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THE TIMES.

Once more the Toronto *Globe*, that is—the Hon. George Brown has given evidence of his utter incapability to understand the ways of ordinary society. Mr. Brown still believes that the people who read his paper can only comprehend low and vulgar sentiments when expressed in low and vulgar language. Mr. Brown is a Calvinist, and probably believes in fore-ordination—to the effect that what a man is born to be, he will and must be, and trying to be anything else is of no use—so what he was at first he is now, crabbed, vulgar, mean. Nothing but self-interest can appeal to this man; no argument; no sentiment; no fact; no consideration for general or particular welfare—only Brown can find the way to Brown. Here is another specimen of the spleen, and bad logic, and worse manners, and inconsistencies of the Toronto *Globe*, edited by the Hon. George Brown, and managed by Mr. Gordon Brown, his brother. It is an article, headed “The Montreal Malcontents,” and opens thus:—

“On Tuesday evening the Montreal malcontents—Mr. Macmaster being absent from the meeting—discreetly refrained from the advocacy of annexation or independence. One callow politician believed in his right to discuss any revolutionary proposal, but was considerate enough to let our present system go unsmashed a while longer. One flatulent Englishman, a peripatetic ‘friend of humanity,’ posed as the ideal Canadian, talked highly of swamping the French race and demolishing some institution to which he alluded as the Church, abused both political parties, perspired eloquently, and vastly pleased himself. Nearly everybody barked at the *Globe* and the Canadian press in general. ‘Freedom of Speech’ being proposed as the first subject for discussion, failed to produce a debate, everybody being in favour of unlimited liberty of utterance, and quite aware that it is granted in Canada. ‘Legislative Union’ was then brought forward and discussed in a manner to which no one could reasonably take objection. The meeting was perfectly harmless and depressingly tame.”

The reference to Mr. Macmaster is in Mr. Brown’s usual style, for he knew well enough what the “being absent” meant; but, of course, he would not mention the fact that a political opponent was attending to the Parliamentary duties he had undertaken at the request of a constituency. He proceeds: “One flatulent Englishman, a peripatetic ‘friend of humanity,’ &c. So the secret is out at last. It is quite enough to be an Englishman to incur the hatred of Mr. Brown. He is very loyal, oh yes, but he rarely loses a chance of sneering at anything English; he has been in his day most bitterly seditious, and only a few months ago he refused a token of honour from England’s Queen. But this Englishman is “flatulent”—has wind on the stomach that is. The reference must be to his habit of talking and writing—and Mr. Brown says this!! How much talking and writing has Mr. Brown done in Canada since the time when he came uninvited? This “flatulent Englishman” is also a peripatetic “friend of humanity.” Well, Mr. Brown is not a Canadian born; he is only a Scotch-Yankee, who came here and started the newspaper business at once, “posed as an ideal Canadian,” and made money by it. For a long time has this Scotch-Yankee been flatulent and posing, and appears to be in no hurry to be rid of the disease or to change the position.

Mr. Brown puts the words friend of humanity within inverted commas, to convey the impression to his readers that he is quoting a phrase used by the Englishman, when as a matter of fact no such words were uttered by the Englishman on the occasion. I know what ordinary people would call that; but I wonder what Mr. Brown—who often makes a “big push” and a “grand stand” against immorality—would name it? *Globeism* is a peculiar thing, and no one can tell where it gets its standard of morals. We should get a little enlightenment if Mr. Brown would give us his interpretation of the command, “Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.” Probably he has written in the margin, “Except for personal and political purposes.”

This afflicted Englishman, it is further stated, “talked lightly of swamping the whole French race,” &c., but a little further on the *Globe* states that “Legislative Union was then brought forward and discussed in a manner to which no one could reasonably take objection.” Decidedly the *Globe*—that is, Mr. Brown—could not stop to explain that “swamping the French race” was only applied to the French as a separate and distinct nationality in Canada; and of course the *Globe* would not state the fact that the phrase was used by a Frenchman! But strangely enough all this was said under the caption of “Legislative Union,” which matter the *Globe* declares was “brought forward and discussed in a manner to which no one could reasonably take exception.” The *Globe* has taken exception, and pronounced judgment upon itself. Poor *Globe!* it is not over-wise.

“Nearly everybody barked at the *Globe*.” That is Mr. Brown’s delicate way of calling the members of the Political Economy Society dogs. If we were to say, “The *Globe* has grunted at us,” would that be a Scotch-Yankee way of calling Mr. Brown a hog? Perhaps; but no one said anything so vulgar. Still, there is a difficulty to be got over; the *Globe* says in the same article that Mr. Trenholme is “a fair man,” and yet no one barked more loudly and emphatically than he. The *Globe* fairly snivelled over Mr. Trenholme; tears stood in its dull eyes; its great jaw fell, and its great tongue wobbled; but there is the record—Mr. Trenholme joined those who “barked at the *Globe*.” Poor *Globe!* its reasoning is not very good.

But it is strange that the *Globe* should always and consistently stultify itself by discussing a subject the moment it has condemned all discussion upon it. Annexation was mentioned at the first meeting of the Political Economy Society as one question among many others which it would be well to consider. The *Globe* hurled its anathemas on us, and then proceeded to argue about it as if it had already become a question of great and pressing importance. So now—the matter of Legislative Union is a thing to be scoffed at until the *Globe* begins to talk about it. And yet, the secret of all this is not far to find. Mr. Brown is aware that changes are inevitable—there is a feeling of discontent abroad—not so much with British connection as with our internal economy—there is a strong and growing feeling against the kind of influence the *Globe* has exercised—any change that may happen must affect the *Globe*. In whatever direction there is development the *Globe* must suffer, and Mr. Brown is fighting hard for money, and power, and position. It is a mistake to imagine that he has any concern for Canada at the bottom of all this vulgar abuse of men and societies—he is simply working, as he has always worked, to promote the circulation of the *Globe* newspaper, which promotes the personal interests of Mr. George Brown and Mr. Gordon Brown his brother, but not at all the interests of Canada.

Even Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has felt the situation of sufficient gravity to warrant him in preaching a sermon against any and all annexationists which may, or may be supposed, to exist in this colony. The Archbishop is as decidedly disturbed as the Hon. George Brown, and probably from the same cause—a sense and dread of impending changes. I am not an annexationist, but from the attitude and the expressions of the *Globe* and Archbishop Lynch, and some others, it might well be inferred that there is a strong undercurrent of opinion for annexation, or independence, or something by way of profitable change, even in Ontario. Those who have opportunities for knowing the opinions of men, outside of newspapers, say there is no desire for a change of any kind at present, but most of them say changes are inevitable. When asked to define their opinions, some whisper one thing and some another, and some say "what's the good; let us wait."

"After love of God comes love of country," said Archbishop Lynch. I should have thought he would put love of Church second, but probably that is included under the first head in the Archbishop's mind—and I agree with him. But which country comes first in its claim upon our affection? Is it England, or Great Britain? The Archbishop would hardly like to counsel Irishmen to put love of Great Britain before love of Ireland, or Frenchmen to love England rather than France, or Germans, or the dwellers from the ends of the earth who seek a home in Canada. Then can it be that the Archbishop would teach us to love and hold to, after God, the land he calls his mother-country? But that would be to preach a policy of ruinous disintegration for Canada. We do not want that a half-dozen distinct nationalities shall be maintained in Canada. That would be to divide interests, to perpetuate strife, and to court disaster. By "love of country" the Archbishop must mean love of Canada, for that is the only practical form it can take. We do not seek first of all to promote English interests, or French interests, or Irish interests, but the interests of those who live in Canada. By all means let us cultivate patriotism, and that I take it now is the promotion of the material, mental and moral welfare of the people of Canada. What we need is fusion of the different races, unity of policy, and goodwill among the people.

Canada is not the only country in which there is just now a manifest anxiety as to what the future shall bring in the way of Government. With the single exception of England all Europe is disturbed and anxious. The people of Russia are profoundly dissatisfied with the Imperial and paternal policy of the Czar; they are demanding more freedom in their institutions, a more popular form of Government, and what else they hardly know, except that they are angry and determined that it shall break out somewhere and against some one, and the Czar represents despotism in their eyes. In Germany matters fare no better; nor in Spain; nor in Italy. Each State is torn by forces of disintegration; kings tremble for their heads and their crowns; aristocrats for their titles and their possessions—while those neither kings nor aristocrats feel that they are called upon to shape their own destiny.

On the whole, it may be said that Imperialism is in great peril, if not under sentence of abolition. At the extreme of Imperialism is Republicanism, and upon the two great Republics of the world the eyes of those who now suffer under despotic Government are fixed with earnest, wondering attention. The United States can hardly be said to offer much encouragement for a movement in that direction. The constant irritation kept up in all political circles, by reason of the too frequently recurring Presidential elections—the inadequacy of the system to meet the demands made upon it—as for instance, the riots which occurred awhile ago, and the opportunity it affords for the exercise of most flagrant political frauds—as we have seen in the election of President Hayes, and the action of the late Governor of Maine, will, of necessity, act as a deterrent upon those, in other nations, who dream of copying the example.

The Republic of France, however, is calculated to give hope to those sick of Imperialism. There the idea of Republicanism is being

worked out with every promise of final success. M. Gambetta is gradually, but surely, educating the people into the belief that government by the people, for the people, and through the people, will conduce as much to national and civic splendour as the sway of any sceptred king. It seems as if it had fallen to the lot of France to teach the secret of peace and prosperity to the nations of the earth now, as in the olden times it appeared to be the mission of France to teach them how to make and maintain standing armies.

England gives an example of the happy mean between Imperialism on the one hand and a disorderly Democracy on the other. There the shoe does not pinch either foot. An official bureaucracy, revolving round and round the throne, costly and corrupt, does not exist, as in Russia, Germany and Spain. The Queen ensures liberty to all. The people have the most freedom of all possible republics, along with all the advantages that can attach to a monarchy. The English Constitution is a compromise between Imperialism and Republicanism, and seems to offer, at present, the best possible solution of the difficulty which is vexing all, or nearly all, mankind. Whether this expediency can endure the wear and tear of long time and changing circumstance remains yet to be proved; but now it seems as if a limited monarchy is the best kind of Government known to those who desire to be governed well.

Evidently Mr. Mowat and his colleagues in the Ontario Ministry find it difficult to get up a programme of important measures to lay before the Assembly. It may be that they are casting about for something, but to judge from appearances, the search is unsuccessful so far. As it now stands, the Local Government will drag out the shortest possible term allowed for the indemnity, in doing some work which will be altogether of a municipal character. The Opposition can, as yet, find nothing to oppose, save and except the measure for providing new Parliament buildings. That is to be made the subject for a battle royal between the two parties. Mr. Mowat and his faithful henchmen will dwell upon the inconvenience and inadequacy of the present house for the august Assembly—upon the growth of the Province—its increased wealth, and its great future; while Mr. Meredith and his handful of men will talk against time and tide and the extravagant expenditure of the people's money.

But the debate can hardly be a great one, for the one side is too sure of victory, and the other too sure of defeat for either to experience much of real enthusiasm. A great army can hardly be expected to get up the excitement of battle when it has only to crush a mere regiment; and although the regiment may fight against great odds bravely, it will be with the courage of despair. If we must have government by party in our Provinces, the relative forces of both sides should somewhat approximate, so that criticism may have a chance of making itself heard and felt. Mr. Meredith may criticise, but as everything introduced by the Government will be a foregone conclusion, the criticism will necessarily be lacking in that enthusiasm which is born of a sense of power and hope.

A correspondent from Toronto sends me the following *jeux d'esprit*, culled from the *Globe's* new dictionary:—

- Ignorance*—A substantive formed from the habit of ignoring well-known facts.
Abuse—The faculty of decrying usefulness.
Political Economy—A new name for annexation, consternation, botheration and insubordination.
Politie Economy—No gratuitous advertising of individual names, especially names of rival editors.
Wit—A knowledge of the animal creation and the correct correspondence of each genus with the names of unruly human agitators.
Pun—The capital punishment of suspension in the captions of editorials.
Freedom of Speech—Liberty to speak well of the *Globe*.
Discussion—A thing confined to *Globe* editorials.
Globe—A revolving body, gritty, ponderous, with huge progressive feet-ures.
Dictator (the public's definition)—A man who writes, but is seldom right; a man who speaks till he, or the public, is done.
Editorial—A literary production to which truth ought to be more a stranger than fiction.
Fact—A substantive formed from faction.

Reporter—A man who can report what never happened, and mislead the public.

Copy—The primary duty of all Gritty country papers.

Printer's D—A man who has thoughts and dares to print them.

Loyal Canadian—A *Globe* subscriber.

Lunacy—A disease brought on by ceasing to follow the Grit organ.

Mercantile Agencies are at best a doubtful blessing as at present conducted; for the moral character and habits of a man are usually reported on hearsay evidence only. An immoral character is seldom scrupulous in lying to his neighbours about his own virtues, or to the Agency reporter about his means. It is only, therefore, in statistics, or a record of hard facts, that the real usefulness of Mercantile Agencies becomes apparent. Dun, Wiman & Co.'s statistical statement of insolvencies for 1879 confirms the sad experience of nearly every wholesale merchant, that the year just closed has been the most disastrous Canada has ever seen. Think of it; Canada with its four millions of population had to bear the strain of twenty-nine millions of bad debts; while the United States, with a population ten times as great, sustained bad debts of only ninety-eight millions. A few sermons on statistics, with some reflections on that prudence which makes for honesty, could hardly come amiss in Montreal.

The statistics of failures in Great Britain in 1879, published by Mr. R. Sneyd, are decidedly doleful; yet it would seem as if the tide has turned. The last half of 1879 showed a total of 7,647 failures, against 8,990 in the first six months.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce has addressed the Foreign Office on the subject of "sizing" cotton, defending itself on the ground that orders from abroad were given for just that class of goods and none other, and therefore they had to make them. This is neither the logic of religion nor of common sense; for between these two there exists a marvellous resemblance. A pick-pocket may as well blame the resetter of stolen goods because he buys the product of his industry. Whenever a merchant or manufacturer becomes regardless of usefulness as a characteristic of the goods he handles, his business becomes alike immoral and unstable. He who makes real value, real service to others, the predominant thought in all his labour, will seldom if ever experience dull trade. This is a law of trade as reliable as any of the other laws of the spiritual and natural universe.

On the authority of the *Warehousemen's and Drapers' Journal* of London, England, it is announced that silver anklets are the latest novelty in the adornment of the fair sex. W. Thornhill, of New Broad Street, has the credit of their introduction. Verily, the world moves, and women are becoming strong minded. The *Journal* naively remarks: "We should not be surprised if they were to become popular." That editorial "we" might not; this editorial "I" certainly would.

As the time draws near when the British Parliament will have run its course to the end and the electors will be called upon to say what party shall have the next lease of power, the excitement increases. There is a lull just now, so far as public speaking by the leaders is concerned, but this is the time when the real work of forming opinion is done. The enthusiasm created by a great meeting soon passes off; but the speeches are not forgotten. The miners in the mines, the artisans in the shops, and commercial men on 'Change discuss them after the meeting is over; and in England there is a healthy public opinion which may be relied upon when the moment for action comes. And judging from the past it is safe to say that the days of Lord Beaconsfield's power are numbered. The "spirited foreign policy" has turned out a most expensive disaster. Hardly a success can be pointed to, while the catalogue of failures is long and black. Then there are questions of great importance in domestic economy demanding attention, and it is felt on all sides that the great Earl is hardly competent to deal with them. Once more popular favour is swinging round, and it looks as if the great William will be once again the friend and idol of "the people" who for some years past have hated him unreasonably.

Should the Earl of Beaconsfield come to the conclusion by and by that the Liberals will carry the elections, we may rest assured that he will resign his position as leader of the conservative party and dissolve Parliament. He is not likely to fight a battle that he even suspects will be a losing one; and it would be at least a dramatic and proud ending to the strange life he has lived if he were to have the opportunity of saying: I educated you Conservatives in spite of yourselves; I led you to power, and now that old age has forced me into retirement the country has declared that it wants you in office no longer. The people of England wanted me, not you, and my life's ambition is accomplished. A proud farewell it would be, but intensely like the man.

After much delay at Washington, and much speculation in political circles in London as to the reason for it, the States' Ambassador to England has been decided upon. Mr. Lowell, a man of very considerable reputation as a writer, has received the appointment. The post would have been filled before, probably, had it not been for the fact the Presidential term is drawing to a close and a change of Presidents may affect even one so high in office as the Ambassador to London. Not many men of power and self-respect would care to run the risk of being snuffed out after less than a year's sojourn at the Court of Great Britain; and, had it not been that Mr. Lowell has been unfortunate and unhappy in his mission at Madrid, it is probable that the United States would have had no representative in London until the next four years' master at the White House shall have been decided upon.

Quoth Frank to Jack: You fib like facts!

Quoth Jack to Frank: You lie like figures!!

SIR,—Apart altogether from those Consolidated Bank prosecutions there is one feature in the monthly bank statements which has not been discussed with sufficient force nor clearly enough brought out. I mean the gross inconsistencies to be found in the statements themselves. The law says that those "monthly returns shall exhibit the conditions of the bank on the last juridical day of the month preceding." It provides columns for "assets" and columns for "liabilities," one of which on the credit side reads "Balances due from other banks in Canada," the corresponding one on the debtor side reading "Due to other banks in Canada." To an ordinary mortal no language could be simpler or more explicit than this, and yet here is the aggregate result from a late *Canada Gazette* :—

Balances due FROM other banks in Canada.....	\$4,653,138
Due TO other banks in Canada [only].....	2,708,172
Unaccountable difference.....	\$1,944,966

That is to say, that the creditor banks make oath that there is some two million dollars more due to them than the debtor banks admit to be owing by them. I would commend some of those bank officials who claim such enormous and seemingly false balances to be due to them, to the attention of the Crown Prosecutor. 'Tis no more than even-handed justice that they too should have their turn.

A Subscriber.

SIR,—It is surprising to note the amount of animosity and malicious abuse that some men are capable of launching at those with whom they disagree, from behind the safe covert of an anonymous letter. Indeed I cannot imagine Mr. Editor, why you, who always advocate fair-play and politeness, and invariably show these courtesies yourself, should allow anonymous writers to attack and abuse in this skulking manner, articles written by well known gentlemen and signed with their own names. I now refer particularly to the letter of "J. W. G.," in this week's SPECTATOR, which professes to be a criticism on Mr. Popham's article on "A Canadian Academy of Arts." Now I am but slightly acquainted with art and not at all with Mr. Popham; indeed my knowledge of the former has been in great part derived from the—that I considered very clever—articles of the latter, and those of Mr. King. These gentlemen certainly know more of art than most Montrealers, and although they sometimes differ in opinion they do so in a gentlemanly manner, and openly over their own signatures, not throwing artistic mud at each other from behind anonymous fences; but no amount of art culture is required in the understanding of "J. W. G.'s" letter, since it deals not in argument but in abuse. Yet I must acknowledge that even the abuse is beyond my comprehension, for I cannot reach to the height of "J. W. G.'s" impudence or to the depth of his sarcasm. Of course it is very easy to call any article "senseless twaddle," and I might just as easily say the same of "J. W. G.'s" letter, but whatever I may think, I shall refrain from following an example so uncourteous.

However, it is not so easy to understand "J. W. G.'s" facetious allusions to the Governor-General and Princess, whom he evidently considers as mortals

of a higher intelligence, and quite above comparison with ordinary art critics. Doubtless "J. W. G." feels his own inferiority to these great personages, and I do not object to his humility; but this is an independent country, and I may be excused if I express my belief that there are Canadians who know quite as much and even more on some subjects than many Royal Highnesses.

As to "J. W. G.'s" very generous offer with regard to presenting Mr. Popham to the city of Ottawa, I fancy there may be others who have a right to a voice in the matter. Surely "J. W. G." does not profess to be possessed of Mr. Popham? Indeed, judging from the letter, I should fear he is possessed of a far more evil and malicious spirit; and since we cannot give away that which we do not possess, I think "J. W. G." should have consulted his fellow citizens before offering up Mr. Popham. But perhaps he might have found Montrealers more willing that he himself, with all his anonymous charms, should be given a gift to the good city of Ottawa. Still, I myself, as a fellow citizen, would not willingly part with "J. W. G." After all, he may not be half a bad fellow, if he would not let his angry passions rise. Perhaps he is an artist, one of those embryo academicians, and Mr. Popham's sharp pen may have scratched him severely. What is the old proverb, "Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar," is it not? Scratch an artist and you find a—what? "J. W. G." may find a name for himself; at all events, we may be sure the iron has entered deeply into his soul, else the irony would never flow so frantically from his pen. But I am not mad, most noble "J. W. G." Being of the softer sex, I never—well, hardly ever—get mad at artists, art critics, or any one who knows anything on any subject.

For my part I would fain keep all these clever people in Montreal, and if we could only coax them to give us their ideas pleasantly and politely through the columns of the SPECTATOR they might greatly elevate and educate us poor folk who don't know much about anything, but who can always find plenty of sarcasm, personalities and ill-natured abuse in the Daily Press. Why not make the SPECTATOR a happy hunting ground where well-bred, cultivated people may freely exchange their ideas and even enter into argument in a good natured and friendly manner, unmixed with ire and acrimony.

"For on subjects such as these,
Good manners always please,
And a charmingly gentlemanly tone implants,
Well pleasing to your sisters, and your cousins, and your aunts."

And particularly pleasing to

Your affectionate old aunt,

Euphrosyne.

I thoroughly agree with "Euphrosyne," and regret very much that the letter of "J. W. G." appeared in the columns of the SPECTATOR. Being busy in preparing to leave Montreal for a few days, I was unable to read the letter, and supposing that art critics would use fair and respectful language toward each other, it was inserted without the usual supervision. Mr. Popham wrote over his own name—indulged in no personalities, so far as I am aware, and certainly deserved the like courtesy from any one dealing with the same subject in answer to him. Let gentlemen discuss all matters which concern themselves or the public—let them disagree, as even doctors may—but this indulgence in personalities is worse than silly—it exhibits an utter lack of culture, an ignorance of the ways of polite society, and the absence of all manly sentiment. When writers of editorials or of letters to papers resort to vulgar abuse they may be quite sure that they accomplish nothing worth the doing, and only make it manifest that they have a bad cause and a worse principle.

It is bad enough, too bad altogether, that men should abuse each other in newspaper editorials and over their proper signature, but when that is done over a mere *nom de plume*, it is a thousand times worse. It is a sure indication that the writer is either a liar or a contemptible coward. He wants to give a stab at some one's reputation—or vent his spleen without running the risk of being called to account by the persons injured. The only wonder is that newspapers can be found to admit these scurrilous scribbles, for it is opposed in principle and practice to all that is sound and healthy in journalism. With one or two exceptions, the Canadian press is fairly well free from this degradation. For that one or two there is no hope of a better state of things until they have changed hands, for they are so hopelessly bad now that when the editors and others connected with them cannot find any one outside to do their dirty work—afraid of saying all they want in an editorial, they concoct letters in their own offices and make pretence that they are from correspondents. This, it will be conceded, is the most cowardly and despicable form of journalism known within the limits of civilization, and the men who practice it are pitifully degraded.

EDITOR.

PROPERTY AND CIVIL RIGHTS.

Property, says the Socialist, is robbery. Arguing from this axiom, he maintains that no man is entitled to hold property as his own, however acquired; that it belongs entirely to the State, which can dispose of it as it may determine. Hence, by his theory, no title deeds are of any value; no trusts for any purpose are sacred; everything is at the caprice of the particular body which may for the time being represent the State, and which can deprive any man of the fruits of his labours and render abortive the most skilfully devised precautions to secure them to his heirs or to any object for which he believes it to be desirable he should provide.

If men would only think for themselves and not be led by the nose by others, they would see that these Socialistic demands have been given effect to, without the smallest intention and with no idea of doing so, by a judgment lately rendered in the Superior Court of Montreal, by Mr. Justice Jetté, in the case of *Dobie vs. The Temporalities' Board*. The same principle, I may remark, has led to similar decisions in the cases of individual congregations, by which the clearest title deeds were set aside. That principle was, however, less distinctly brought out in them than in the case now before us. Having, in a pamphlet, already published a history of the claims of the adherents of the Church of Scotland, I have no intention of going over ground already traversed. There are aspects of the case of general interest, and it is to these that I desire to call attention.

Acting upon the theory, that the provisions of the Act of Confederation give them power to dispose of private property, the Local Legislatures passed Acts to effect a junction of certain ecclesiastical bodies, and transferred a Fund held for the benefit of a particular Church, under a carefully guarded Trust, from those for whose benefit the Trust had been constituted, to individuals who do not come within the scope of the Trust, but who, on the contrary, have been specially excluded from it. Mr. Justice Jetté by his decision maintains the right of Local Legislatures so to dispose of private property, and declares that the Courts cannot interfere even if the rights of parties to the Fund in question be conclusively established. The learned Justice says:

"If the petitioner seeks to complain of the arbitrariness and injustice of these legislative enactments, which deprive him of rights of property which he considered inviolable, I must answer him that it is not my mission to accord him a protection which the law refuses" (meaning thereby these local acts), "and that nothing would be more dangerous than for the Courts to assume the power to reject a positive law under the pretext that it was unjust."

In another part of the judgment, the learned judge declines to consider the question of the proprietorship of the Fund, on the ground that all the Court has to do is to see if an Act complained of deals with matters on which the Local Legislature is empowered to legislate, and supports this view by the provision of the Confederation Act on the subject, to be found in the 92nd section.

"In each Province the Legislature may exclusively make laws *in relation to* . . . —13, Property and Civil Rights in the Province."

That, according to the present judgment, deprives every property holder, incorporated company, benevolent institution, &c. of all claim to the property they hold, and transfers it to the State, thus subjecting every man's property and civil rights to the caprice of a body of men who *may* act justly, but have not always done so. Russia, it is said, is a despotism tempered by assassination. If this judgment be good law Canada is under a despotism without mitigation.

Taking it for granted that this authoritative exposition of the law is correct, let us see how it works, as an illustration may reach where argument fails. There is a highly respectable club in Montreal called the St. James' Club. Mr. Harrison Stephens has a valuable property adjoining, the possession of which, and of the beautiful mansion erected on it, would add greatly to the amenity of the Club and the enjoyment of its members. Under Mr. Justice Jetté's ruling, it would only be necessary for the influential gentlemen composing the Club to lobby a bill through the Local Legislature, to secure this highly desirable residence. Mr. Stephens on applying to the learned judge would be told (I quote his own words):

"The Courts are not the guardians of the rights of the people, except as those rights are secured by some constitutional provision which comes within the judicial cognizance."

And the ground for this refusal of redress to Mr. Stephens is the provision, that "the Local Legislatures may exclusively make laws *in relation to* property and Civil Rights" which Mr. Justice Jetté interprets as giving all private property to the Local Legislatures, instead of its being simply the definition of their powers to enact regulations relating to the mode of transfer, registration and the laws by which members of the community are to be guided in their dealings with each other. As the powers of the Local Legislature are unrestricted the members of the St. James' Club need not flatter themselves that they are secure in possession of their "ill gotten gear." The Political Economy Club, at present without a local habitat, has only to get another bill passed by the same Legislature to secure the property of the St. James' Club *plus* that of

Mr. Stephens, to be in turn dispossessed by some more influential concern, and so on *ad infinitum*.

The Trust, which is the subject of the present litigation, was hedged round and fenced about with the most stringent precautions, so that there could be no doubt or misapprehension as to those who were to derive the benefit from its revenues. Mr. Justice Jetté declines to look at the question of who were or were not entitled to enjoy the benefits of this Trust, according to the terms specially laid down, on the ground, that "there is not in reality at the bottom of this part of the dispute more than a question of religious doctrines, altogether beyond the jurisdiction of a civil tribunal, and consequently not for me to decide." But the very essence of the Constitution of the Trust is the precise thing that Mr. Justice Jetté refuses to look at. The Trust was constituted to secure the teaching of certain doctrines, in a certain way, by the adherents of a particular Church, holding, by compact with the State, an unalterable creed. The Law Reports are full of cases in which the whole question of Civil Rights turns upon the tenets held, simply because in no other way can the question of Civil Rights in these cases be decided. The appreciation of religious doctrines is as much the duty of a Court of Law, when upon these doctrines turn the interpretation of the terms of a Trust, as is the appreciation of the conditions of any other trust or contract. I might give proof from a mass of decisions and authorities now before me on this point, but really it is so elementary that the error into which the learned Judge has fallen (having apparently forgotten even the well known Guibord case) need not be seriously discussed. I give a Canadian case or two, not because they bring out so clearly as many the point before us, but because they are allied to the present suit.

The Chancellor of Ontario lately, in giving judgment in favour of one of the congregations of the Church of Scotland, which the United Presbyterian body sought to deprive of its property, by virtue of the Ontario Union Act, referred to certain judgments in the Court of King's Bench in Upper Canada on Church cases, in which it was held unanimously that in a question of title to property, the question of identity was the material question. "In these cases," the Chancellor said, "the Court of King's Bench had evidence, oral, documentary and historic to prove the identity." Clearly that Court did not refuse to look into questions of doctrine. The Chancellor in the case before him maintained the same view, and quoted two cases, in one of which Vice-Chancellor Esten said: "It is an acknowledged fact, that the gift (of land on which to erect a church) was to a branch of the Church of Scotland. That Church became divided into two parts, one of which has been erected into a new and different Church, of which the congregation at Cobourg, now enjoying the use of the building is part and parcel. It appears to me to be no more entitled to the benefit of the gift than a congregation of the Church of England, or of Methodists, or of Baptists would be." Chancellor Vankoughnet delivered another judgment in relation to a congregation of adherents of the Free Church. "Afterward," says the Chancellor, "the great body of the congregation abandoned the connection with the Free Church, but as long as *any one remains* to claim the site and church on behalf of the Free Church, the right of the latter body continues, notwithstanding the change of opinion in the body of the members."

Granting for the moment, that the local legislatures are vested with the extraordinary powers attributed to them by Mr. Justice Jetté, it would seem that these powers are only to be exercised when the objects of a Trust or Corporation are purely local and provincial. The very terms of the Act of Confederation show that the jurisdiction in cases in which property and civil rights are concerned belong exclusively to the Federal Parliament, when the objects of the Trust or Corporation extend over more than one province. The Statute Books of the Dominion are full of instances of this. To go no further back than last session. The local government of Quebec obtained in Ottawa an Act to authorise the erection of a bridge from Hull to Ottawa, to connect the railway system of Quebec with that of Ontario, and in that Act the Parliament of Canada dealt with property and civil rights in Ontario, as it would do with those in any other Province, when the object of an Act was more than provincial. But, according to the ruling, the local legislature of Ontario having exclusive jurisdiction in relation to property and civil rights may pass an Act to defeat the object of the charter granted by the Dominion. Let us see what is the Trust dealt with in the judgment. The Act of Incorporation was granted by the old Province of Canada, for the purpose of holding in trust certain funds belonging to a Church co-extensive with the limits of United Canada. The fund to be held in trust was undivided and not susceptible of division except by the destruction of the Trust so constituted. It was not a local corporation, having shareholders in other parts of Canada and outside of its limits, subject to the local laws of the Province, as being shareholders of a Company with provincial objects. Yet the latter is the view the learned judge takes,—a view, I respectfully say, which is entirely contrary to the fact. It is a corporation which must be dealt with, and can be dealt with, in no other way than other corporations with more than provincial objects. The very Acts of Ontario cited by the learned judge show this. Quebec deals with the Trust in question and the Fund held by it *as a whole*. It does not deal with it as partly belonging to Quebec and legislate for that part. Ontario deals

with the very same Trust *as a whole*, and does not assume that part belongs to Ontario and legislate for that. If the Fund is local to Quebec, then Ontario cannot legislate in relation to it. If local to Ontario, Quebec cannot legislate in relation to it. If it be necessary in both Provinces to deal with the Fund *as a whole*, as has been done, neither can legislate, that, within constitutional limits, being the duty of the Federal Parliament. It is incontestable that the objects of the Trust are in no sense local, but are general. The Act provides that each Manager shall be resident in the Province (United Canada), and a glance at the names will show that this was always complied with. The sixth section provides that "the said Corporation shall hold their meetings at such place or places within this Province (United Canada) as they shall from time to time direct and appoint," and the records of the Board show that the meetings were so held, although the principal office, for the sake of convenience, is in Montreal. The Act of Incorporation proves its general nature, and the very Union Acts quoted by the learned judge present the most incontestable evidence on the subject. Mr. Justice Jetté himself does not venture to contest it, but holds that property and civil rights being within the exclusive jurisdiction of the local legislatures, they alone can deal with them. Let me quote the words of the judgment, the italics being my own:—

"Now, what was the object of the Corporation created by the Statute 22 Victoria, cap. 66? Nothing else than the ownership and the possession of certain property; that is to say, that the Legislature of United Canada has accorded, by this Act, those rights which are included specially in the category of subjects exclusively entrusted at the present time to the Provincial Legislatures. It is true that under the former *régime* the two Provinces being subject to a legislative union, these same rights were under the control of the Legislature of the Union, and consequently the privileges accorded in this respect to Corporations created by this Parliament *extended (except when specially restricted) to all the territory subject to its jurisdiction*. But the extent of this territory, whether more or less, does not change anything in the nature itself of these rights; and since these rights are now entrusted to the Provincial Parliament, can it be pretended that it has neither the right nor the power to legislate in a manner to affect them? Certainly not."

Very clear. Sambo is a man; Sambo is black; *ergo*, all men are black. Now let us see how it works, for the principle laid down is so broad as to cover every case in which an Act of Incorporation was granted by the old Province of Canada. The Grand Trunk Railway Company obtained an Act of Incorporation from that Legislature. Part of the line is within the Province of Quebec (of course the same reasoning applies to any other Province), in which the Local Legislature has exclusive jurisdiction over property and civil rights. Besides the line, the Grand Trunk has the Victoria Bridge, the use of which is much coveted by other railways. Suppose by certain "human devices" an Act is obtained from the Local Legislature to transfer the ownership of this bridge to another company, and the Grand Trunk applies for redress; the Court simply shrugs its shoulders and says, as Mr. Justice Jetté tells us: "The protection against unwise or oppressive legislation within constitutional bounds is by appeal to the justice and patriotism of the representatives of the people. If this fail, the people in their sovereign capacity can correct the evil; but courts cannot assume their rights." The Grand Trunk says: "The property in question is ours—paid for by us and assured to us by charter; the Legislature has overstepped its constitutional bounds." The answer is simple. "The Legislature has exclusive jurisdiction over property and civil rights, and the statement of your claims is altogether beyond my jurisdiction and consequently not for me to decide." But the Grand Trunk contends that not being a mere provincial incorporation, the Legislature has no jurisdiction. "All a mistake," says the Court; "you obtained the Act from the old Province of Canada over the whole territory under its jurisdiction, but the extent of this territory, whether more or less, does not change anything in the nature itself of your rights; and since these rights are now entrusted to the Provincial Parliament, can it be pretended that it has neither the right nor the power to legislate in a manner to affect them? Certainly not. The Victoria Bridge and anything taken from you by the Act are no longer yours; you have no redress." A conclusion which must be highly satisfactory to every man with money invested in Canada.

As will be seen, I have scrupulously abstained in this paper from touching on doctrinal questions important to us, if of little general interest. And I have done so for the purpose of getting rid of all considerations which might distract attention from the grave constitutional question in which the whole community is vitally interested. The decision of Mr. Justice Jetté may help to startle and to arouse enquiry into the nature of the struggle in which we are involved. That struggle has a two-fold aspect. One ecclesiastical, affecting a limited number; the other constitutional, and of vital moment to the whole community. We have till now carried on the contest at enormous expense and with but scant sympathy, but I venture to urge upon every thinking man the duty of seeing that the decision of this question before the highest tribunal in the Empire does not fail for want of funds, for the question is one—if ever there was one—that cannot with safety be left unsettled.

Douglas Brymner.

Ottawa, Jan. 12th, 1880.

"CREDIT."

Merchants and Traders have had so many homilies and lectures on their sins launched upon them from every quarter of the editorial world during 1879, that they are getting slightly restive—and no wonder. It becomes monotonous even to one's self continually to cry "peccavi"; and when the cry is dinned in our ears, from without, in what may be called the provocative tense of "thou hast sinned," it ceases to be either cheering or effective. He who sits down to mourn over his follies or listens too much to hired mourners who do his moaning for him, wastes precious time and exhausts powers of heart and mind that were never meant for lamentation, but for work—meant in fact to overcome evil by doing good.

It is better—better far—to will to see what we have to do, and then, do it.

Because we Canadians inherit much of the trading spirit of our ancestry in older lands therefore trade will be, must be, an important factor in our national progress.

On city men that portion of the National programme specially devolves. A merchant is but a workman, and credit, money, banks, and capitalists, are but the tools he uses. He ought to know how to use his tools without either cutting himself or spoiling his work. Specially he needs to consider how wisely to use credit.

Credit is simply "belief" strong enough to bear the weight of a loan in goods or money, nor is it a slender cord that can bear such a sham in this money-making money-loving age.

To perceive how credit can be used safely it is best, possibly, to illustrate first from the very lowest round of the mercantile ladder. Jones starts in business, in Halifax let us say, with no capital whatever but with good character and recognized ability—therefore possessed of credit. Legitimately to use that credit Jones ought to sell his goods before he buys them, and should take excessive care that his risk in crediting, if he credits at all, is at a minimum. Jones deserves, and needs, a credit long enough only to enable him to deliver the goods sold and obtain his customer's acceptance for them. When he discounts that acceptance he ought at once to settle his debt. He should know that he can discount it before he contracts the debt. The law of "usefulness" forbids him, even if he can obtain longer credit, to use the means he thus finds at his command to enter into new transactions. Why? Because he will not then own the stock he buys, and should it be left on his hands by any chance or change of the market, he may be forced to realize, and so lose—other people's money. Such a risk is no use to himself, no use to his creditor who will eventually lose by him if the process be continued, and no use to his fellow traders whose market he spoils, decreasing values possibly, by his single action, to an extent ten times as great as his own loss.

Ascending a few rounds higher we find Brown starting with \$20,000 capital and good credit. Said Brown has no right to buy, at first, more than \$20,000 worth of goods, for which he ought to pay at once. The moment Brown sells a part of his stock, exchanging it for cash or a good time acceptance, then he may justly buy more goods. But Brown ought, for the sake of usefulness to all, himself inclusive, to keep himself in the position of owning his stock-in-trade. No merchant worthy the name, no man who regards credit as the tool of usefulness, will dare to hold more goods on hand than he can instantly pay for, whether he sells or not. He will never expose himself to the compulsion of the market forcing him to sell at a loss to meet his payments. Any other course than this is stock gambling, exactly resembling what is more generally called so. Every merchant may, if he chooses, thus own his stock. Banking facilities are great among us, and it is the special province of the banker to lend money on the security of completed transactions, for the result of which two separate firms are responsible, and so restore the capital used in the first transactions to give facility for a second.

Business is useless if not profitable—useless all round—to buyer as well as seller, for the local purchaser of goods "jobbed" to meet payments seldom really needs the goods; and the man who jobbed them, thereby eased for the moment and his credit maintained, straightway buys more. He must, if he be floating on credit with a stock unpaid for. Thus this evil, like all other evils, "grows with what it feeds on," till it works itself out into powerlessness by an almost utter destruction of credit.

For credit as between man and man means a strong belief of the one in the ability and good intention of the other. Aye, credit has a still deeper root. A man must have faith in his own powers to carry out the intention he is conscious of. He must credit himself, and do so wisely too, ere he has any right either to expect or receive credit from others. Credit therefore is, or ought to be, based almost wholly on character—on the man's real self and his own knowledge of that self; and then upon whatsoever knowledge of his purposes and the probabilities of their success he can lay open to the sight of others. If they see the purpose formed by him to be wise, they know that he is wise; for a man is known by his plans as well as by his actions. The plans show the man; the actions show his ability to carry them out. So credit is gained. Reverse the process to see how credit is lost.

The "use" of credit is—well, simply "usefulness." The abuse of credit

is to deprive it of that usefulness. Usefulness to one's self only is selfishness, for what benefits self at the expense of others can hardly be regarded as useful. Can it? Anything that is of use to me only is valueless—has no market value whatever—because it is useless to any one else. Hence, in the very idea of "usefulness" is implied a universal utility—the more universal the use, the greater the real value.

The corollary to this train of thought leads directly to a financial heresy. It is this; and it is truth, however shocking it may be. The man who, filled with the idea of some great work in which he sees usefulness to his fellows, uses credit to carry it out may successfully complete the work, yet fail to make a financial success—may become insolvent and pay ten, fifteen, or twenty cents in the dollar, according as insolvency dividends "may happen to range at that joyous period"; but if the thing he has wrought be really useful it will remain and be continued by others, while his credit, though struck to earth, will rise again. He has not abused his credit. He has used it.

It is needless surely to harrow the soul with sad memories of past experiences, or prate of the causes of the trade depression from which we are now emerging, in order to enforce such conclusions as the above. If not true in themselves, reject them. If true and rational, then carry them out in practice.

One thing at least is certain; the wholesale merchant or retail trader who owns his stock, and trades further only to the extent to which he sells, is in the position to serve his customers best, to promote usefulness to others, and will find a powerful reflex influence upon his own affairs. Those who are *not* so situated yet, can work towards that end, and attain it gradually. Those who are in it will be wise to remain there, be the coming national prosperity and inflation ever so great, and ever so tempting.

Merchant's Clerk.

ART CRITICISM.

If there is one subject more than another which men claim they have a right to, and are fully competent for, it is to criticize Art, and in all communities there are to be found people ever ready and willing to assume the office, and to the great mass it is a matter of indifference whether they are competent to perform the duties or not; indeed, this seldom costs them a thought. And it would often be amusing to read their productions or hear their conversation, were it not for the manner in which they sometimes deliver their opinions, and the many fallacies they too often propagate.

No artist possessing common-sense will object to good criticism; on the contrary, it shows him that you are interested, and desirous of stimulating him to greater efforts and more correctness in his productions. But what can we say, or what excuse can be made, when it frequently occurs that the criticism is worse than the work criticised? It may not be the duty of a critic to create a taste, but it certainly is to destroy what is false; nor must he stop there, but judiciously point out the path to excellence, not by indiscriminate censure, which is not criticism, any more than by injudicious praise; for, of all men, they are the most mischievous who only flatter or bepraise our faults.

No class of men suffer more from bad criticism than the artist. He is in a great measure prevented from defending himself, for if he in the least attempts to do so, he is at once classed as conceited, if not something worse; and to such a degree has this obtained in this city, that his voice is seldom heard. A host of pretentious Art-critics have sprung up among us, and artists often wonder where they derived their knowledge from, or how many years or even months these men have given to the study of Art, that they on all occasions parade their opinions, and too often display their ignorance.

The object of Art is not solely imitation, but *pleasure, instruction, and improvement*. Ideal or emotional art does not aim at the realistic appearance of objects, only so far as will impart a truth to such; its province lies more in the direction of making mind speak to mind, by appealing to our sensibilities and imagination.

Let us take an example of an artist whose productions come under the emotional,—Flaxman. Much of his art was of an abstract character, aiming more at the realization of sentiment rather than the reproduction of the minutiae of Nature, and few artists would suffer more than Flaxman in reputation if judged according to the theory of the realistic.

Then, again, the typical in Art will scarcely bear judging in comparison with Nature (in the sense that the modest critic wishes). Typical Art fulfilled its mission when books could not be obtained by the masses. By its emblematic meaning it served to instruct the people, and in doing so it left us much information bearing upon the civilization of ancient races, their manners and customs. The conventional in Art belongs mostly to ornament, but is too often mistaken by many for mannerism. There is a wide distinction.

In a recent paper in the SPECTATOR a writer finds fault with the improper use of, and departure from, the natural form of the *fleur-de-lys* and the palm. He forgets that the best styles of ornamental art have been those when the conventional was most strictly followed—such as the Greek, Roman and Mediaeval periods. It is not necessary that a designer should confine himself to the close imitation of an object. This would produce a picture of it, not

an ornament. Ornament is a pleasing conventional treatment of some form taken from nature, treated symmetrically, with variety and unity, and then judiciously applied to the principal object which it is intended to decorate, being kept subordinate—such as the acanthus leaf used by the Greeks, or the geometrical and typical forms used in Gothic architecture. The best writers affirm that the periods of art attained their greatest eminence when conventionalism prevailed, and their decline was marked by the too great introduction of naturalism.

Another writer in the same paper, speaking of prints, says: "There are lovers of the beautiful in art who are not touched or moved by the best prints, and derive neither *amusement*, nor enjoyment, nor information." To the word amusement I strongly object. Had the writer used pleasure, he would have conveyed a better idea of their mission than he can by the word amusement; and he falls into an error when he states that prints "are the only medium indeed of presenting to the eye the representation of every object of art and nature which words are inadequate to describe." This is one of those passages calculated to lead astray. There are many examples both in prose, verse and history, which the art of painting or engraving cannot adequately render. I have selected one out of a number given by Opie in his lecture on Invention. It describes the incident in the Iliad when one of Priam's younger sons, fallen before the superior force of Achilles, solicits his life on account of his youth. "Wretch," exclaims the furious hero, "dost thou complain of dying, when thou knowest that Achilles must shortly die?" Opie, speaking of the limits and difficulties which beset art in conveying the force and meaning of many passages of history, says: "They are incapable of affording more than a bald and insipid representation on canvas." This is certainly true; yet, on the other hand, painting or engraving can grasp and represent vividly many passages and incidents when words seem altogether inadequate to convey an impression. However easy it may seem in the eyes of some people, it must be said that when art passes beyond the realistic it is not so easy a matter to judge unless we understand the many rules which govern it; for art has rules which cannot be violated. We have an instance of this in the picture in the Gallery on Phillips Square, painted by Bierstadt, where he makes the shadows of the trees on the right hand of the picture run at right-angles to the course Nature intended them to go. I point out these errors, not in any cavilling spirit, but to show the necessity of thoroughly understanding art before attempting to write upon it.

I must now ask attention to another style of Art Criticism, generally found among young ladies, who tell you Mrs. or Miss ——— paints "so exquisitely, just lovely." Human nature revolts against being cheated, and when the work is seen, and it proves not "just lovely," we are apt to let our feelings carry us away, and the consequence is that in our minds we do not do Mrs. or Miss ——— (as the case may be) justice, and allow ourselves to be a little severe in our opinions. These are the most innocent, and sin more in the manner than in the intention. But if there is a class of the Art critic which artists most justly despise, they are to be found in those who wish to be thought as possessing a wonderful amount of art-knowledge, and too often with a supercilious sneer deprecate all work not up to some false ideal formed in their mind. They are ever ready to pass an opinion from which none may appeal. They bear about them the look of the "oracle has spoken, and the decision is final." They sometimes employ a detracting witticism when capable, or borrow if incapable, to mark their superiority over and contempt for the artist and his work. These forget that the artist cannot receive either praise or censure, only as he has earned it and as it is true. Washington Allston says: "The devil's heartiest laugh is at a detracting witticism, hence the phrase 'Devilish good' has sometimes a literal meaning." We have among us many grades of this Art critic, who talk loudly or write about the depth, the feeling, the force, the light and shade, the correctness of drawing and harmony of colour. Having picked up at odd times a number of technical terms, they parade them and their opinions on all occasions, never once pausing to consider if their judgment is correct or not. To them I recommend the following passage from Burke:—"It is known that the taste is improved exactly as we improve our judgment—by extending our knowledge, by a steady attention to our object, and by frequent exercise. They who have not taken these methods, if their taste decides quickly, it is always uncertainly, and their quickness is owing to their presumption and rashness, and not to any sudden irradiation."

Among us we have many men of truly cultivated taste, but these generally stay in the background, and their names are scarcely ever heard; they have no desire to flaunt their Art-knowledge in the eyes of the world. But the artists of Montreal may justly complain of that class at present among us, who have, without much Art-knowledge or experience, bullied their way to the position of what they think their right to condemn or praise what they like or dislike in the most dogmatic manner. It is from such and their baneful influence we sincerely pray His Excellency may redeem us by uniting the artists into a body to be wielded for good and mutual protection, as well as the encouragement and the improvement of Art. Let a spirit of fairness pervade the selection of the members of the proposed Academy; let the test be one of merit, open to all, without fear or favour.

J. W. Gray.

MR. GLADSTONE AS LORD RECTOR.

Phlegmatic as Scotsmen are usually supposed to be, we are liable at times to fits of enthusiasm which are intense in the direct ratio of the long continued suppression to which we accustom ourselves. Through such a fit of excitement the country has just passed in regard to Mr. Gladstone. He came North, as your readers will have known for more than a month when you read this, to contest with Lord Dalkeith the seat for Midlothian. Of course the dissolution is not yet announced, and it is supposed will not be for some time, but Mr. Gladstone took, as it were, a preliminary survey of the ground, so his presence may be regarded as a "reconnaissance in force" before the campaign. While he naturally awakened enthusiasm in the minds of the constituency more immediately in question, the stranger thing is, all Scotland soon caught the infection. Wherever Mr. Gladstone went his path was infested by deputations of one sort or another, and to each of these he was expected to deliver a speech. What made the doings of Scotland more like the results of infection than of deliberate judgment, is the fact that Mr. Gladstone is in a sense no stranger in Scotland. As his father and mother being both Scotch, his being an Englishman legally is merely accidental. His brother, the late Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fask, was Tory member for Forfarshire. Although divided in politics, the Gladstone family are very affectionate. The ex-Prime Minister was often in Scotland. Moreover, he has been repeatedly the guest of the great Whig nobles of the North, but no such outburst of enthusiasm attended him at any previous time as on this last occasion. It is the more to be marvelled at on another account. Rumour says that he is out of favour with the Court. Yet, if there is one part of her dominions in which the Empress Queen is more loyally revered than another, it is Scotland; very much, perhaps, because of her preference for Scotland. Loyalty and Whiggery are the two poles on which Scotch political life revolves, and Queen Victoria began her reign, as everybody knows, a Whig Queen, and that may have helped the Scotch loyalty. Luckily these two feelings—that of loyalty to the Queen and reverence for the representatives of Liberalism—have not been forced into opposition to each other yet. The whole course of the late triumphal progress—for nothing else it can be called—is worthy of note; but I will restrict myself to Mr. Gladstone's Rectorial address and its concomitants.

As a member of the University, of which he was head, I was specially anxious to secure a ticket to hear him. The office was one fitted to incite his highest flights of eloquence. It was an academic audience he was to address, and with all his attention to politics and finance, Mr. Gladstone is always a scholar in the academic sense. The office was one that had been held by great men. Edmund Burke, who, if he was not followed by his contemporaries, was most profoundly respected by them; Henry Brougham, the portent of a later day, the terror of his enemies and the dread of his friends, had alike held the office; Adam Smith, the founder of modern political economy, and Sir James Mackintosh, the philosophic historian, did not despise it. Gladstone's old master, Sir Robert Peel; his old leaders, Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell; his colleague, the Duke of Argyll, had all been Lords Rector of Glasgow University, and had all made speeches (some of them remarkable speeches) to their constituents. His great antagonist, Lord Beaconsfield, had preceded him in the office, and during the short campaign associated with his speech-making at Glasgow, had managed to alienate a number of Scotch seats from their allegiance to the Liberal cause. Everything pointed to that speech as the crowning feat of the great display of Gladstone's eloquence.

As I wished to see the reception accorded Mr. Gladstone by the students and people, I went to Glasgow the night before the day which was to see him installed Lord Rector. The train most suitable was the limited mail, the train the hero of the hour was travelling by, so it was with some difficulty, through a dense crowd and at a great distance behind his carriage in the train, that I could secure a seat. Hence I missed, which of course was a great loss, the commonplace of presentation literature which greeted him at every station. When we arrived in Glasgow we saw by the orange light of the students' torches the platform, opposite the ex-Premier's carriage, laid with red cloth, as is done when Royalty is expected to alight. After being well hustled by the eagerness of hand-shaking, Mr. Gladstone was able to take refuge in Sir James Watson's carriage. As the carriage passed, the swaying line of flaming torches began to form into procession behind it. To me, who had not seen such a sight before, I can imagine nothing more striking. The fifteen hundred torches arranged in a long line four deep, and borne by youths in scarlet gowns—the gown of the College—and most of them wearing, instead of their trenchers, red and blue caps, the symbols of the two political parties, as they moved along, seemed like tongues of fire springing up from a stream of red-hot lava that forced its way through the black crowds. The tawny fog added to the mystery by rendering it impossible at any distance to distinguish anything but the blurred mass of colour. As the stream of fire flared along Sauchiehall Street, every window was seen to be occupied by the eager faces of spectators looking down on the sight. From many windows pink, green and purple lights showed the enthusiastic Liberalism of the householders. The greatest evidence I had for the uniqueness of the scene was [that I heard a citizen of the great Republic

say, in unmistakable nasal, "Waal, I never did see anything like this." Though there were a goodly number of blue caps, they made no attempt to break the harmony of Mr. Gladstone's reception. One trick they did play; it was to hire a "dray," fill it with wearers of blue caps and place on the dickey beside the driver an old man who bore some distant resemblance to the great statesman. He was instructed to bow effusively to the crowd, many of whom were taken in, and cheered the pretender loudly. On leaving the crowd to make for another railway station, in order to go out to one of the suburbs, I found myself wedged in a fresh crowd. They seemed to be trying to see something in a shop window. I asked what was up, and was told "It's a picture o' Gladstone."

The following morning found me at the door of the Kibble Conservatory, where the Lord Rector was to be installed, amid a sea of D.D.s, M.D.s, B.D.s, and so forth. Besides these there was a goodly sprinkling of the wives of the aforesaid dignitaries, not to speak of their sisters, their cousins and their aunts, all for the nonce figuring as members of the University. The Kibble Conservatory is a huge glass-house, as its name indicates, intended for hot-house plants of large growth, and forms part of the Glasgow Botanic Gardens. Of course the plants were removed as far as might be, to leave the space free. It can contain six thousand persons, so it is suitable for such a large gathering as a rectorial installation. It no doubt has the disadvantage of being extra-academical, but as the great Common Hall of the University is only being built there was no help for it. When the doors were opened the press became almost too great for mere ordinary ribs to bear; however, when the barriers were passed it was pretty much all right, only the whooping stream of scarlet gowns who were let in by a side door had to be allowed to pass across the black stream of graduates and their better halves. Once within the Conservatory, it seemed as if one had entered a sacred place of the howling dervishes. In vain a weak band of fiddlers strove to rule the spirits of the under-graduates. Accustomed to the stronger hand of Dr. Peace, the University organist, and the mightier tones of the College organ, the violins and violoncellos were powerless over the students. A number of them started singing, to the tune of "John Brown," a ditty in which occurred the words "We'll hang Ben Dizzy on a sour apple tree"; some equally violent and poetic songs were sung to "When Johnny comes marching home." Cheers were demanded for everybody. A famous University catch consisting mainly of chorus, and that chiefly of "vive la" with some name added, seemed a great favourite. One thing old stagers remarked on and mourned as a falling off, was the utter want of *peas*. All preceding Lords Rector—Beaconsfield, Peel, Palmerston—had all been well peppered. Either the modern student is becoming more civilized, or the late season has been bad for peas; but so it was—none were seen, heard or felt. Yet the commotion was none the less till the fiddlers left and the Senatus accompanied the Lord Rector to the platform; then the mass of red gowns sprang upon their seats, shouting "For he's a jolly good feilow, which nobody can deny." Instead of ceasing shouting in the august presence of their constituted rulers, the students made all the louder noise, cheered most vociferously, and the general disturbance became vastly greater, till at length the Principal had to descend into the surging sea of turbulent humanity. The awful rarity of this proceeding—it was unprecedented in the memory of the oldest ex-student present—worked some sort of order in the confusion; still there was a hum among the audience, during which inaudible prayer was believed to be read and Morley, Lightfoot and others were made Doctors of Laws, until the marvellous voice of the great orator was heard saying "Gentlemen." Once begun the speech went on, only interrupted now and then by applause. The address, though great, was not great in the way in which it was expected it would be great; there was no erudite Homeric scholarship displayed—no marvellous theory published for the first time on the youth of the world. The subject Mr. Gladstone took up did not admit of anything of the kind; it was the present age and its influence on the various learned professions. At first many of the audience feared the speech was to be wholly given up to statistics—the great financier appeared unable to see a line of figures without making for them. After he was fairly under weigh he said that he would take the legal and medical professions first, "as they at least are permanent"—at this all the suckling lawyers and embryo doctors cheered triumphantly; that was a point made for them against the clergy and the teachers—"since the one is founded on dissension and the other on disease," continued the orator; then there was a laugh at the expense of the expectant jurists and medicos, in which they joined. It is useless to burden your readers with the contents of the speech; suffice it to say that the conclusion was grand and solemn in the extreme. Mr. Gladstone's elevated defence of Christianity and claim of eternity for it; his assertion that with it were bound up all the most sacred interests of society, and his demand that scepticism should always be put to the question, had additional worth from the fact that Dr. John Morley was seated beside him. None among the crowd that streamed from the Kibble Conservatory but was elevated by contact—however short, however distant—with the great statesman.

J. E. H. T.

Stirling, Scotland.

TAXATION.

The present being as regards the National Policy the transition year, the virtue chiefly to be exercised till its term is completed, and even a little beyond, will be patience.

Some of the financial ideas of "Trade Reform" would I am afraid hardly bear the test of reduction—I do not pretend to have gone with minuteness in his schemes for raising a Revenue for the Dominion, but I may say after a rough calculation, that I believe if the suggested one per cent. tax on Income should become the means of realizing a million and one half dollars per annum it would not be doing very badly. This would be a different thing from the five millions he is led to promise. With the exception of the Stamp Duty on ordinary receipts, the remaining taxes he enumerates would all be small—and the gross amount proposed to be raised, which he might perhaps for our enlightenment take the trouble to estimate by what has already been done in a similar kind, would certainly be a very inadequate substitute for the Customs duties, if we should ever seriously desire to get rid of them, although these items of his might, some of them, be not unworthy of consideration, upon the principle that "every little helps." Some of the proposed sources of revenue seem rather burdensome—others not so much so.

With regard to what he says about the works on the Pacific section of the great national highway, this railway is not only essential to the unity of the Dominion—not to speak now of its value to the Empire—but I will venture to predict, from the published experience of the American Pacific Through Route, that it will contribute a revenue to the State as soon as completed from the Pacific seaboard to Edmonton; for, whatever may be (and Sir C. Tupper has told us what it is at present) the policy of our Government, and how zealously soever they may proceed with the construction of the railroad route, a summer traffic by water on the Saskatchewan will have obtained some dimensions before the section is completed, and that will connect splendidly with the line through British Columbia, and will furnish new markets for our productions by shipment from Pacific ports, bringing back the teas of Japan and China, the spices and other tropical productions of the Archipelago, &c., while an excellent route will be opened to Australia and New Zealand, in which pleasant river travel will to a great extent take the place of the more rapid, but more wearisome train. And this, just so soon as the line shall be brought to Edmonton from British Columbia; for the few miles of *portage* near the mouth of the Saskatchewan will certainly have been overcome by railway by the time I speak of. Now, I am forecasting and not prophesying, and this note is not written in advocacy of "water-stretches," but only by way of enforcing what some appear rather slow to accept,—viz., the great value to be derived from the completed summer communications with the Pacific ports, not only by British Columbia, which they will establish for the benefit of the entire Dominion as well as itself, but especially by the Eastern provinces and cities. I will only add that I have had no statistics by me while penning this, and am so far perhaps hardly entitled to sign myself

Critic.

THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

If any sort of radical reform could be brought to bear favourably upon the inhabitants of the Queen City of the West in regard to their conceit, the reform would be hailed with manifest relish, for if there is any one thing in this world to which all others are subservient, and to which every one must bow, it is conceit.

Imagine all our light dignitaries and officers of State, including His Excellency, so egotistical and self-contained as to thrust their importance before one at every turning; the nuisance would become intolerable. But when a whole city is plunged into this quagmire of petty conceit it becomes like a pestilence, an infectious disease that requires some wonderful physician to dose the crew.

Kenelm Chillingly was requested by the farmer to take the conceit out of his son, and Kenelm very graciously acquiesced—we have no doubt the son was much the better for it. Kenelm delicately removed the conceit from Tom Bowle, and Tom Bowles became a better man. Conceit undoubtedly is the outgrowth of attempting to fit a square peg in a round hole; a man who is in a wrong position, through the conceit perhaps of interfering friends, imagines himself a little god and behaves himself accordingly. "Don't waste him, kill a fiddler with him," said somebody in the gods of a Dublin Theatre when a gang were about to throw a man who had excited their wrath into the pit. "Don't waste him"! if some of our lofty conceited ones were taken down a button hole so that in their fall they might kill a fiddler or two, the moral murder would be an act of charity. We are to understand, if you please, there are musicians in Toronto, real living musicians, none of your mummies, men who thoroughly comprehend their profession, none of your second rate class either, six of this style for eighteen pence, we believe we have men who can play on any combination of keys or strings, cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltry, dulcimer, or any other instrument string or wind, known or unknown, from a fifteen thou-

sand dollar 32 foot pipe organ to a tin whistle, we have men here in our very midst, (I could put my finger on three, of course not literally) who would hardly even hold the rushlight, or play second fiddle to any of the living or dead masters, composers, musicians or conductors—Jubal, Handel, Wagner, Sullivan or—well in fact, any one from Jubal to the cock that crowed in the morn or the headless rooster.

Of all the conceits that of the musician is the worst. We do not require a crack organist from London to inform us through the English papers (as was done lately) of the less than mediocrity of our musical performances; they are too apparent. I am well aware that we have as fine—that is, costly—organs in our churches as there are on the continent; but expensive organs do not constitute organists. And though after considerable persuasion and persecution we might be tempted to admit rather negatively that our organists are fair, yet the said organists keep their fairness to themselves, and very seldom show it. Let me ask the question, How many of our churches have choirs really worth listening to? how many organists are there who understand and can manage their instruments? True, the choirs are supposed to practise every week, but if the organist, who is generally the leader, knows nothing about leadership, and next to nothing about his organ, what can be expected but that the choir shall be but a mere dummy show. On the other hand, we have a Philharmonic Society and a jealous Choral Society, but however proficient they may be, the public is kept in ignorance—of a good thing, Conceit is not able to judge, but will discriminate in favour of a sham. Every congregation claims for its choir and bogus organist the palm, and of course the objects of this adulation accept the flattery, consequent upon which follows the conceited egotism so much to be deplored. This musical mania has spread all over the city like an epidemic, and is the property of all creeds and classes of society; there is a taint in the social atmosphere like the odour of too much physic.

Second in the aggravating programme is the conceit of painting. Every house must have its oil painting; the meanest mechanic goes into raptures over the most wretched daub the commonest house painter's apprentice ever turned out. Fiftieth-rate art vendors and picture hawkers ply a brisk and abominable trade. This sort of thing would not be so bad if it were confined to mechanics and labourers; but when it aspires to the lofty, the elevated, the elite, the tony, almost refined and nearly—but not quite—aristocratic portion of the population, it is truly a sight for the gods. People of the ascendant in the social colonial scale appear to be about as good critics in painting as the old Indian was of the tree of which he said, "It was that straight it leaned back"; they seem to imagine that Canada has actually excelled herself—even Venice ("And who has not heard of Venice," some one said, "that great hall of painting in Athens in Italy"), even Venice must take a back seat, and perhaps ultimately step down and out. Well, "if ignorance is bliss," &c. What are most of our society exhibitions but so much lath and plaster in the way of canvas and Windsor and Newton? True, the frames of some are excellent, but we must remember that picture-framing is farther advanced than the fine arts in Toronto. Alas, alas for the school of art in Canada when criticism descends upon the canvas! With a solitary exception, or thereabouts, the walls of our academics (but we have no academy) would look more satisfactory, blank, except so far as the growth of Canadian art is concerned, so that we may see our progress. What does it signify if an artist exhausts hour after hour over his pictures? Does that give them value? It is like throwing water into the sea to freshen it—labour thrown away; piling on the colour never made a picture, and never will. Study upon study is required, and we have no examples to study from; it is to be doubted if there is an authentic picture of any consequence in the settlement, certainly not available to the public. I am not finding fault, therefore, with the pictures so much as the conceit that imagines we have in our midst painters who can vie with the grand old masters of the Old World and the English R. A.s of the present day. Those who know nothing—and their name is legion, both ancient and juvenile—are positive that our painters and musicians are unsurpassable. The mistake is ungenerous, and the idea, however comfortable, is without the slightest foundation.

A word about our poets—for we have poets here; and oh! it would make an angel weep to read the doggerel daily inflicted upon a guileless and unsuspecting public, and for which there is no sort of redress. We are beginning to be truly thankful that Dante and Homer are dead, for we would have been very sorry to have seen them grieved. Of course it is understood that all cities have their poetasters and their penny-a-liners, but not such as we have, who bare-facedly thrust their trash before the credulous, blinding the eyes of the municipal authorities, frightening the mayor and corporation, and recklessly pulling the wool over the eyes of the critics and cowering my Lord Campbell and H. R. H. with the bland remark, "Purely Canadian, my Lord; I admit slightly—very slightly—plagiarised, but still Torontonian." We have a thin suspicion that Boston must shortly throw up the sponge, for we are rather confident we are going to be the Hub of the universe ere long. What with our politicians (slightly over-done and somewhat rural), our musicians, our orators, painters, poets and the most remarkable water-works, next to that of Glasgow, in the whole of the civilized world, we are fast approaching that state of perfection so long sought after by the saints.

Herbert G. Paull.

GOSSIPS.

The dictionary definition of the term "gossip" is "a prater, a chatterer!" and in common talk the *genus* gossip is treated in a similarly disparaging style. Yet as the ancient Egyptians made use of the services of the embalmers of the dead, although they drove them from the house when their disagreeable task was completed, so many persons who most denounce "gossip" in theory, enjoy it extremely in practice. Gossips are often useful people. Take away all the gossiping historians, and what a dreary task it would be to study history. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is to the gossiping chroniclers that we owe our clearest ideas of the life of bygone ages. The stately author discourses learnedly on the public events of the era about which he writes, tells us of wars and treaties, of changes of dynasties and the fall of empires, but it is in the pages of the chattering chronicler of trifling events that the dead past truly lives again. In the little everyday affairs of life, beneath the notice of the professed historian, we see the men and women of past ages, not as shadows, but as living realities. Does not Pepys bring the seventeenth century before us far more vividly than Clarendon? Would any mere statement of the ravages of the Great Plague of 1664-5 equal the gossiping diarist's chronicle; his countless trivial anecdotes of the events of that fatal year; the grass springing in the deserted streets, the allusions of the "new periwig exceeding fine" which he durst not wear lest it should be formed with infected hair; the terrible story of the "dismal cry which made my blood run cold" from one of the shut-up houses—do not trifling incidents like these bring the past before us in a manner no mere list of names and dates could do? Old chroniclers are nearly always gossips; the monkish historians notably so, and even Froissart, De Joinville, and others of a later time record a vast amount of what would be called "irrelevant matter" in a court of justice. The chief gossips, however, are generally to be found among the writers of private memoirs. What stories of Court scandals and petty incidents fill up Madame de Sevigné's amusing letters. St. Simon is hardly behind her in his love for recording similar trifles. But the king of all gossips lived in the last century. Horace Walpole, not satisfied with gathering up all the Court and social chitchat of the day for the edification of his friends at a distance (especially for that of Dr. Mann), devoted the last years of his life to the composition of his "Reminiscences," an avowed collection of gossip picked up in his earlier years. It is amusing to read his description of the "extremely pleasant evenings" he passed with Lady Suffolk, while the pair of veteran gossips carefully recalled and pieced together some nearly forgotten tale of scandal or intrigue. Yet what an interesting picture of the Court life of the eighteenth century has been thus preserved to us. Many an incident, trivial and even uninteresting at the time it is recorded, acquired importance when it stands as a specimen of the manners and customs of a bygone age. The attention to petty details which characterises the gossip renders him valuable when years have passed over his work. Amid much trumpery his pages generally contain some lifelike pictures of the past that we could ill spare. We are sometimes apt to look on our ancestors of long ago as beings of an entirely different race from ourselves, but the petty details a gossiping historian will preserve for us show that life, even centuries ago, was no grand romance or stage pageant in which all the actors talked and moved in "King Cambyse's vein." Life had its prosaic and practical side even in the romantic Middle Ages, and human nature is much the same in camp and in cloister, clad in the armour of a mediæval baron or in the dress of the nineteenth century.

Having acknowledged our obligations to the gossip collectors of the past, there is something to be said in favour of those of the present. In Brittany, at the present day, the travelling tailor acts as a sort of local newspaper, and enlivens his sojourn at each farmhouse where he stays to exercise his craft by accounts of all the affairs of the neighbourhood. Some while ago in England the barber acted in a similar capacity, and was expected to entertain his patrons with the last gossip of the town or village when he paid his daily professional visit. The licensed beggar, the Scotch "blue gown," was also a great retailer of local news, and the pedlar carried his gossip as regularly as his other wares from hamlet to hamlet. Dwellers in remote country districts would have found life unbearably dull save for these friendly chatterboxes, who did for the poorer classes what the "London correspondent" did for the squire and his family, and brought them tidings of the outer world. In these days of cheap and multitudinous newspapers we can afford to despise such old-world channels for gossip, especially as those who love to read disagreeable stories of well-known members of society can generally gratify their curiosity in a way that was impossible a century ago, which newspapers, if they alluded to such matters at all, so discreetly veiled under blank lines and initials that they rather tantalised than satisfied inquisitive readers.

There are, of course, gossips of a malignant type, who deserve all the reprobation that can be lavished on them—persons who remind one of the child's definition of slander, "Nobody did nothing, and somebody went and told it." Happily these are not universal, and a gossip need not always be ill-natured.—*London Globe.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ART.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Having read the article in your late issue containing strictures upon the scheme for organizing our new Academy, I have been struck by two or three very decided inaccuracies and one misstatement (may I hope arising from ignorance), which I feel called upon to correct. The misstatement I allude to is, that Canadian artists were the movers in the action which induced the Government during the past session to impose a heavy duty on the importation of European art. In this case I am in a position to prove that the very contrary was the course taken by the artists of Ontario, as represented by our Society here. Great exertions were made at that time to bring influence to bear on the Government to admit all works of art of real merit free; and in the matter of water-colours, I may add that we have now a petition before the authorities to get the duty removed. Your writer is evidently not well informed on the subject in hand,—at least, that is the most charitable view I can take of it. Mr. Jacobi, to whom he refers as having retired to his farm, is with us in Toronto, and is to be one of the academicians. He forms, I believe, only one example of several artists formerly resident in Montreal who have been driven out of that city by the supercilious depreciation with which they have been visited. Millard, who is a member of our Society here, and an annual exhibitor, proposes to work heartily with His Excellency's new scheme. I may add that one of the first artists in Montreal is now only "hanging on" in the hope that the new Academy may do something to remove the weight of prejudice heretofore resting upon Canadian art so heavily. One paragraph in the article in question slightly redeems it, though, I fear, not intentionally. It is this:—The writer says he is consoled that the meeting of the Academy will not come to Montreal for five years, and that in that time there is good hope so great an advance will have been made as to make it quite satisfactory. This is, I think, scarcely in accord with the rest. There are several other inaccuracies relative to historical facts with regard to the original founding of foreign academies which time and the fear of trespassing on your space will not allow me to notice.

I am, Sir, respectfully yours,
M. Matthews,
Secretary Canadian Academy of Arts.

ART IN MONTREAL.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

SIR,—Mr. Popham, whose distinguished abilities must always command a respectful deference for his opinions, and whose Art attainments never fail to prepossess his readers in favour of his criticisms, has, in his zeal, been betrayed into a rash statement. He writes in your issue of the 10th instant:—Montreal "can boast of larger and more valuable private collections from among the first painters in Europe than that bequeathed by Mr. Gibb to the Art Association; this has been proved over and over again."

The phrasing of the sentence is rather ambiguous; but supposing the author of it to mean thereby "that there are in Montreal patrons of Art who possess oil-paintings by first-rate European artists greater in number and superior in quality to those bequeathed by the late Mr. Benaiah Gibb to the Art Association of Montreal, then I say the statement, as far as my knowledge extends, is incredible; but if it should, fortunately, be true, then the fact is not only damaging to the owners of the pictures, but to Mr. Popham to whom was entrusted for a long time the duty of collecting the most meritorious works of Art for the annual exhibition held under the auspices of the Art Association. The owners of these very valuable oil-paintings may properly be accused of selfishness in withholding the productions of the first (i. e., the best) painters in Europe from our exhibitions, and Mr. Popham may be charged with dereliction of his duty for not obtaining the best paintings in Montreal for the exhibition at the "Windsor" in 1878, where His Excellency, the Rt. Hon. Earl Dufferin, was specially solicited to be present; or Mr. Popham may be charged with a want of appreciation of the works of the first painters in Europe.

There are very few European painters, if any, who have made their mark (R. A.) in the British School of Art, that have been honoured by having their works publicly exhibited in Montreal. I have never seen among the collections of our picture buyers, who "appreciate art of a high character," works by such men as Calcott, Collins, Constable, Creswick, Roberts, and Stanfield Senr.; or Cooper, Landseer, and Ward; or Goodhall, Leslie, Maclise, Mulready, Newton, Uwins and Wilkie; or Armitage, Cope, Eastlake, Frost, Hilton, and Horsley; all of whom have used "brains with their colours."

I would not have challenged any statement made by Mr. Popham in his recent article "A Canadian Academy of Arts," had he not been a member of the Council of the Art Association of Montreal, as in that capacity, his words will, naturally, be supposed authoritative—not in the least degree exaggerated—were it not that strangers to the condition of Art in Montreal may be led to imagine that many of our private collectors possess oil-paintings rivalling those bequeathed to the Nation by Messrs. Vernon and Sheepshanks.

Mr. Popham says: "All undeserved fame is but sarcasm in disguise."

Considering that neither the present nor the past Councillors of the Art Association of Montreal have been the possessors of collections of oil paintings by the best painters in Europe, Mr. Popham is perhaps, unwittingly, sarcastic to his confreres. No connoisseur can conscientiously say that Montreal can boast of larger and more valuable collections of pictures than the one bequeathed by the late Mr. Benaiah Gibb, whose memory and generosity is to be commemorated by a brass plate, as soon as the citizens will subscribe a sufficient amount to defray the casting and engraving thereof. Some men, like Toronto and J. W. G., may write satirically and sarcastically upon this delayed tribute to the memory of the "first benefactor of the Art Association," I simply regret the fact.

Thos. D. King.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.				1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.	
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
Grand Trunk.....	Week Jan. 17	\$ 41,174	\$ 136,718	\$ 177,892	\$ 172,326	\$ 5,566	3 w'ks	\$ 40,414
Great Western.....	" 9	30,715	69,160	99,875	59,248	40,627	2 "	63,944
Northern & H. & N. W.	" 15	5,794	11,155	16,949	16,415	534	2 "	3,641
Toronto & Nipissing..	" 7	1,315	1,525	2,840	1,903	937	1 "	937
Midland.....	" 14	1,443	1,483	2,926	2,163	763	2 "	1,714
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 10	1,117	1,190	2,307	1,678	629	fm Jan. 1	1,165
Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay.....	" 14	550	732	1,282	1,227	55	"	495
Canada Central.....	" 7	1,843	1,945	3,788	2,971	817	1 w'ks	817
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 10	2,252	4,502	6,754	3,574	3,180	2 "	5,773
Q. M. O. & O.....	" 15	2,470	1,826	4,296	4,150	146	2 "	572
Intercolonial.....	Month Nov. 29	46,571	71,052	120,623	121,413	790	5 m'nths	53,964

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Rest.	Price per \$100 Jan. 21, 1880.	Price per \$100 Jan. 21, 1879.	Two last 1/2-yearly Dividends.	Equivalent of Dividend based on price of Stock.
Montreal.....	\$200	\$12,000,000	\$11,999,200	\$5,000,000	\$136 3/4	\$135 1/4	10 6 6	7 1/2
Ontario.....	40	3,000,000	2,996,000	100,000	70	61	6 6 8	8 1/2
Molson's.....	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,905	74	81	6 6 6	8 1/2
Toronto.....	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	120	115	7	5 1/2
Jacques Cartier.....	25	5,000,000	5,000,000	58 1/4	29	5 1/2	9 1/2
Merchants.....	100	5,798,267	5,506,166	475,000	86	77 1/4	6 6 7	7 1/2
Eastern Townships.....	50	1,469,600	1,381,989	200,000	98	90	7	7 1/2
Quebec.....	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	8	7
Commerce.....	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	114	100 1/4
Exchange.....	100	1,000,000	1,000,000
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.....	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,432	90 1/2	101	7	7 1/2
R. & O. N. Co.....	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	39	42 1/4	4 1/2	11 1/2
City Passenger Railway.....	50	600,000	163,000	80	78	5	6 1/2
New City Gas Co.....	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	115	107	10	8 1/4

*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

FAILURES IN 1879.

The figures presented by the Mercantile Agency afford a conclusive proof as to the healthy condition of business. According to the statistics presented in the Annual Circular, it appears that the mercantile failures in the States for 1879 were 6,658 in number, compared with 10,478 in 1878, a decrease of 3,820. But it is in the amount of the liabilities that the decrease is most marked. In 1878 the indebtedness was two hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars, while in 1879 the liabilities were only ninety-eight millions. The following table gives the failures and liabilities since 1872:—

	CANADA.		UNITED STATES.	
	No. of Failures.	Am't of Liabilities.	No. of Failures.	Am't of Liabilities.
1874.....	966	\$ 7,696,765	5,830	\$155,239,000
1875.....	1,398	28,843,967	7,749	201,669,353
1876.....	1,728	25,517,991	9,092	191,117,786
1877.....	1,802	25,523,903	8,872	190,669,936
1878.....	1,697	23,908,677	10,478	234,383,132
1879.....	1,912	29,347,937	5,658	98,149,053

	Number in Business.	Percentage of Failures.	Am't of Liabilities.
United States.....	792,157	1 in 105	\$98,149,052
Dominion of Canada.....	55,964	1 in 29	29,347,937

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

	WHEAT.		BARLEY.		OATS.	
	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.	Qrs.	Price.
1879.....	47,049	47s 1d	68,732	37s 11d	4,275	20s 10d
1878.....	54,384	39s 9d	66,742	38s 3d	3,558	20s 7d
1877.....	38,959	51s 9d	82,214	43s 0d	3,778	23s 4d
1876.....	39,313	50s 6d	67,576	38s 7d	3,470	24s 5d
1875.....	34,557	43s 3d	62,941	34s 6d	2,478	24s 4d
1874.....	37,911	41s 2d	46,635	41s 6d	2,257	29s 7d
1873.....	32,978	61s 8d	59,937	41s 4d	3,471	25s 5d
1872.....	47,965	56s 4d	58,634	40s 4d	5,495	22s 7d
1871.....	47,935	55s 4d	80,166	36s 5d	4,231	22s 6d
1870.....	57,031	52s 3d	59,262	31s 11d	4,257	22s 5d
Average 10 years.....	43,809	50s 5d	64,288	29s 3d	3,713	23s 7d

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

	Beeves.	Cows.	Calves.	Sheep.	Swine.
January 12.....	9,119	243	1,616	26,826	38,418
January 5.....	11,668	162	1,950	23,223	26,241
December 29.....	10,619	160	1,135	21,330	23,235
December 22.....	11,590	289	1,750	29,845	33,874
Total 4 weeks.....	42,987	854	4,451	101,224	121,768
Corresponding 4 weeks 1878.....	37,781	251	3,275	76,229	161,910
Corresponding week 1879.....	8,141	69	850	20,494	30,284
Weekly average, 1879.....	10,933	142	2,128	29,005	33,089
Corresponding week 1878.....	10,411	94	823	24,728	49,726

*From New York Produce Exchange.

Musical.

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

A PLEA FOR INSTRUMENTALISTS.

It is amusing at times to observe the patronizing way in which vocalists talk of instrumental performers. Many singers look on instrumentalists as altogether inferior, professionally, to themselves; and although anyone possessing even a fair musical education knows that it is quite the other way, still from long established usage the public are accustomed to give undue credit to vocalists and not nearly enough to instrumentalists.

We do not agree with most people in considering vocal music the highest form of composition, but, without discussing that matter at present, let us consider what are the relative positions, at a mixed concert, of vocalists and instrumentalists, and endeavour to call public attention to the fact that the latter are generally underrated, underpaid, and not infrequently snubbed by persons far beneath them both as regards professional and general education.

In a choral society the members practice a work for several weeks (sometimes months) before attempting to perform it in public; it is questionable if many societies would ever get as far as a public performance if the vocal parts were not pounded for them on a pianoforte; yet these singers, who learn for the most part by ear, criticise severely the performance of the orchestra which accompanies them at first sight, and assume an air of lofty superiority which would be amusing were it not, to many of the players at least, quite a serious matter.

While every member of a choir or orchestra must of necessity know something of the principles of musical notation, many persons who take solo parts sing entirely by ear, and when they begin a bar too soon, or too late, as the case may be, expect the members of the orchestra to know by intuition concerning their peregrinations and to "follow" them, although the gentlemen of the band have not the remotest idea what music is in the vocal parts, and are reading their own at sight. The only means orchestral players have of keeping together is by counting the bars carefully; if, however, the singer omits a bar (as is frequently done) some of the players acquainted with the vocal part go on with her (or him) while the remainder count their time confidently, the result being chaos. The singer then looks indignantly at the conductor, and the audience mutter imprecations because the poor man cannot keep his orchestra together! the singer, instead of being censured for incompetency, receiving not only the plaudits, but the sympathies of the audience.

We had the misfortune to be present lately at a private musical entertainment. Most of the guests were engaged in conversation, when a lady was led to the piano. The conversation immediately ceased, as it was whispered that Miss Grazioso was going to sing. She did not sing, however, but played with great taste and feeling one of Schumann's exquisite pieces. "Ah, she is only going to play," said a gentleman, and the conversation was resumed! Now, why is not the same courtesy accorded to a pianist as to a vocalist? The former spends years in cultivating a skilful touch and masterly technique, while the latter frequently has never given a thought to technique, or the production of tone, and has not even picked up the melody of his song correctly. Yet the inartistic utterances of the one are listened to with courteous attention if not with admiration, while the exquisite interpretation of the noblest compositions by the other are not accorded a hearing. We have heard persons talk of a gentleman as an "excellent musician," when the gentleman aforesaid knew no more of music than we do of Sanskrit; he has taken a prominent part in a musical performance, being the possessor of a good voice. He did not always sing correctly, and never artistically, yet many who heard him put him down as a fine musician, far superior to the man who accompanied him on the piano, and his opinion ever after on matters musical was listened to with deference and attention. Now what claims had he to be classed as a musician? He was "a man with a good voice"—nothing more. If every person possessing the primary requisites of a pursuit or profession is to be classed with those who have cultivated their talents, and acquired a certain amount of skill and technical knowledge, then a man who is not blind has only to obtain a telescope in order to become an astronomer.

At our concerts at the present day, the most responsible position is held by the accompanist. He must be able to play correctly and tastefully, and is frequently called upon to transpose music at sight. In these days, too, mere "accompaniments" are hardly known, the songs being for the most part duets for voice and piano, the latter part being by far the most difficult; yet the singer takes all the credit if, through an effectively-played accompaniment the performance be a success, throwing all the blame on the pianist if the contrary be the result. These singers' names are blazoned forth in all the glory of large capitals, while the poor accompanist is squeezed in at the bottom, and worse still, he receives the least remuneration for his services. Should a pianist be unable to play a passage in an accompaniment in time, he would be scouted at once as incompetent; yet we know many vocalists who from their inability to sing certain passages have either left them out altogether or obliged the accompanist to play incorrectly in order to accommodate them.

We know not if with advancing years matters will mend in these respects, but we think it manifestly unjust that pianists, conductors, and orchestral players should be blamed for the fault of others. If an accompanist does happen to get wrong, the singer is not usually slow to make the audience acquainted with the fact, and we think that when a singer omits a bar or a portion of a bar the accompanist cannot reasonably be expected to play, any more than the singer can be held to his engagement when the accompanist is incompetent. If accompanists throughout the country would only take a firm stand in this matter, the "man with a voice" would have no place nor part at musical entertainments.

LOCAL NEWS.

THE new concert-hall which is being erected by Sir Hugh Allan will be opened about the beginning of May. It is to contain a large three-manual organ, and will accommodate over twelve hundred persons.

MR. GOULD has reconsidered his determination to give no more public concerts of the Mendelssohn Choir. We are to have a performance early next month, when Mendelssohn's *Lorely* will be given with full orchestral accompaniment. We congratulate the choir on this new departure.

THE "Montreal Operatic Society" adopted the novel plan of appointing a conductor by tender. Mr. Hecker having made the lowest tender was appointed. The society is about to rehearse Planquette's "Chimes of Normandy" with a view to future performance in public.

PROVINCIAL NOTES.

HAMILTON, ONT.—On Tuesday the 13th inst., Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Aldous gave the third of their series of concerts in the school-room of the Church of the Ascension. The instrumental portion comprised the Andante and Rondo of Mozart's Twelfth Sonata, for violin and piano; Kücken's "Slumber Song," arranged for violin solo with trio accompaniment; Raff's "Cavatina" and a Fantasia of De Beriot for violin solo; and the Adagio and Rondo (gypsy) of Haydn's First Trio, for piano, violin and cello. Miss Callaghan was associated with at the piano with Mrs. Adamson in the Mozart Sonata and the pieces by Raff and De Beriot, and played Chopin's "Tarantelle," op. 43, exceedingly well. She plays with great precision and expression, but has a somewhat restless manner at the piano. Mrs. Adamson's playing was more effective even than usual; her selections giving ample scope for tone, feeling and brilliant execution. Mr. Aldous took the piano in the Haydn trio, and played a Sarabande in A minor by F. Hiller. The vocal part of the concert consisted of "In the woods at early dawn," from Dudley Bach's "Don Munio," sung by Mr. Steele; a Sailor's Song, given by Miss Morson; and Miss Maggie Barr's contributions were: (1) "Within a mile o' Edinboro' toon," with quintette accompaniment specially arranged by Mr. Aldous—the arrangement is very effective, but might have been improved by more rehearsal—(2) "Margarita's three bouquets," by Braza, and (3) an "Irish Lullaby," arranged by C. Villiers Stanford. This latter was the best sung and probably the most pleasing vocal selection of the evening. The whole concert was eminently successful; the room was quite full and the audience appreciative and discriminating.

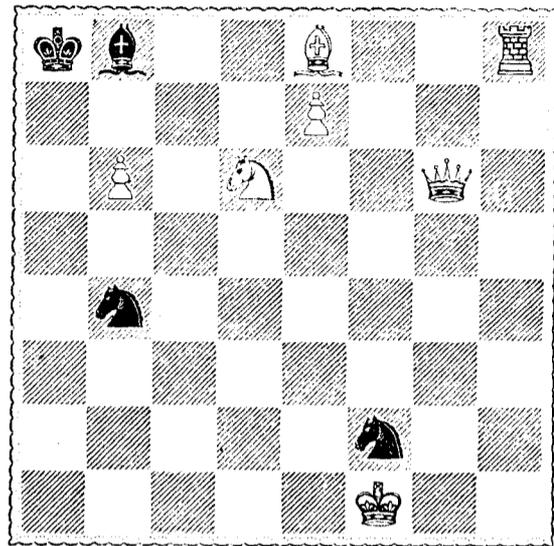
Chess.

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

Montreal, Jan. 24th, 1880.

PROBLEM NO. LVI.

By Mr. W. Geary. From *The British Empire*.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. LIII. By Conrad Bayer.

White. Black. White. Black. White. Black. White.
1 Kt to K Kt 3 B to K Kt 4 2 K to K R 5 B to Q sq 3 Q to K B 4 (ch) K takes Q 4 B mates.

Correct solution received from W.A., "A fine and difficult problem."

GAME NO. II.

We have much pleasure in presenting our readers with a most brilliant little game, played some time since in New York, by Mr. Grundy of Manchester, the English representative in the present American Chess Congress, against Mr. P. Richardson of New York. From *Turf, Field and Farm*.

SICILIAN OPENING.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. Grundy.	Mr. Richardson.	7 P takes B	K Kt to B 3	14 Q to Kt 6	P to Q 4
1 P to K 4	P to Q B 3	8 B to Q B 4	B to K 2	15 Kt takes Q P	Kt to Q R 4 (e)
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 4	9 P to K Kt 4	P to K R 3	16 P takes Kt P	P takes Q
3 P to Q 4	P takes P	10 P to K R 4	Castles (c)	17 Kt to K 7 dbch	K takes P
4 Kt takes P	P to K 4 (a)	11 P to K Kt 5	Kt to K R 2	18 B to R 6 (ch)	K to R sq
5 K Kt to B 5 (b)	P to Q 3	12 P takes R P	B takes K R P	19 Kt takes Kt P mate (f)	
6 Q Kt to B 3	B takes Kt	13 Q to K Kt 4 (d)	B to K B 3		

NOTES—(a) Almost always a weak move in the Sicilian defence. K Kt to B 3 or P to K 3 are the "book" moves.
(b) This turns out very well in the present game; but whether it is as good as K Kt to B 3 we are inclined to question.
(c) Rather venturesome, we think, to castle in the face of these dangerous-looking Pawns.
(d) Mr. Grundy's play from this point is of the highest order, being remarkable both for brilliancy and accuracy of combination.
(e) If P takes Q, White mates in two moves.
(f) One rarely meets with such a piquant termination as this in actual play.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

A USEFUL little pamphlet has been issued by the Directorate of *La Nuova Rivista*, containing the prize problems in all the International Tournaments that have been held during the years 1878 and 1879. We have therefore in a form most convenient and easy for reference, one hundred and twenty of the best productions in this department of chess for the last two years. The collection is presented gratis to the subscribers to the *Nuova Rivista*, but can be had on payment of three lire, or about forty-five cents. It is produced under the supervision of Sig. Emilio Orsini, the well-known problem composer, who intends, if the present attempt is favourably received, to issue similar collections at different times.

We have also received an elegant little collection of "Morphy's Endings," dedicated to American Chess players. It is compiled and published by the same energetic and enterprising body of *dilettanti* who edit *La Nuova Rivista*, and is a grateful and opportune tribute to Morphy's memory and the interest taken in American Chess by foreign nations. The "Endings" number thirty-two, and the key move to every position is given at the end in a table. They were published in the *Magazine* monthly during the year, and are now collected in a separate form. In the *Magazine* for December we notice a puzzle by Mr. R. McLeod, of Quebec; viz.: "Place a White King and two Rooks in such a position that mate can be given to the Black King in two moves, but if a Queen be substituted for one of the Rooks, mate can only be given in three moves."

FIFTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.—The play in the Grand Tourney still continues, and the interest in it increases as the end approaches. There have been some surprises, as the sudden rise and successes of Mr. Grundy, the subordinate position of Capt. Mackenzie at the commencement, though he is now picking up, and his two draws with Sellman, Congdon's stalemate with Delmar, &c. But we have this firm conviction that there have been played some of the finest games of chess that have ever been made public, and the book of the Congress will be a most valuable work. An enthusiastic reporter for one of the New York dailies, excited, no doubt, by the closeness of the struggle between Messrs. Grundy and Judd, ingeniously states that so even was it that one had made 91 moves, while his opponent had scored 92. The Managing Committee are arranging a Minor Tourney, of which the first prize will be \$100. Entrance fee, \$5; to commence Feb. 1st. The Congress Banquet will take place on Tuesday, January 27th, at the Westminster Hotel. The score on Wednesday morning stood: Cohnfield, won 0, lost 13; Congdon, won 3½, lost 9½; Grundy, won 11, lost 2; Delmar, won 7½, lost 5½; Judd, won 9, lost 4; Mackenzie, won 9, lost 4; Mohle, won 8½, lost 4½; Ryan, won 5, lost 8; Sellman, won 7½, lost 5½; Ware, won 4, lost 9.

