was rest.

I break the covert: pictured far emerges
On the enraptured sight
The arrowy flow, green isles, a cascade's surges,
Foam flaked in rosy light.

We see in hemlock shade the reedy shallow,
Where, screened by dusky leaves,
The guileless moose comes down to browse and wallow
On still balsamic eves.

The great blue heron starts as if we sought her,
On pinions of surprise,
And to our lure the darlings of the water
In pink and crimson rise.

Still gliding on, how throng the sweet romances
Of Youth's enchanted land!
A lordly eagle, as our bark advances,
Glares on us, sad and grand.

Onward we float where mellow sunset glory
Streams o'er the lakelet's breast,
And every ripple tells a golden story,
Of the transfigured west.

AN OLD SCOTTISH LAWYER.

Famous among the Edinburgh legal notabilities was John Clerk, of Eldin. He possessed a very coarse humour; it has been said of him that what in other men was sugar in character, in him became crystallised vinegar. It was of him the story was told that he had been dipping deeply into convivialities with a friend in Queen Street, and coming out into the open air, early in the morning, he was quite confused, and unable to tell the way to his own house in Picardy Place. He saw an industrious housemaid cleaning the doorstep, and went up to her, saying, "Eh, my girl, can you tell me where John Clerk lives?" "Dinna speer at me," says the girl, "with your nonsense, when you're John Clerk himself!" "Ay, ay," said he, "I ken that vera weel, but John Clerk wants to know where John Clerk lives." A contracted limb, which made him pitch when he walked, and only admitted of his standing erect by hanging it in the air, added to the peculiarity of a figure with which so many other ideas of oddity were connected. Blue eyes, very bushy eyebrows, coarse grizzly hair, always in disorder, and from projecting features, made his face and head not unlike that of a thoroughbred shaggy terrier. It was a countenance of great thought and great decision. Had his judgment been equal to his talent, few powerful men could have stood before him. For he had a strong, working independent, ready head—which had been improved by various learning, extending beyond his profession into the fields of general literature, and into the arts of painting and sculpture. Honest, warm-hearted, generous and simple, he was a steady friend, and of the most touching affection in all domestic relations.

The whole family was deeply marked by a hereditary caustic humour, and none of its members more than he. These excellences, however, were affected by certain peculiarities or habits, which segregated him from the whole human race. Among these peculiarities was his temper, which, however serene when torpid, was never trained to submission, and could rise into fierceness when chafed. Of course it was chafed every moment at the bar, and, accordingly, it was there that his other and inferior nature appeared. Every consideration was lost in eagerness for his client, whose merit lay in this, that he has relied upon me, John Clerk. Nor was his the common zeal of a counsel. It was a passion. He did not take his fee, plead the cause well, hear the result, and have done with it; but gave the client his temper, his perspiration, his nights, his reason, his whole body and soul, and very often the fee to boot. His real superiority lay in his legal learning and his hard reasoning. But he would have been despicable in his own sight had he reasoned without defying and insulting the adversary and the unfavourable judges; the last of whom he always felt under a special call to abuse, because they were not merely obstructing justice, but thwarting him. His whole session was one keen and truceless conflict, in which more irritating matter was introduced that could have been ventured upon by anyone except himself, whose character was known, and whose intensity was laughed at as one of the shows of the court. His popularity was increased by his oddities. Even in the midst of his frenzies he was always introducing some original and quaint humour; so that there are few of the lights of the court of whom more sayings and stories are prevalent.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE SWORD.

The sword has shared the fate of many things of beauty which have been superseded by the ugly and useful just as the thoughtful industry of many generations had brought them to perfection. Human ingenuity could scarcely have added anything to those marvellous suits of Milan mail in which the Italian warriors of the fifteenth century demonstrated the possibility of fighting all day without doing, or suffering injury. But gunpowder came; and armour, though it struggled long, limiting its surface like the plating of a modern ironclad that it might increase its thickness, had to yield and disappear. Just when centuries of improvement in ship-building had made the frigate a work of art fit to stand comparison with a Stradivarius violin, came first steam and then iron. The two between them brought forth, after their kind, the abominations known as box frigates and turret ships; while the lovely *Arctus* and *Peaks* of the great war have followed the brave fellows who manned them. And now the torpedo is threatening the ironclad, and is going to replace it by something uglier still, if that be possible. Cowley's "dire sword" had always been the weapon of civilised fightingmen before the day of the musket. The primitive savage was satisfied with a stone at the end of a leather thong; at the best he has never got beyond the club or tomahawk. The bow and arrow are the tools of men too timid to come to close quarters or so unthinking as not to be able to distinguish between the greatness of the effort they make and the effect they produce.

The famous cloth-yard shaft was very effective against rings of Scottish spearmen who stood to be shot down, or clumsy French men-at-arms who could not manoeuvre on broken ground; but it is more than likely that a cohort of the Tenth Legion would have cut the archers of Creçy to pieces before they could have discharged a third volley. The Roman legionary measured his stabbing broadsword against the unyielding Macedonian spear, and mastered it

as a French master-at-arms would dispose of a cudgel in the hands of a clown. Yet even the Roman never trusted his sword thoroughly. He hampered himself with a shield, and so lost the advantages of rapidity and unity of movement. And what in reason is to be said for the men of the Middle Ages who exhausted themselves by using great blades fit only for slashing? They would not have thought they were fighting at all unless they were furiously exerting themselves, and they were as incapable of appreciating the Roman's weapon as of using his tactics. If a thing was to impose on their minds it must be big and heavy; so they wore long, straight blades such as Sir Samuel Baker found the Hamran Arabs using to hunt the elephant with: a weapon which will lop off a limb, but cannot take effect without performing an immense circle first, during which the body is uncovered long enough to allow a dexterous fencer time to run the swordsman through. Hence the double-handled swords, cherished as precious family heirlooms and lent to friends on solemn occasions, such as the weapon of Bell-the-Cat which Kirkaldy of Grange borrowed from a friendly Douglas for the benefit of the Earl of Bothwell.

But Scotland was behind the time. Long before Grange's day the Italians had discovered that in fighting with the sword the victory is to the quick; and the Spaniards seem to have made the same discovery for themselves. The weaker Oriental had always used a lighter blade, but his swordsmanship, like the rest of his civilisation, stopped half-way. He never got beyond using the edge and the curved blade. He loved yataghans and other such barbarous weapons—terrible to look at, but, like the artless military stratagems of the Chinese, more formidable in appearance than in reality. The use of the point and the straight blade, the combination of which the science of fencing, seems to have come in about the end of the fifteenth century; but the glory of having perfected fencing and the sword belongs to the French. They discarded the edge altogether, and by using the left arm only to balance the body they attained to the maximum of ease and very great rapidity in the lunge. Their weapon was a triangular blade hollowed between the edges so as to combine the greatest degree of strength compatible with lightness. Their reforms were by no means universally accepted when Dominic Angelo published his "Ecole des Armes" by subscription in London, about 1770. In this splendid folio, Angelo, though himself an Italian, has no hesitation about putting the masters of Paris at the head of the swordsmen of Europe; nevertheless, he is careful to explain how the sword and dagger are to be encountered.

He also describes the German and Spanish guards. The former consisted in keeping the body well forward, the hand straight, with your point aimed at your enemy's midriff. The Spaniard stood with his heels together, his left hand against his chest, and his right arm straight, with his sword-point directed at his opponent's head—a position one degree more clumsy and many degrees more tiring than the German. His weapon, too, was the old cut-and-thrust rapier. Position and weapon have both been given up, and French fencing prevails throughout the Peninsula, like French fashions, novels, and political methods. It is a curious illustration of the state of Italian towns in those days that Angelo thinks it necessary to instruct his pupils how to bear themselves if attacked there on their travels by bravos using a cloak to entangle the sword with, or a dark lantern to flash in their faces by night.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

DEAR SIR,—Your advanced position in theological and Christian matters, conjoined with your eminent qualities of mind, constitutes you the exponent of the sentiment of a large number of enlightened persons connected and non-connected with churches. As you are aware, the greater number of persons are members of no church, of this number are the most enlightened men, men who are seeking for truth with all their might; undaunted by the slanders and aspersions from pulpits and the so-called religious press, they urge on the even tenor of their way. The church may fulminate her anathemas, but these men will not be diverted from their grand pursuit.

You rightly say that "church reform may come from without, but never from within." Crowds of thinking and good men are yearly alienated from the church because of the persistence of the ministers of the churches in giving them, over and over again, the old hash and rehash of exploded doctrines. Could any proof be more convincing of the necessity of reform in church doctrines than that recently furnished by the Pan-Presbyterian conclave at Philadelphia? Could any portraiture of the attributes of God our Maker and Heavenly Father be more repulsive than that given by your correspondent in extracts from the Westminster catechism? The character is that of a devil, with no claim either to worship or honour. The wonder to me is that men who have had so many facilities for expanding their minds should at this advanced era doggedly adhere to such monstrosities.

Yours, &c.,

Pereiah Taylor.

Bracebridge, Nov. 9, 1880.

Musical.

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

CHURCH MUSIC.

Ever since the earliest ages Music has been a most important accessory to religious worship. Not only was vocal music an important element in the services of the church, but instrumental music was also largely introduced, frequent mention being made in the Bible of the Harp, Lute, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer and other instruments; in fact the amount of music of all kinds seems to have been limited only by the means at the disposal of each particular body.

As a means of emotional expression, music is far ahead of any other art; its power over the masses, too, is wonderful for good or evil, hence its importance as an agent in bringing people to that frame of mind necessary to those who would worship "in spirit and in truth."

In olden times "Plain Song" was the only form of music used in divine service, but as the art progressed, and the science of harmony became better understood, the music of the church assumed a more noble form, culminating in the masterpieces of Bach, Mendelssohn, Mozart and others. In the Catholic Church the Officiating Priest and the choir, alone take part in the service, the congregation remaining entirely passive, while in most Protestant Churches the people take an active part in this service of song. Many arguments might be adduced in favour of both styles of service, and so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, custom, if not doctrine, decrees that the people shall have everything (even thinking) done for them, so that we do not feel called upon to question the propriety of existing arrangements in that church. In Protestant churches, however, it is different; the people have ideas concerning these matters, and generally succeed in having them carried out.

The Episcopal Church having a clearly defined ritual is the only one in which a fixed plan or programme of music is laid out. The designers of the Book of Common Prayer evidently intended the service to be largely musical, most of it being marked in the rubric to be said "or sung," and provision being made for Canticles, Anthems, &c. After a time hymns and metrical psalms were introduced, lending a variety to the service, and enabling the people to join in the singing more readily than they could in the complicated anthem. In former years the Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others confined their singing almost exclusively to hymns, but as of late years they have all copied the Episcopal Church and introduced "Te Deums," Canticles and Anthems, we may consider them all together, and class them under three heads, viz. :-

1. Churches where singing is done by the people only;
2. Churches where singing is done by the choir only;
3. Churches where both choir and people sing.

As a specimen of the first class we may take the old-school Presbyterian churches, where the precenter used to "raise the tune," the congregation singing after him to the best of their ability. This method is about as worthy of the house of God as would be a church edifice of pine logs with a stump for a pulpit. A service in the latter might be just as hearty and as acceptable as any other, but we generally try to make our churches as handsome as possible, and on the same principle should we not, where art is introduced, see that it is of the best kind possible?

Churches of the second class are, we are happy to say, rarely to be met with in Canada. People here, as a rule, go to church to take part in the service, and not to listen to a concert; and hymn-tunes twisted out of shape in order to exhibit the vocalization of a Soprano or the sweet head notes of a Tenor are neither devotional nor edifying.

It is to the last of these classes that most our churches belong, and so far as the style of service goes we are probably ahead of our neighbours in the United States, who as a rule, employ a professional quartet to sing for them. We have the elaborate Te Deum Anthem to be sung by the choir only, the people silently allowing the vicarious office to be performed by those better skilled than themselves; then we have Responses, Canticles and Hymn-tunes in which all may join, taking an active part in the elevating exercise. The question is what should the people sing, and what leave alone? We answer that they should leave everything alone unless they are competent to perform it decently, and have a conductor to beat time in order to keep organist, choir and people together.

But supposing the initial difficulties to be got over there are other matters that will require attention before congregational singing can be really a success. There is a tendency among compilers of hymnbooks to exclude tunes of a broad and massive style, and to introduce the "pretty" element to a great extent, tunes requiring more skill and practice in shading that could possibly be attained by the average church member. Many of these beautiful tunes are altogether unsuited for congregational use, and should only be attempted by those having both taste and experience.

We think it would be well to select the simplest tunes obtainable for the hymns, thus affording the congregation an opportunity for joining in the exercises, the latter leaving the choir free to perform more elaborate selections as Anthems. Each hymn should always be sung to the same tune and should be selected by the Choirmaster.

Many ministers, in their zeal for the success of the music in their church, forget themselves so far as to instruct their choir as to the manner in which the music is to be performed. This interference is always to be deprecated, and no clergyman who knows anything of music would be guilty of anything so presumptuous. The Choirmaster (and not the clergyman) is responsible for the music of the church; his reputation suffers when the performance is not up to the standard; with him then should lie the selection of hymns, anthems, and everything else that is performed, and he should have absolute control of both organist and choir, without interference on the part of the choir or committees of any kind. If the man be not fit for his position, he ought to be discharged and a competent man put in his place. On no account, however, ought anyone but the Choirmaster be allowed to interfere with the choir in any way, or dictate how or by whom any piece is to be performed.

If the clergy would use their endeavours to employ educated choirmasters, and then place the control of all musical matters in their hands they themselves attending solely to their own department, we would hear less nonsense about congregational singing and fine specimens of hymnology, the music in our churches would suddenly undergo a wonderful change for the better, and sound practical reform would take the place of vague and impracticable suggestions.

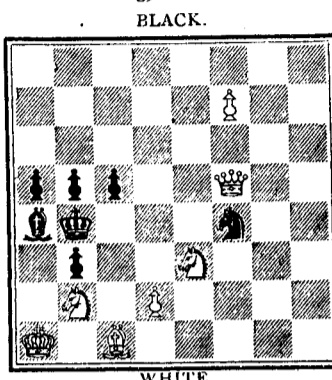
Chess.

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

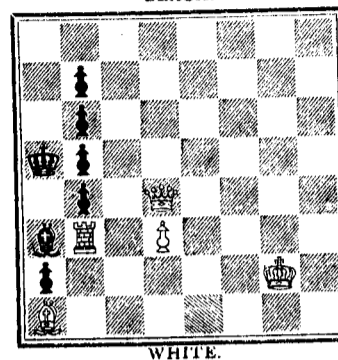
Montreal, November 20th, 1880.

CANADIAN SPECTATOR PROBLEM TOURNEY—SECOND PRIZE SET.

MOTTO: "Strategy." Author: Mr. W. A. Shinkman, Grand Rapids, Michigan.



White to play and mate in two moves.



White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 113--K to B 5.

GAME NO. LXXIV.

Played in the Hamilton Chess Club Correspondence Tourney, between Mr. A Hood, of Barrie, Ont., and Mr. J. W. Shaw, of Montreal.

SICILIAN DEFENCE.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 4	15 R to B 3	Kt to B 4	30 R tks K P (g)	P queens (ch)
2 P to Q 4	P takes P	16 Kt tks Kt (ch)	B takes Kt	31 R takes Q	R takes R (ch)
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K 4 (a)	17 R to R 3	P to K 5	32 K to B 2	R to Q 5
4 B to Q B 4	K Kt to B 3 (b)	18 Q to R 5	P to K R 3	33 Q to K 8 (ch)	K to R 2
5 Castles	Q to B 2	19 B to Q B 4	P to K 6	34 P to K Kt 3	Q to B 7 (ch)
6 Q to K 2	B to K 2	20 P to Q Kt 3 (d)	Kt to K 5	35 K to B 3	Q to Q 8 (ch)
7 Kt to Kt 5	Castles	21 B to R 3	P to Q Kt 4 (e)	36 R to K 2	R to Q 7 (h)
8 P to B 5	P to Q 3	22 B takes R	P takes Kt	37 Q to K 4 (ch)	K to Kt sq
9 P to K B 4	P to Q Kt 3	23 Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt	38 Q to K 4 (ch)	B to B sq
10 P to K R 4 (c)	B to Kt 2	24 B takes P (f)	B takes B	39 K to B 2	Q takes R (ch)
11 Kt to Q 2	P to Q 4	25 Q to Kt 4	B takes K B P	40 Q takes Q	R takes Q (ch)
12 P takes P	Kt takes P	26 Q takes Q B	P to Q 6	41 K takes R	K to Kt 2
13 Q Kt to K 4	Kt to Q 2	27 Q to K 4	R to Q sq	42 Resigns.	
14 B to Q 3	K Kt to B 3	28 R to Kt sq	P takes Kt P		
		29 B P takes Kt P	P to Q 7		

NOTES BY MR. A. P. BARNES, NEW YORK.—(a) By holding on to the pawn Black incurs the disadvantage of an inferior position.

(b) B Kt 5 (ch) would result in White's obtaining a tremendous attack. The usual continuation is 4 Q to B 2, followed, if White Castle, by Q Kt to B 3.

(c) 10 R to B 3 might be met by 10 B to Kt 2, and then if 11 R to R 3 Black gets the best of it by 11 P to K R 3, taking K P with either Kt or B would give White opportunity for interesting attacks which would probably win.

(d) If 20 Q to Kt 6, Black must answer 20 B takes Kt, then if 21 P takes B, Black's best answer seems to be 21 Q to B 3 and White captures R P with P and ought to win.

(e) The best play seems to be:

22 R to R 2	21 Kt to B 7
and Black seems to have a draw at least.	22 Q to Kt 6
if 23 B to K B sq	23 Kt to Kt 5
24 R to R 3	24 Q to B 7 (ch)
25 K to R sq	25 P to K 7 and wins.
if 23 B takes R	23 R takes B
24 Kt takes K B P (a)	24 Kt to R 6 (ch) "draws."
(a) 24 B takes P (ch)	24 K to R sq
25 Q to Kt 6	25 Kt to R 6 (ch) "draws."

(f) I think White throws away a winning game; he probably overlooked the effect of Black's 26th move.

(g) R to Q sq affords means for a more protracted resistance.

(h) Good enough to win, but Black appears to have had a more artistic finish at his disposal, e.g.:

37 K to K 3	36 Q to B 8 (ch)
38 K to B 3 (if R interposes then mate in three moves)	37 Q to Kt 8 (ch)
39 R to K 3, and Black mates in four moves.	38 R to Q 6 (ch)
if 37 R to B 2	37 R to Q 6 (ch)
38 K to K 4	38 Q to takes R.
39 Q to Q 5 (ch)	39 P to B 4 (ch) &c.

By 36 Q to B 8 (ch) Black appears to force mate or win the R, the latter an important consideration if the 50 move rule had been brought to bear on him!

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.—Nineteen more games have been finished in this tourney, making a total of 62 completed. There are now only eighteen competitors, Mr. C. Mohle, of New York, having forfeited all his games and withdrawn. Through the courtesy of the Conductor we have received an interesting table showing the result of each individual game with the name of the opening and the number of moves. We have thought, however, that the present score of each competitor would prove of more interest to our readers and have had the following table prepared, showing the result up to October 31st:—

HAMILTON CHESS CLUB CORRESPONDENCE TOURNEY.				
	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Score.
1. Anderson	5	2	1	5½
2. Boivin	2	5	3	3
3. Burke	3	3	1	3½
4. Braithwaite	4	2	0	4
5. Clawson	2	4	0	2
6. Ferris	0	5	0	0
7. Forster	5	3	1	5½
8. Henderson	7	0	0	7
9. Hendricks	0	7	0	0
10. Hicks	4	1	0	4
11. Hood	3	1	0	3
12. Judd	1	1	2	2
13. Kittson	3	1	1	3½
14. Narraway	4	0	0	5
15. Robertson	3	1	0	3
16. Ryall	0	7	1	½
17. Shaw	5	2	3	6½
18. Wyld	1	4	0	1

CANADA CENTRAL RAILWAY COMPANY.

Issue of \$2,000,000 Stg. Six per Cent. Second Mortgage Bonds, of which £140,000 only, is now offered to the Public.

Bonds of £200 Stg. each, Payable 1st November, 1910.

Coupons Payable 1st November and 1st May, at the Bank of Montreal, London (England.)

These Bonds are issued in aid of the extension of the line West of Pembroke, and are secured by a Mortgage Deed executed at Brockville on the Fourth day of October last, and covers the entire line completed and in course of construction, as well as the Equipment.

The Railway connects with the Grand Trunk system of Railways, and with the navigable waters of the St. Lawrence at Brockville, Ontario; at which point it effects a junction with railway and water communication extending into the United States, and Eastward and Westward throughout the Dominion. It connects with the Quebec system of Railways at Ottawa City, commanding the Quebec and Montreal traffic Westward both by land and water. It connects with the Town of Perth by a branch twelve miles long, serving an important section of country and its Western terminus is at Callander Station, a point near the East-end of Lake Nipissing, which point is the Eastern Terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This Railway, therefore, from its route and connections, must command an extensive traffic beyond the large tract of Country through which it passes, and must form the outlet Eastward of the traffic of the Pacific, and of a large proportion of the Western States.

The Railway when finished will be two hundred and ninety-three miles long. The portion extending Eastward from Pembroke to Ottawa, Perth and Brockville, known as the Eastern Section, is one hundred and sixty-three miles long, and is entirely completed, equipped, and running. The portion west of Pembroke will be one hundred and thirty miles long, extending from Pembroke to Callander Station. Of this Section, forty-seven miles have been completed and handed over to the Company; work is being vigorously pressed on a further forty miles' section, on twenty miles of which the track is laid, and trains are running; and the entire line to Callander Station will be completed by the first of July next.

Although this is nominally a second mortgage Bond, it will be seen from the following Statement of the present fixed charges upon the Board that it is in reality little inferior to a first—the interest on the first Mortgage of £500,000 having been actually paid to the Government in advance for the entire period of twenty years, and assumed and paid by them as the coupons mature.

The Annual Sinking Fund of Two per cent. will at the end of the twenty years have extinguished £330,000 of the Bonds:—

Leaving as a fixed charge on the Railway only	£170,000
To which must be added the proposed new issue of	200,000
Making a total debt of	£370,000
Equal to per mile	1,263
Or say	\$ 6,138

The gauge of the Railway having been altered in May last, the receipts and expenditures are computed from the 1st of June, and the following shows their amount, compared with those of the corresponding period of 1879:—

	1879.	1880.	Increase of Gross Earnings.
Receipts 1st June to 31st Oct.	\$136,927 11	\$192,516 63	\$55,589 52
Operating expenditures	81,152 41	100,886 33	
Net Revenue	\$55,774 70	91,630 30	35,855 60
Or nearly equal to 65 per cent. increase on Net Earnings.			

The above earnings are for five months from the change of gauge, and calculating the balance of the year at the same rate:

Would show	\$462,040 00
Deducting operating expenses on the same basis	242,127 20
Leaving net income of, say	\$219,912 80
Against this income the Annual charges are as follows, viz.: 2 per cent. Sinking Fund on £500,000 Stg.	\$ 48,600 00
Interest on—proposed issue	58,320 00
Making the total charges say	\$106,920 00
The revenue for the past month, from the partial running of the first the forty-seven miles of the extension was	\$ 5,280 80

The above estimates make no allowance for the improvement of revenue, which is almost certain to accrue from the following causes:—

1. The opening of the Extension 130 miles, and the progress of settlement along its line, as well as the development of the lumbering interest.
2. The immediate commencement and ultimate completion of the Pacific Railway—with which it is possible, not to say probable, that the Canada Central may, sooner or later, form a more intimate connection.
3. The construction of a Railway to Sault Ste. Marie.

The Company has no floating debt.

The Bonds will be issued at 90 per cent., and accrued interest of their face value, but reserving the right to advance the price at any time, and applications upon the annexed form may be made to the undersigned.

All payments to be made at 9½ per cent. Exchange, or \$4.86½ to the Pound Sterling.

The Subscription List will be closed on the 20th inst., at latest, and deliveries will be made immediately on allotment.

BURNETT & CO.

Montreal, 15th November, 1880.

HISTORY OF THE CENTENNIAL AWARD. TO THE WEBER PIANO AND HOW IT WAS OBTAINED.

Four years ago the great contest of the leading piano makers of the world took place at Philadelphia. At all previous exhibitions Broadwood, Erard, Steinway and Chickering divided all honours and awards between them. For the first time in its history the Weber Piano was brought prominently before the public, face to face with its great rivals, though for several years previous it had been known and almost exclusively used by the leading musical people. At the great Centennial contest the Weber Pianos alone were accredited the highest possible musical quantities "Sympathetic, pure and rich tone combined with greatest power, and excellence of workmanship as shown in grand square and upright pianos."

This sympathetic and rich quality of tone which has made the Weber Piano the favourite of the public, and it is this quality, combined with purity and great power, in a voice, which makes the greatest singer. In an interview with Geo. F. Bristow, the eminent Composer and Musician, and one of the Judges on Musical Instruments published in the leading newspapers in the United States, we have an account of the way in which the award was made. He says:—

"In order to establish a clear and critical test, all the pianos were brought into 'Judges Hall' for examination, and the Judges there agreed to mark in figures, their opinion, and write out the report in full subsequently. Each piano was judged as to Tone, Quality, Equality and Touch, the highest figure in each being 6, the lowest 1. Each judge made his figures on those points, and these figures were really the fundamental basis of all the awards, the corner stone on which they all rest. All makers who reached in each point figure 3 and upwards received an award, and all below received nothing. Thus it will be seen the highest possible figure, adding up the numbers of each judge (there being four) on each of the points, would be 24 or if all the judges agreed the highest possible number for any instrument to reach would be 96, while those reaching 48, and upward, would receive a medal."

Here, then, are the original figures on the Weber Piano

	"WEBER."			
	[Judges on Pianos at the Centennial.]			
	BRISTOW.	KUPKA.	OLIVER.	SCHIEDMAYER.
Tone...	6	6	6	6
Equality...	6	6	6	6
Quality...	6	6	6	5
Touch...	6	6	6	6
	24	24	24	23

95 OUT OF A POSSIBLE 96. The Weber Piano was classed alone. The next highest number reached by any other manufacturer was only

91 out of a possible 96.

According to these figures, it will be seen that WEBER'S PIANOS were unquestionably

THE BEST ON EXHIBITION.

One of the Jurors says: "Weber's Grand Piano was the most wonderful instrument I ever touched or heard. He must be recognized, beyond controversy, as the manufacturer, par excellence of America. His Pianos are undoubtedly the best in America, probably in the world to-day!"

It is impossible for language to be more emphatic or for figures to testify plainer.

When the Commission learned from the Judges that the Weber Piano deserved the first rank, it showed its great appreciation by placing

The two Weber Grand Pianos on the Platform of Honour, which had been specially erected in the centre of the Main building, and constructed with a Sounding Board by Mr. Petit.

There stood the Instruments, the centre of attraction to Millions of Visitors.

And there Weber, to show his appreciation of the great honour conferred upon him and his work, gave daily concerts: hundreds of thousands of visitors will always remember the hours spent at these delightful concerts with pleasure and satisfaction.

Nor was it Mr. Weber's friends alone who rejoiced in his triumph, several great artists and pianists in the employ of rival houses could not repress their admiration of the man and his instruments. It was at this time that Madame Rive-King wrote to Mr. Weber acknowledging her astonishment and delight and congratulating him on having "the finest pianos she ever placed her fingers on." From that day it was evident the Weber piano could no longer be confined to the mansions of the wealthy and musical aristocracy or kept as it had too long been for the exclusive use of the great vocalists and prima donnas. To-day it is the piano of all great pianos and is purchased in preference to any other by all who have the means of procuring it, and are capable of appreciating grandeur, power and purity of tone.

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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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REAL ESTATE AGENT,
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Money to loan on first mortgage. 55

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF IS LIEBIG'S IDEAL REALIZED.



In the *Lancet* of November 11, 1865, Baron Liebig says:—

"Were it possible to furnish the market at a reasonable price with a preparation of meat combining in itself the albuminous together with the extractive principles, such a preparation would have to be preferred to the 'Extractum Carnis,' for it would contain ALL the nutritive constituents of meat." Again:—"I have before stated that in preparing the Extract of Meat the albuminous principles remain in the residue; they are lost to nutrition; and this is certainly a great disadvantage."

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains the entire albuminous principles and is the only perfect nutritious stimulant known.

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FINE ASSORTMENT, VARIOUS COLORS, ALL SIZES. Also assortment FISH GLOBES, AT J. GOULDEN'S 175 St. Lawrence Main street. 35

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