

# The Canadian Spectator.

VOL. II.—No. 47.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.  
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Pastor.  
 SUNDAY, 23rd NOVEMBER.  
 Subject for evening discourse:  
 THE GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

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 AND THE  
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## THE TIMES.

There is much speculation afloat as to what M. Chapleau will do in the matter of the Legislative Council. For himself he has carefully abstained from any expression on the point; and when he has been compelled to allude to the change in the position of parties in the Legislative Assembly, the adjournment by M. Joly, and not the action of the Councillors, has been credited with being the cause of that change. Evidently the *Bleus* are divided in policy, so far as this question is concerned; for while Mr. Thomas White, M.P., with characteristic recklessness, declared an opinion in justification of the Councillors, Mr. Flynn and Mr. Lynch and others have been careful to explain their entire disapproval of what they did. Of course these are simply electioneering tactics, and before now it has been found convenient that the same party should hold two or three sets of opinions to suit the different classes of voters, but I do not see how M. Chapleau is to shirk the matter when the House is opened again. By appointing Mr. Ross, who led the majority of the Council when they stopped the supplies, as Speaker of the Upper House, he has not merely condoned the act, but he has publicly rewarded it. This is nothing more nor less than a tacit avowal of his approval of what they did; and this approval he is bound to justify, or at least maintain, in the House. That is precisely the position M. Joly took after the Letellier *coup*; he undertook the full responsibility of the dismissal of the De Boucherville Government, challenged the criticism and votes of the House, and then carried it to electors for their decision. If M. Chapleau is as brave and as disinterested, as he claims to be, he will follow the same course. If he refuses to do that, we shall be driven to the conclusion that he is prepared to take, and hold office under any terms, and that he is content to be, virtually, the nominee of the fifteen Councillors who stopped the supplies.

There will be no need for that, it is said—the majority in the House must decide it:—Yes, but how was that majority made up? M. Chauveau, Paquet and some others said they were actuated by a patriotic desire to make a strong Coalition Government possible; but the *Bleus* now laugh the very idea of Coalition to scorn. An election would involve a great deal of excitement and expense, they say,—very good, since we have agreed to experiment in government we must expect to pay for the luxury. Constitutional Government has had its legs broken by our French rulers; before we consent to break its back, let us by all means spend a little more money in another appeal to the people. If they want a despotism, let them have it; but let us ask them, once for all, what they really have determined upon.

M. Joly should prepare a careful impeachment of the Legislative Council based on the Constitution, and introduce it in a speech not too long, and full of all the telling points he can bring together—consisting of criticism, not defence; let his best speakers only follow him; and if he does not score heavily against the present Government I shall be disappointed.

The *Gazette* is not quite so decided as Mr. White in its approval of the action taken by the Councillors, and spends its time in fighting

with the *Star* and the *Witness* about “consistency.” It asks: “Why were you not indignant when M. Letellier dismissed the De Boucherville Government?” But surely the *Gazette* has lived long enough in an ordinarily moral atmosphere to know that “two blacks do not make a white”? What if the *Star* and the *Witness* did not get angry and scold M. Letellier for the misuse he had made of his powers, are we to allow that a first wrong is a good reason for a second? Is it come to this, that any political iniquity—any violation of the Constitution—any injustice to the people—may be perpetrated by a party if only it can be made to bear some analogy to previous acts by the opposite party? “Be consistent;” says the *Gazette*, “you failed to find cause for the abuse of M. Letellier—so, be quiet now about the Councillors.” Following its own logical method, why does the *Gazette* rage against M. Joly and his party so much? Why does it so loudly condemn the Dominion Liberals? They only did a few things after the pattern of their predecessors in office. The “Big Push” and “rusting steel rails” were not at all original sins, and why did the *Gazette* fume so madly about them? Let us have consistency by all means, but in the advocacy of what is right, and not in what is wrong.

Had the *Gazette* been a little more trained in logic, it would see that the method of argument adopted in its columns is a bald confession that the act of the Councillors in stopping the Supplies is of precisely the same character as M. Letellier's ill-advised and untimely use of his power; and as M. Letellier has been dismissed from office on account of what he did, the Legislative Council should in all justice suffer the same fate. The Dominion Cabinet beheaded the offending Lieutenant-Governor, avowedly, because he had committed an unwarrantable and illegal act which had destroyed his usefulness, and not because of any damage he had done to the party; and unless the *Gazette* is prepared to say: The Councillors did wrong just as M. Letellier did, but we are not going to bring any punishment upon them, because they have helped our party; it must say that they deserve the same retribution as that which fell on M. Letellier. I would ask the *Gazette*: Is the act of the Council similar to that of Lieut.-Governor Letellier? If not, what is the difference? If it is, how should the case be met? And then: Was the decapitation of M. Letellier in the interests of the Conservative party merely, or in the defence of justice for all parties?

That was a fine rhetorical outburst when M. Chapleau exclaimed before the astonished natives of Adamsville: “We find moths in clothing, worms at the roots of trees, rats at the foundations of houses, and Trenholme at the back of Ministers.” No wonder that there was “long continued shouting and applause.” But what did the orator mean? Was it to liken Mr. Trenholme to moths in clothing, worms at the roots of trees, and rats at the foundations of houses? But moths usually destroy clothing when they get into it; and worms do the same thing for trees; and rats are at least a nuisance. Is Mr. Trenholme, with his grave charges of dishonesty, really a moth in the Prime Ministerial garments—is he really as a worm at the root of the last growth in the Provincial hot-house? I can very well imagine M. Chapleau's disgust when he saw that already there were holes in his “clothing,” and that the tree was beginning to show signs of decay, and that the foundations of the house were being honey-combed by rats—it must have been annoying. But how can Mr. Trenholme do all that and yet be “at the back of Ministers”? To be at “the back of” any one is usually intended to indicate support, and Mr. Trenholme never meant to do that. Altogether, M. Chapleau was “mixed,” as the Americans say. Metaphors are dangerous weapons in the hands of any speaker; they should only be used by skilful men when they are cool.

England's troubles in Turkey have passed into a new phase, and the position is worse now than it was before the war which cost Russia so much in treasure and lives. It is worse because whereas then England might have had Russia as an ally in compelling Turkey to carry out the internal reforms so long and so solemnly promised, now it looks as if an understanding has been come to between the late belligerents. That is the reward England has to expect for championing the cause of the rascally Turks. They have never made a promise which there was the slightest intention to keep if it could be helped, for they have never been seriously convinced of the need for reform. Even if the Sultan were disposed to keep faith with Europe, he has no chance against the besotted Pashas with their harems. But what will England do? To coerce Turkey into at least a semblance of submission will be easy if she is allowed to stand alone; but if Russia should give even a secret support at first and wait for developments, the consequences must be most serious. Can it be that Russia will try to play England's game against England?

It is more than half believed among English politicians that the Earl of Beaconsfield intends to make an early appeal to the country. On the 17th, the members of the Cabinet were called together, but for what purpose has not yet transpired. The Earl has nothing to gain by waiting, for the situation becomes more and more complicated, while the Liberals will profit by delay. They have not yet put anything more than the vaguest policy before the country, waiting, probably, for the time when Mr. Gladstone shall clearly and elaborately state it to the electors of Midlothian. If a dissolution were to take place at once therefore, the Liberals would be caught waiting for their opportunity, and the old politician would again steal a march upon his great and earnest antagonist.

The *Toronto Globe* of the 17th published a letter by Mr. F. Watson Griffin on the "National Currency," and in two and a-half columns of editorial put its ponderous foot down in peculiarly solemn manner upon what it was pleased to call the "scheme." If life were not so painfully brief, such jokes would be worth the reading; but as we cannot expect to have more than a hundred years at most in which to read and digest newspaper leaders, the editor of the *Globe* should be careful not to inflict upon his unhappy readers such attenuated witticisms. If the *Globe* wanted to destroy that baby made of a rag, it should have done it outright, and not have picked it to pieces as if the thing was oakum, while hosts were compelled to look on. The office boy might have swept it out of the editor's way. A correspondent seems to hold much the same opinion, and says concerning it:—"Mr. Griffin's effusion contains many a crow and chuckle. For instance, 'Under the present monetary system of Canada, money is the source of labour, instead of labour being, as it should be, the source of money.' In that sentence one can hear the sweet little rag-baby crowing to itself at the labour and worry of which the possession of money is ever an unfailling source, while the childish mind which has as yet no idea of what money is, joyously plays at reducing the results of labour to mere rags. That baby's bump of destructiveness is very large. It wants to tear things to pieces to see how they are made. If it succeeds it will learn but sad experience. And not the *Globe* will be its teacher; the *Globe* soars above its childish mind. Let it play with the toy nurses it gathers round it, till it has thoroughly dissected them and found how very little there is inside."

Mr. Blake has been elected M. P. for West Durham by acclamation, and on the occasion delivered one of his best speeches. The criticisms some of us have offered upon his relation to the party with which he is identified have had some effect, and he declared himself thus:—

"You know that I never at any time invited you so to deal with the question of party; that I have always argued amongst you for a reasonable freedom of action on the part of even a party politician; that I have told you that while in questions simply of party tactics or expediency a man may well and ought to subordinate his individual judgment to that of the majority of his party, that while on questions of principle he ought to pay very great attention and give very great consideration to the views of the majority if they vary from his own, where his own opinion may at the best be doubtful upon such questions, he may not unfairly, if he simply doubts, yield his own inclinations to the general judgment, still, in questions of principle, where his

opinion is clear, it is a violation of principle for him to sacrifice that opinion to those of others, and therefore he ought never to be called upon to make such a sacrifice."

That is entirely satisfactory; and if Mr. Blake will only control himself, and keep to his own programme, he will render good service to his party and to the Dominion.

In the baldest and barest possible manner the Protestant Board of School Commissioners announced that they had resolved to raise the fees in the schools one hundred per cent. It is not too much to say that such an announcement should have been accompanied with full and particular information as to the need and the reasonableness of such a change. After some difficulty I found that the step has been forced upon the Commissioners because this year the expenditure has exceeded the revenue by more than \$7,000, which is due to depreciation in the value of property producing less taxes. The Board has borrowed up to its borrowing powers, and can only increase revenue by raising the rate of fees. But it is a serious step, when all things are considered. For parents to be suddenly called upon to pay double the amount they have hitherto paid for the education of their children is likely to lead to trouble, and the public would have been better satisfied if the Commissioners had given a statement of their difficulties and how they had tried to meet them. It is more than probable that every item of expenditure has been carefully examined, and that all possible curtailment has been made—but we should like to have proof of that. The Board spent \$134,000 last year—no small sum of money it will be confessed—and while most people will be willing to take it for granted that it was spent in exactly the way in which it should have been spent, all people who are interested in the matter of public education would be glad to have more information as to the general proceedings of the Board.

Will the Commissioners tell us why they have only increased the fees of children attending the 1st, and 2nd, primary classes, instead of the whole six classes of the schools? The Commissioners of the Roman Catholic Board have managed to get along without this increase in the fees; have they more borrowing power, or any other power denied to the Protestant Board? The opinion is freely expressed that a change in the mode of electing to the Board would give satisfaction, and that the system here should be made similar to the one they have in Ontario.

Surely matters have got so bad that they can hardly be worse in the matter of reports, or criticisms of singing and acting in the daily press. We have grown accustomed to beforehand puffs of singers and actors; we know perfectly well that the agent walks into the newspaper office with a puff in one hand and an advertisement in the other, and they both go together. We know it so well that we discount such puffs, and the more extravagant they are, the less we believe in them. The "phenomenal" man or woman who promises to take us through some original and delightful experiences, finds an almost empty house; but we still look for something like reliable criticisms of the work done. The puff introductory may pass—for, after all, the press of a city has no absolutely certain grounds for saying that the peculiar name does not belong to a peculiarly-gifted person; but then, we have a right to expect that papers professing to give a criticism for the information and guidance of the public, will report with ordinary ability and fairness. But what have we? Let any one turn to the criticisms of the Emma Abbott Company, and he will see. Evidently, ordinary reporters were sent to the opera who know as much about music as they know about the Greek Kalends, and who could hardly tell the real difference between an aria in *Il Trovatore* and a burst on a hurdy-gurdy. They talked as able critics never did, and never will talk. Such an one, in such a song, "very nearly reached perfection," as if the juvenile writer knew exactly what all great masters have searched after—perfection in music. What talk we had of "graceful modulations," of "exquisite renditions," and such like pompous twaddle. It would be a thousand times better if they would tell the public what pieces were sung or played and give no opinion at all. The kind of criticism we have in the daily papers is a disgrace to journalism.

I am not finding fault with the reporters for this; poor fellows they do their best, and that is quite good enough for the pay they get.

They are expected to do every kind of work to order—criticise an opera, a Shaksperian play, a ballet or a burlesque; well, not criticise, but say something about it. And that something must be favourable to the performers; if it is not the critics will get into trouble. The paper is more concerned about advertising business than it is about giving the public correct information. What did it matter that Emma Abbott in actual fulfilment never came near the promises made by her, or for her? or that Mr. Bandmann is a very respectable actor, and nothing more? Singers and actors had advertised, and the public must be befooled. Of course it is immoral, because it deceives the people, takes money out of their pocket, keeps "stars" shining which would otherwise be snuffed out; but it pays newspaper proprietors, and although they profess to have a great concern for the public, regard for themselves comes first.

The following from the *East Lambton Advocate* is cheering, and proof that honest work has a chance of succeeding yet:—

The CANADIAN SPECTATOR, a high class literary and independent political journal, edited by Rev. A. J. Bray, of Montreal, is on our table. It is a hopeful sign for the future of Canadian journalism that every week adds to the strength of the independent press. The days of the party hack are numbered, and the paper that can lay claim to no greater virtue than organship or blind adherence to party, stands but a poor chance of reaching a high position or great influence in this Democratic country of ours. The SPECTATOR is doing a good work, and its fair and unprejudiced articles will do much toward toning down party strife."

EDITOR.

### THE PROSPECTIVE BANKING ACT.

The "currency" question looms up as a serious one, not only to business men and bankers, but to the whole nation, for the approaching expiry of the bank charters gives opportunity for sweeping changes which may make a national currency a national calamity.

It is most desirable that men lay aside all party considerations, all axe-grinding tendencies, and learn to regard this question only from the standpoint of usefulness.

Gold is, in itself, of no great intrinsic value. It is not a necessity, nor does it minister to man's comfort or progress in any degree. It can't be eaten; doesn't make up well as coats or vests; is an entire failure as a hat, and even as a royal crown fits often quite uneasily the head that wears it. It has only two virtues—its indestructibility, and its scarcity. It is as scarce, proportioned to our desires, as it was a thousand years ago—aye, even four thousand years ago. Hence it is a certain and lasting measurer of the comparative values of other commodities, for it is indestructible.

These are the virtues of the grown-up, antiquated, matured "gold baby." It is real honest. It does not *promise* to pay. It *PAYS*. The "rag baby"—which is still teething, only beginning to look forward to measles, to be followed by that *whooping-cough* which may attract attention but will sadly rack its constitution—is quite different. It is only a promising at best, and it can hardly be said even to promise to pay. Paper manufactured from rags is useful, no doubt; but it is not scarce, and it is not indestructible. It can record values or represent them, but not *be* them. What is the difference in value between a piece of paper on which is printed nicely and neatly, "I would like to be taken for \$1,000," and another equally well printed piece which, grown more bold, asserts, "I am worth \$1,000"? Echo answers—well—nothing. Echo knows when to preserve a discreet silence.

The extreme—nay, almost idiotic—simplicity of these remarks may perhaps be painful to the thoughtful mind; just as to the student of trigonometry it seems an impertinence which only lunacy can condone to be reminded solemnly that "two and two make the *even* number four," as if it were a wonderful discovery that it would be *odd* if five were the numeral so attained. Yet all great ideas are capable of ultimatum in the smallest particular relatively as in the greatest. Great ideas and their great or tiny effects are in exact correspondence always. Financial credit is a great idea, yet only great when true in every jot and tittle of its workings. Ideas are only great when they can prove useful. Paper money national or banking currency must stand this test, or perish in the using.

That test applied will extinguish the "rag baby" ere it leaves its cradle and enters a cold world without its careful nurses. Not even the measles will it live to enjoy. Of what use is it for each rag-baby paper dollar to say "I am a dollar's worth of labour. Get a thousand of us and we will buy you a thousand dollar, thirty years, three per cent. Government Bond?" That \$1,000 Government Bond is simply a commodity like a horse or a cow, or a piece of grey cotton, and its value can only be measured by the same universal standard, gold, after all. Why waste printers' ink on one thousand pieces of paper when one can regulate the value quite as well. If a thousand dollar 3 p. c. Dominion Bond is worth in the world's estimation \$500 in gold, the thousand segments of that bond will be worth a little less than fifty cents each, because of the worry and waste of energy in handling them. They cannot be made useful except in so far as they represent a universally accepted standard of value. Their superabundance, as contrasted with scarcity of gold, can only make them less valuable, and gold more so.

If we may dare to believe that every newspaper always represents some

section of public opinion, then it may possibly surprise some Canadians to learn that we already have a National currency. Dominion Notes, redeemable in Gold at the Receiver-General's office, or gold itself, *are* that National currency. Bank notes are *not* legal tender. Their reception is purely optional. Is it useful to depart from this state of things? We have freedom now—absolute freedom—to choose the good and reject the doubtful. Yet some of our leading Finance and Trade Journals seem to advocate openly or by implication a monopoly of *all* note issue by the Government in imitation either of the Bank of England monopoly, or the still more onerous National Bank system of the United States. Why should we imitate at all? Governments have no heaven-sent right to monopolize the traffic in promises to pay, and certainly no more natural aptitude to trade in money than it has to trade in groceries or dry goods. Faith in the power of the collective-wisdom of governments to exceed the wisdom of exceptionally trained individuals is one of the insanities of the age. We have need to remember, in new countries especially, that it depends altogether on the ingredients contained in our National cup, whether it be *scum* that rises to the top or *cream*.

Further, though Government should plan ever so wisely, it can never really monopolize the issue of promises to pay, unless it makes illegal *all* contracts. A promise to pay is simply a contract, whether made by Government or individuals. Government "promises to pay" must *ever* come into competition with individual or corporate securities of like nature. The former may change the form which the latter take, but cannot legislate them out of existence. If there be a limited note issue, insufficient to conduct the trade of the country, cheques will inevitably supply the lack, and gain currency, according to the faith reposed in the ability of these cheques to fulfil payment in said limited Government currency. If the Government note issue be superabundant, then individual gold cheques will inspire faith that will eventuate in a premium. The law, nay the necessities of usefulness perforce over-ride legal enactments. The tide and pitchfork illustration hits the case exactly.

Therefore it is *not* the province of governments to monopolize the issue of promises to pay. Governmental functions begin and end with the enforcement of contracts, and the prompt punishment of fraud or crime. Yet Government may often forestall and prevent disaster by enacting conditions on which alone current demand-notes (that is, payable at any moment on demand) may be issued by individuals or corporations.

Usefulness points with authoritative finger to the utmost possible freedom and elasticity in the trade in gold, which is the only real money, as well as freedom of trade of every kind. But freedom is not license. While a wise Government will not deprive banks of their freedom to trade in money by monopolizing the to itself, it will impose such restrictions as tend to enforcement of the contract or "promise to pay." What such restrictions should be may well claim the attention of the country and of all those fitted by practical training ably to discuss them, ere Government decides to risk the hair-brained experiment suggested by many, of becoming our national banker guided only by the collective wisdom of its own infallible (?) mother-wit.

*Brown, Jones and Robinson.*

### MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST.

Among the most noteworthy features in connection with the vast country which we to-day call Manitoba and the North-West Territory is the rapidity with which it has grown and been opened out to our knowledge; less than 10 years ago we knew it as the "Great Lone Land," a little later we gleaned further information respecting it as the "Wild North Land," whilst to-day we regard a trip to Winnipeg with almost the same placency as a commercial traveller would view his ordinary business trip "West" or to the "Lower Provinces." The settlement of the country has progressed with a celerity only surpassed by such cities as Chicago or San Francisco, and none scarcely dare venture to predict what the future of this great Territory will be. Canada is doubtless destined to spread from ocean to ocean, and the words of the poet may well apply to her future,

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers,  
The whole boundless continent is ours."

Amongst the first necessities for intending settlers is, without doubt, an intelligent guide to the most desirable districts, and such a guide we have at length furnished to us by the Hudson's Bay Company, in an unpretending little pamphlet of twenty-four pages. It is on record that one of the early attempts to settle the North-West, viz., the Swiss settlement at Fort Douglas in 1821-22, was mainly frustrated and rendered abortive in consequence of disappointment brought about through the exaggerated hopes and promises held out to the settlers by the Emigration Agent at Berne, and the result was that in the early spring of 1823 the whole colony moved off into the States.

It is fortunate that we have information independent of emigration agents and *land-sharks*, and that we have so respectable and reliable an authority as Mr. Brviges to refer to. The pamphlet spoken of is full of statistical and other guidance in a condensed form, and with as little verbiage as possible it performs the promise with which it sets out: "It is intended in these pages to give some information about that country, and to point out the great advantages which will result to those who desire to settle upon these prolific lands."

It is true that the object of the book is to call attention to the half million acres of land which the Company has for sale, but it appears to be "a plain unvarnished tale," and the whole is so subdivided that "he who runs may read."

The pamphlet is an excellent one. Besides containing a good map of the surveyed territory, it gives a sketch of the country's capabilities, the various ways of reaching it, the expense of each route, the distances between the important points in the territory, and the necessary outfit for intending settlers.

One important fact appears to be established, viz., the timber and fuel supply. It has frequently appeared that there was contradictory evidence on this point, but the following authoritatively sets the question at rest:

"The line from Winnipeg to Thunder Bay passes through most extensive timber districts near Rat Portage, where large saw mills are now in course of erection, which will supply at

moderate prices all the lumber required for buildings and fences in the western part of the country. Considerable quantities of timber for building purposes, and for fuel also, exist on the banks of all the rivers and creeks, and there are in addition groves of poplar all over the country. No difficulty will be found as regards timber for building or fuel. Large deposits of coal have been discovered on the Saskatchewan River, and also on the Assiniboine. The former has already been worked to some extent, and the quality is pronounced by all who have used it as excellent. There will be ample fuel of both wood and coal to be distributed by the lines of railway now constructing, in addition to the timber which is found on the banks of all the rivers."

We have a very opportune corroboration of this from Professor Macoun, who has been on an expedition during the past summer. He says that "the great drawback to the country south of Battleford is that there is no timber, but this lack is compensated for by the undoubted existence of unlimited quantities of coal throughout that region."

In twenty-seven miles along the Assiniboine river, in 1877, over 400,000 bushels of wheat were harvested that averaged considerably over thirty bushels to the acre, and some yields have produced over 40 bushels; whilst in South Minnesota the average is twenty bushels, in Wisconsin only fourteen, in Pennsylvania and Ohio fifteen. In Prince Albert and other new settlements on the Saskatchewan, forty bushels of spring wheat, averaging 63 lbs. to the bushel, have been raised.

The extent of this enormous and rich territory is comparatively unknown. It is estimated at 2,984,000 square miles, whilst the whole of the United States contains 2,933,000 square miles. In its centre is Lake Winnipeg, 300 miles long, and 50 to 60 miles wide,—the future Black Sea of Canada. This Lake Winnipeg receives the drainage of the future wheat-field of the world.

In truth, the prospect of advancement in the good work of settling and developing the resources of the North-West grows brighter continually. The north-westward movement will next year probably proceed at a startling rate. The resources and capabilities of the country are being brought to the notice of millions, in the old world and the new, as never before. The world is being forced steadily on the minds of intelligent people that the world's great wheat-field lies in Canada's fertile belt, and this conviction must have the effect of greatly swelling the tide of immigrants already flowing towards that remarkable region. The means of reaching the country is steadily improving, and ere long will be of a very satisfactory character. Indeed we already speak of Winnipeg as within 72 hours journey from Montreal, and as an inducement to immigrants can announce it as within 14 days from Liverpool.

We begin our work in the North-West under favourable auspices, and although it may be prudent not to be over-sanguine, we may call to mind the glowing words of Principal Grant who accompanied Mr. Sandford Fleming's Expedition from "Ocean to Ocean" in 1872:—

"To construct is the duty that lies nearest to us, 'we therefore will rise up and build.' Our young Dominion in grappling with so great a work has resolutely considered it from a national and not a strictly financial point of view, knowing that whether it 'pays' directly or not, it is sure to pay indirectly. Other young countries have had to spend, through long years, their strength and substance to purchase freedom, or the right to exist. Our lot is a happier one. Protected 'against infection and the hand of war' by the might of Britain, we have but to go forward, to open up for our children and the world what God has given into our possession, bind it together, consolidate it, and lay the foundations of an enduring future."

### THE 'OLD MASTERS' IN MONTREAL.

The owner of the *Old Masters*, referred to in the communication of "Juan Mahpop," I am informed did not submit his pictures to the Council of the Art Association for its decision upon their genuineness, that question having been already determined in London, Paris, and Antwerp by experts more competent to judge rightly than the members of the Council and its coadjutors; neither did he want their endorsement, which, if obtained, would neither enhance their value nor give them additional beauty. The history of the pictures, apart from their merit, is proof against their being worthless imitations of the Old Masters, and as the present possessor of them is fully aware of their quality, he has not requested the Council and its coadjutors to investigate and satisfy themselves that the pictures "are what they profess to be." I do not suppose that they would authoritatively pronounce an opinion upon the *Rubens* and the *Palma il Vecchio*, when such a distinguished and learned artist as Sir Charles Eastlake, P.R.A., is charged with buying for the National Gallery a "bogus" *Andria Mantegna*, although they may not fear to enter the lists with the sharp-eyed critic Mrs. Montague, who discovered "Mahpop's" "marine sketch" to be a counterfeit. The important question, to my mind, is: Are the pictures worthy a place on the "beautifully tinted walls" of the Art Gallery in Phillip's Square? And, a second question is demanded:—Have the pictures a sufficiency of the characteristics of Rubens, Rembrandt, Palma il Vecchio, Corregio, and "Raffaello Sanzio"—such as warm and transparent colouring, imagination, expression, light and shade, composition, design, harmony, and grace—to advance the taste of the public, and to promote the education of students in the Fine Arts?

Taste in Art may vary as much as that of the Palate. The eye and the intellect of some people may be much moved by the productions of the Old Masters, and they may derive more inspiration from them than from those of the Modern School; whilst the works of the latter may, possibly, give to other people a more delicate sense to the eye, and an enlarged idea of the sublime and beautiful. One man may be charmed with *Rubens* and look coldly on *Verbeckhaven*, whilst another is charmed with *Sidney Percy*, and sees nothing in *Jacob Ruysdael*, after the manner that one man may prefer *Johannisberg to Cider*, whilst another revels in a plain Tommy-cod and cares naught about Saumons froids, sauce Ravigote.—*De gustibus not est disputandum.*

Painting being an art like poetry, requires sensibility, imagination, and genius, who will say that these qualities are not exhibited in the *Jupiter in Judgment*, attributed to Palma il Vecchio? "Mahpop" admits that it bears traces of originality. I say, to compare this picture with the copy of Raphael's *Madonna della Seggiola* in the lower lobby of the Gallery would be an insult to Art; and to compare it with some of the pictures in the "Gibb Collection" would be like comparing the lofty *Palma* to the "small-beer poet" Fitzgerald.

"Mahpop" says: "Palma il Vecchio is not a great painter"; so be it, but Vasari thinks otherwise; he says, in reference to one of this artist's pictures: "It seemed impossible for the power of colour or pencil to rise to a higher pitch of truth and perfection." Pilkington says: "The paintings of Palma are in great esteem for the noble taste of his composition, for an expression that is natural and pleasing, and for the union and harmony of his colours." Bryan says there are pictures by Palma attributed to Titian, and others erroneously attributed to Giorgione. Sir Charles Eastlake (perhaps, no authority for "Mahpop") says of Palma: "As a painter of female portraits, he rivals his great contemporaries Giorgione and Titian, and is occasionally concealed under their names." Sir Charles also alludes to a *Lucretia*, by Palma, as "a commanding figure of fine expression," and remarks that "other mythological subjects known to have been painted by him are missing." May not this identical picture be one of the *missing*? Judging from the style of this *Jupiter in Judgment*—of which there is positive external evidence that it is an "original"—I much doubt if any artist in Canada would consider it "comparatively easy of imitation," and still more, I doubt if any one of them would have the temerity to copy or counterfeit it, or that any logician would say that a picture which is not difficult to copy must of necessity be "very frequently copied." Again, is it any disparagement to Palma's ability that his works are to be found in almost every European Gallery? Are not the works of Rubens to be similarly found? France and England abound with the productions of his pencil, so that there is no necessity to go to the Pinakothek of Munich to see them; although I can understand the lover of "Religious Art" visiting the Cathedral of Antwerp to behold the grandest type, probably, of the Crucifixion, in its full dramatic sense, that Art ever produced.\*

There are three of the works of Rubens in the Gallery, belonging to the Miles family at Leigh Court, near Bristol, which I have long remembered, having known them in my boyhood. One, *The Conversion of St. Paul*; another, *The Woman Taken in Adultery*, which is vividly impressed on my mind's eye from the circumstance that the two principal accusers are said to be portraits of Calvin and Luther; the third, a *Holy Family*, in which the Virgin Mary is attired in a Dutch robe, and her face is similar in character to that of Esther the Queen, in the *Rubens* (which "Mahpop" condemns), and the infants, Christ and St. John, have legs and arms suited for a baby-Hercules.

"Mahpop" cannot see the handicraft of Rubens in the *Ahasuerus and Esther*, because he has "committed inaccurate drawing," and "departed from his usual faultless drawing." His inaccurate drawing has been noted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who remarks that "the incorrectness of Rubens in regard to his outline oftener proceeds from haste and carelessness, than from inability," and whilst Sir Joshua gives the palm of excellence to Michael Angelo for his great correctness of design, and profound knowledge of anatomy; to Raphael for composition, expression and drawing; to Andrea del Sarto for correct drawing; he only extols Rubens for his admirable colouring, great magnificence and harmony of composition, and a gay and lightsome manner. I should have thought the effect on the spectator when beholding such a picture as the *Ahasuerus and Esther* would have checked the disposition to pick out and dwell on its defects.

I must return to the Gallery at Leigh Court to refer to a remarkable picture, *A Storm; the Calling of Abraham*, by Gaspar Poussin; it is said to be one of the finest specimens of this Master, and formerly belonged to the Colonna Palace at Rome, and was sold during the confiscations of the French Revolution; and yet to another, which to have once seen, would never be effaced from the mind's eye, the expression of the figure is so sublime and superhuman, and denotes such power and energy, the CREATOR MUNDI,† by Lionardo da Vinci, which was purchased about 1794 by Bryan, the author of the Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. *The Conversion of Saint Paul* was formerly the property of M. de Montesquieu, who was one of the victims of the French Revolution (1794), and after many changes in ownership, it was purchased for \$20,000 by Richard Hart Davis, M.P., Bristol, by whom it was subsequently transferred to the Miles family.

I allude to these changes in ownership, because there has been a good deal, or I ought rather to say, a bad share, upon the part of the credulous of pooh-poohing and sneering at these Old Masters. "How chances it they travel?" Their reputation, if they ever had any, ought to have kept them in England! Impossible!! Nonsense!!! Absurd!!!! How could such pictures, by any chance, come to Montreal? How could a private gentleman

\* "Mahpop" has mixed in his description of the pictures by Rubens a scene from the Garden of Gethsemane and the Crucifixion.

† It has been called the *Salvator Mundi*. It represents Christ in His majesty and glory, holding a globe in one hand, in the centre of which a bright light is sparkling.

become their possessor? \* Of this there is no doubt, the pictures are here, and there is no doubt that in 1871 the Tuileries and the Palais Royal were plundered very completely; the Chateau de Neuilly and the Chateau of the Rothschild family at Surennes were sacked, and some works of Art found their way thence to England. Queen Isabella of Spain, in her flight from Madrid, in 1868, took with her several pictures which were sold at Paris. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, when leaving Florence, in 1856, sold his pictures, and there is ample testimony that some of the Old Masters seeking admission into the Gallery in Phillip's Square can be traced to three or more of these sources. Again, this is a fact, which may as well be stated forthwith:—Mr. Wallace Superintendent of the Kensington Museum, having seen these Old Masters, and approving them, wished to have some of them for exhibition at the Bethnal Green Museum, an offshoot of the former, and especially erected for the benefit of the working classes—*East-enders*—who although they do not live in stately mansions, yet have taste and discrimination, as they evidenced by so long maintaining the exponents of Shakspeare in the unclassical region of Sadler's Wells, when the *West-end* National Theatres were either closed or devoted to very different objects from that of presenting the real Drama of England.

If the dramatic poet must be able to say with Aristophanes,

"I have an understanding audience,"

so must the owner of these Old Masters be able to say,

I have an understanding critic,

one who can and will pass judgment wisely and with understanding; otherwise my pictures will be treated as "worthless imitations," counterfeited by some "Chattertons in pictorial art" for the purpose of deceiving, which they occasionally do so effectually that any one desirous to purchase an "original" will have to hold communion with the dead and call up the spirits of Rubens, Rembrandt and Raphael, after the manner of the Witch of Endor, who brought up the soul of the departed prophet Samuel to confirm the word that had been spoken relative to Saul being delivered into the hands of the Philistines.

"Mahpop" says of the Landscape by Jacob Ruysdael: "The scene is a familiar acquaintance. We have even met it more than once in the windows of the well known establishments of Messrs. Attenborough in London." The Attenboroughs are pawnbrokers and money lenders, and it is scarcely probable that Queen Isabella of Spain, the former owner of the picture in question, should have hypothecated it, and that the present owner bought it as an unredeemed pledge or pawn. The Spanish Curator of Her Catholic Majesty's private picture gallery may have been deceived in the same way that Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Ellis were with the *Andrea Mantegna* and the *Turner*; and the Grand Duke of Tuscany may also have had imposed upon him two "old pieces of canvas, super-added with sundry coats of varnish, duly blistered, patched and smoked," and yet, when washed with some mild detergent, the *Ahasuerus* and *Esther* and the *Judgment of Jupiter* suddenly appeared. Perhaps the disproportionate size of the calf of the leg to the kneeling page" may be accounted for by over blistering. The picture by "Mr. Raphael" belonged to Baron Rothschild, at Paris, and there is absolute and irrefragable testimony as to its genuineness, and if compared with some of the "heads" of families that were exhibited at the Windsor Hotel in 1878, when the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dufferin gave his cheque, it will be, in truth, Hyperion to the Satyrs.

If the object of the Council is, presumably, to encourage the Fine Arts in all its branches and phases, ancient and modern, I hope these Old Masters will be properly exhibited, so that the voice of public opinion may be heard relative to them, and that there will be some sensible honest criticism upon their merits. If in the beginning (1860) it was the aim of the Council to do everything that "may be found practicable and conducive to the Fine Arts," I trust it is now, and ever will be, its desire to give to the public, and more particularly to the members of the Art Association, the opportunity of seeing all the works of art that lie within the prerogative of genius, when presented for exhibition.

Anthony Raphael Mengs, who was not only a good artist but also an admirable critic, says: "It appears to me indubitable that the part most noble in painting is not that which solely delights the sight and renders a work pleasing to men who are in fact ignorant of the art, but that those parts are the most valuable which satisfy the understanding and content those who know how to use the faculties of the mind"; and after referring to the works of Raphael, and descanting on their beauties, he contends that they "move our intellects, and acquire, above all, power and authority, like poetry and oratory." Speaking for others as well as for myself, we could derive more solid pleasure in a week from the contemplation of the *Rembrandt*, the *Rubens*, the *Cerreggio*, the *Raphael* and the *Palma il Vecchio*, than we could from the everlasting presence of one-half the pictures in the Gallery at Phillips Square. The Old Masters will be indeed Tritons among the minnows; and, as contrasts they will be as great in point of genius as the writings of Shakspeare, Byron and Scott are superior to those of Boucicault, Amos Cottle and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, or as the oratory of Sheridan and Burke is to that of Ulysses Grant and Benjamin Butler.

\* In the Miles Gallery there are eighty pictures by the best Masters of the 16th and 17th centuries. The family of Miles have been for generations merchants in the City of Bristol.

In conclusion, I do not suppose that "Mahpop" writes in ignorance, but it may not be amiss to quote a passage from Mengs, an author with whom he is doubtless very familiar: "He who manifests only the errors, and is silent on the beauties of a work, is either ignorant or invidious, or perhaps both one or the other." It is a pity that "Mahpop's" great knowledge, which has made him a doubter, should have blinded him to the beauties of some of these Old Masters,—whether he thinks them genuine or not. Perhaps, after they are hung on the walls of the Gallery, he may discover many good qualities which were not observable when the pictures were resting on the floor; a new angle of incidence may bring about a different reflection, and by and bye the public, through the columns of the SPECTATOR, may be honoured with a more favourable criticism.

Thomas D. King.

### THE CRIMES OF RESPECTABILITY.

It is a mistake to suppose that "respectability" is in itself a "crime." This is the error to which communists and extreme radicals fall a ready prey. Yet there are crimes to which respectability is especially prone. These it behoves us to remember in judging of the rectitude of prevalent communistic theories.

That celebrated volume of short essays, in which brevity forms much of the wit displayed—the dictionary—demonstrates that "respectability" means simply the ability to command respect. The respect-compelling force, the soul of external respectability, varies according to the condition of heart and mind existing in the community. There can be little doubt that in this age wealth and the love of it, is the primary cause of respect; position, in the State or in society the second and personal ability, or genius, the third; while excellence of moral character and entire rectitude of conduct is a quite imponderable and infinitesimal homœopathic force as a respect-producing commodity.

The subtlety of this last remark will commend it to all readers. The allopathic schools will pronounce the view sound and excellent. Homœopaths will see in it a concealed appreciation of the power of one tiny globule of goodness to eradicate a weight of evil.

It would be easy enough to bring overwhelming and individual proof of all these positions, by becoming somewhat personal. But that ground is already sufficiently occupied by the "party organs," and might excite a jealousy in them, not respectable. A familiar instance, however, of the relative strength of the respect-producing forces enumerated, may be found in a recent instance brought with sufficient prominence before the public to justify the allusion. Sir Francis Hincks has "done the State some service" in his time; yet all this service and personal ability weighed in the balance with the loss of wealth he is supposed to have caused individuals, is found utterly wanting. Where that most sacred Goddess Wealth—the Diana of the Canadians—is attacked, the respectability of position in the State, or in society, is utterly powerless to quench the agonized cry of the outraged multitude. The woeful sacrilege is promptly avenged.

Yet, were there no other law, no other possible sociology than the gradual and natural "evolution" of public opinion, then respectability could be guilty of no crime, virtue would become only that quality which could command the respect of mankind in whatsoever state of evolution they might happen to be. At one time brute force would be virtue; at another, cunning; at another, skill in art; at present, wealth; in the future, perhaps, who knows? "modest assurance," more familiarly known as "chique." In none of these could there be any crime, because any or each of these would simply, in their turn, represent the extreme point of evolution so far attained. This ought to be the creed and practice of the religion of evolution; but it is not. Why? Because revelation of the one Supreme Being, who is absolute Goodness and Truth, in nature and natural laws, displays by every physical process in the universe, that usefulness to the community is the one aim and end of all material forces. This thrusts upon the true and honest philosopher, who loves wisdom and not sophistry, the grand conception that development of function has no real force except in usefulness toward others, and that such usefulness is the only true respectability—the only ability which has inherent within it power to command enduring respect.

So, thoughtful men, of all shades of religious opinion, who do not permit their opinions to blind them to facts, perceive that any existing ability to compel temporary respect may possibly be based on that which is really crime.

To return, however, to our first position. Wealth is at present, *par excellence*, the respect-compelling power. Wealth is to Respectability the first and great commandment. Yet wealth can never be universal. The very idea of wealth implies, not merely abundance, but super-abundance—not only more than self needs, but more than others possess. Wealth is always a comparative quantity—a "Will-o'-the-wisp" which ever eludes the grasp, and still floats and gleams across the horizon, however high a level we may reach. Ariel sings ever above us till we find ourselves wallowing in the mire. There is, to put it practically, only a certain fixed amount of material wealth in the world in any given age. Hence it is only by depriving others of their share that we can increase our own. In pursuit of this "ignis fatuus," we too often find it

needful to imbibe and illustrate our own experience by using fraudulent appearances, statements or implied conditions as to our monetary conditions, that we may gain the *use* of wealth, by means of the *appearance* of it. This is, in fact, *the* crime which is Respectability's besetting sin. To this, as to all sin, is attached its appropriate punishment. It is chiefly respectability itself which is by such means gullible, and thereby gulled.

The deeper depth of "respectability" in crime is reached when the fraudulent appearance of wealth enters even into the outer courts of the temple, and endeavours to maintain itself by ostentatious subscriptions to churches and what are called "good objects," in order that these gifts may act as a blind to searching enquiry into the donor's conduct of affairs. An entire absence of any care for the morals, welfare or wealth of 500 operatives, clerks, and managers of departments is rendered respectable by a slight subscription towards those institutions which professedly care for the welfare of the community. Sometimes this is conscious villainy. Sometimes it is the man's own idea of business transferred to the Deity he regards as too powerful an opponent to be altogether set at defiance. He thus attempts to keep an ill-balanced Dr. and Cr. account with Him. Thus 500 operatives, receiving \$1 per week less than the actual value of their labour, nets \$26,000 per annum. Of this, 90 per cent. is carried to a contingent fund, to meet possible changes in the condition of trade, or the relations between capital and labour, which are felt to be too one-sided to last, while 10 per cent. is used to satisfy (?) the rightful claims of the God who is all goodness, who gives wisdom and power liberally to all who ask, and adds no upbraiding.

Men who thus act have within them still some remains of conscience. Evolution is to them still a science which they feel to be too hard, too unfeeling a taskmaster. Their very fears for self restrain their entire submission to it. They hunger for something more personal—more loving, less relentless. It is only the fool whose heart, whose will tells him there is no God—no love and wisdom other than the love of self, and the wisdom to care for "number one." For that man in whom burns yet, however dimly, some faint expiring glow of love towards his fellows, knows that only that part of his labour, thought, anxiety, or care, which ultimates in real usefulness to the whole race, has any of that element of solid value in it which *compels* respect and *continues* ability.

Nor is communism any less selfish than Respectability. It, too, is struggling to raise self by depriving others—to produce a dead-level of equalization of means, it would prefer to deprive *all* of wealth rather than permit any but self to retain it.

There is, then, but one royal road to wealth and lasting respectability, and that is *usefulness*. For none can be useful, in superabundant measure to all, without benefitting all; and he who would fain be as useful to others as he can perceive it possible he could wish that others would be useful to him, has found the key which unlocks and reveals the entrance to that way, that Truth, which is Life here and now, and Eternal Life hereafter.

Shall we not live it now, God helping us? Usefulness to others as the very core of life would stay at once those pretences to wealth itself "ill-gotten" even though attained,—would transform Politics from party spirit into an enthusiasm for humanity,—would make society a true and real communism of voluntary and affectionate service, which anything *else*, and anything *less*, is powerless to accomplish,—would level naturally and with gentle hand wealth, from exceptional super-abundance, into universal abundance; and there would be no more poor, save those who are "poor in spirit," blessed indeed that they realize that poverty of theirs, and are willing to take of the Divine Life, not for self, but only to live it out again in a life for others' good. So it might be *now*, so it *will* be in futurity.

### CONVENTIONALITY.

You cannot open a book or take up a paper in these days without coming upon the statement that something is or is not "conventional." Somebody's art, or somebody's poetry, or somebody's style of living, speaking, dressing or dining is sure to be described as "conventional." One comes, therefore, to regard this as one of the most important words in the language—if, indeed, the thing expressed is not one of the most important influences in modern life; and so it seems desirable to consider for a moment what it means, and to what extent we are, as a people, in subjection to it.

There are many words which it is comparatively little use to look up in the dictionary. "Conventional" is one of these. We certainly get thereby to know that it is "something agreed to, sanctioned by usage, or become customary"; but this is not going very far—not so far as the many meanings we attach to the word in our daily use of it. For instance, when we speak of "conventionalism in Art," we imply all sorts of things. We may mean that an artist paints in a certain formal or accepted style, or that in his work he goes on the principle of using accepted types of things, instead of drawing the things themselves—as in Indian religious art it is imperative to repeat the exact forms of things which have been so used from time immemorial. These forms may not be at all like what they are intended to be; but it is forbidden that they should be departed from. A striking example of this is afforded by

heraldic devices. The heraldic painter copies not what he sees in Nature, but the monstrosities handed down from old times—the "conventional" forms of planets, animals, and other objects he is to depict. As examples of conventionality carried to excess, I may point to the mechanical rendering of the *fleur-de-lis* as a spear-head—and to the pine as treated in Indian shawls, where it takes a form so arbitrary that it is hardly possible to recognize its likeness to the original. Artists in connection with architecture are also greatly fettered in this way, especially in the ecclesiastical branch of their work, in which the want of capacity of artists in the Dark Ages, who involuntarily caricatured what they could not represent, has led to certain formalities which have become the accepted type of things, binding for all time!

It is not so easy to define the "conventional" in writing as in art. No doubt but we all feel the difference between a bright, fresh writer and one who adopts a style "sanctioned by usage," or which has "become customary." The most curiously striking conventionalities in literature are those which effect the form or framework of things. It is this which makes it imperative that a fashionable English novel should appear in three volumes. This determines the length and arrangement of the "leading articles" in the *Times* and other daily papers; they must be one column long, that column to be broken up into three long paragraphs. If the *Times* came out with a "leader" in short sentences, nobody would attach the slightest value to it—no, not if each sentence were as pregnant with wisdom as a proverb of Solomon.

But the conventional goes much further in the dominion it has over us. It regulates our morals, our manners, and even our religious observances. And in connection with these matters, we give it a new name. We call it "Mrs. Grundy." She is a standard of conventional propriety. We have not to trouble ourselves with questions of abstract right or wrong. Some moralists, indeed, insist that nothing is right or wrong in the abstract, but only in relation to something else. That is to say, that the standard of morals is artificial, and conscience nothing more than educated instinct. Without going so far, there can be little question but that Mrs. Grundy is the great ruler and arbitress of our lives.

To take a familiar example, there would appear to be nothing much more easy to settle than the point as to what is, and what is not, decency in dress. But in reality there is no law—save the dictum of Mrs. Grundy. At times it has been the fashion for ladies to wear dresses so short that they hardly hid the knees. But there was no outcry of immodesty; at others, long dresses have been insisted on, and a lady was guilty of an offence against society if she showed her ankle. So with high-bodied and low-bodied dresses. Sometimes Mrs. Grundy insists that the dresses should button up to the neck; at others she is content that they should leave off buttoning at the waist. At present what is termed a "low" dress is permissible at a ball or at the opera which would be denounced as absolutely indecent in church. Why? I could never understand why it was considered a mark of respect to go to hear music at an opera or concert, in a dress which it would be considered improper to attend Evening Service in. The only reason is that the distinction is "conventional."

The reign of Mrs. Grundy has been too long and too oppressive. And just as the tendency to the conventional in Arts and Letters is toward the dead, formal and commonplace, so its influence on life is tiresome and depressing. We want more brightness and light, more gaiety and variety; a fuller enjoyment of good things and use of available talents. We want to get rid of that sense of weariness of life, and terror of the consequence of being natural. We want more scope of individuality. We want "character," which is only another name for that personal independence which kicks against old rules, fixed manners, and monotony in dress and surroundings, and all that interferes with the free action of a free people.

*Quevedo Redivivus.*

### THE BRITISH UNIFORM COLOUR.

In the above heading the word "uniform" appears as an adjective, and properly so, though it is customary in referring to this subject to use the word as a noun. This is not only ungrammatical, but, as is always the case when improper terms are used, confusing. When the dress of the line regiments varies in details, and sometimes even in total appearance; when the various adjunctory services all have their distinctive colours or facings, it is impossible to say the army has a uniform colour, and therefore it has no uniformity, and the word uniform or *single* should not be used to designate the colour of the dress. It is, however, so used, and custom prescribes that in writing on these matters it is necessary to use the word "uniform" in the sense of "dress." It is as such I shall use it.

The earliest British uniform known consisted of a collar on the neck and various daubs of colour on the body and limbs. Whether the earlier British ladies admired this costume as much as the garrison belles of the present day do the monkey jackets of some of our corps, is open to question. Doubtless the soldiers of Boadicea and Cassivelaunus had their sweethearts' admiration when attired as above. Why not?

Passing on to the time of the Normans, the archers were clothed in Lincoln green, (the colour of the facings of the 29th, 63rd and 69th regiments)



the crossbow-men in scarlet, when in the service of the king; and the knights as a rule wore long yellow cloaks over their black armour, called surcoats.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that armour was dispensed with, and the defenders of the soil in her day adopted the Lincoln green, scarlet and yellow colours to designate the various branches of the service—or militia, as there was no standing army.

As archery fell into desuetude, the Lincoln green colour, associated with many of the victories of the earlier British troops, gave place to the yellow, the colour affected by the earlier corps of gentlemen-at-arms, and this was the prevailing uniform of the soldiers of James I. and Charles I.

When the civil war broke out, the regiments of the Parliament adopted red as the uniform colour, and they defeated the yellow Cavaliers. Cromwell retained the red, and when the Restoration came, though the Cavaliers preferred the yellow colour as their emblem, and the Courtiers dressed in yellow on State occasions, it was found impossible to discard the red, it being the popular colour; and regiments in the army under Charles II. and James II. were not uniform in their dress, some being in red and others in yellow. It was so also in the militia, the regiments of Whig counties being clad in red, and those of Tory counties in yellow. During the dark days of the Stuart tyranny, yellow, as the favourite emblem of the Cavaliers, became associated in the eyes of the people with deeds of oppression and despotism, and regarding red as the colour of freedom and liberty, the scarlet uniform became doubly dear to all true Britons.

The Revolution came, and as Whiggism obtained the ascendancy, red became the national colour, and gentlemen at Court no longer appeared in yellow, but in red. Yellow was discarded for ever, and since those days, no British corps, either of the army or militia, has been dressed in this uniform. It is, however, retained by many corps as the colour of the facings.

In the last century the Lincoln-green reappeared, and many corps of yeomanry and fencibles were dressed in this coloured coat. As the Empire became extended, regiments raised in the Colonies for local service were clad in Lincoln-green, and it was the ordinary colour adopted by the regiments of Loyalists during the American Revolution. The most famous of these partisan battalions (Butler's Rangers) wore the Lincoln-green, and were designated the Royal Greens.

In British North America, after the American Revolution, all our local regiments—the Royal Canadian, Glengarry, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland regiments of Fencibles—had coats of Lincoln-green, with scarlet facings. This colour might therefore be adopted by regiments of Canadians as a national colour without question by the home authorities.

The Prince-Regent issued a Royal Warrant in recognition of the gallant services of the Canada Militia during the war of 1812, allowing all scarlet-coated corps to adopt blue (the Royal colour) as the colour of the facings.

During the long war, some of the corps in the army, composed of aliens or mercenaries, were dressed in blue, and a British *corps d'armée* of seventy years ago, if many Hanoverians were in it, bore rather a pie-bald appearance, some of the German corps being dressed in yellow, and our 60th and 95th Rifles, added to the Highlanders and Fencibles, all had differing colours to that of the Line.

Since those days there has been some attempt to secure uniformity, and it is partly to this reason may be attributed the recent refusal of the authorities to permit of the raising of a volunteer militia regiment in Montreal which desired to be clad in the Papal (grey) Zouave uniform. One reason also being that Italy might take offence, and justly too, as the regiment in question was to have been raised by the avowed enemies of the Italian monarchy here.

It would be an interesting question if our Irish fellow-citizens chose to raise a volunteer regiment to be clad in green, whether the uniform would be allowed or not. It is *par excellence* the national British uniform, red being simply the emblem of a political party, and it is doubtful if the question were laid before the Horse Guards, if green, faced with scarlet, would be disallowed.

E. A. H.

### INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADIES.

Although Lord Burghley has just had to apologise for the remarks which he made on the subject of the education of the wives and daughters of farmers, there is no doubt that there are many who, openly or secretly, agree with him, and extend his views beyond the limits of that class to which he made them applicable. To all such the present aspect of 'the higher education of women' must afford materials for bitter reflection. That not only there should be large and flourishing high schools for girls all over the country, but that in Cambridge there should exist the Girton and Nuneham Colleges, and that in Oxford an animated effort should have been made to secure liberal instruction for girls over seventeen and eighteen, must be peculiarly painful to sensitive males of Lord Burghley's type. Rightly or wrongly, the tendency is to higher feminine culture, and those who are neither bigots nor supporters of female suffrage must accommodate their sentiments to an unmistakable wave of public opinion.

Meanwhile there is no very clear idea as to what young ladies of intellect are like. The ordinary male creed is very shortly summed up in a fear of them before marriage, and a detestation of them after. The ordinary verdict of sisterly opinion is that they have bad manners, large hands, and do not care about Parisian fashions. The criticism of their elders is that they are much too forward, that they know nothing about butcher's meat, and probably have never darned a stocking in their lives. Much of these aspersions may be true, but they are decidedly old-fashioned. It is irritating to find the question discussed as if it was yet an open one, at the very moment when the intellectual young lady is a living reality. It is fatuous to doubt the advisability when the thing is done. The phenomenon is to be seen in our drawing-rooms, in our published literature, and in our art-schools; and many men find conversing with it to be by no means unpleasant, though how far they like to make it their wife is of course another question. The fact is that there are as many differences between educated young ladies as there are amongst uneducated. The traditional type, which represents the lady of culture with a certain angularity of expression and with spectacles, is now only known for its morbid activity with regard to vivisection and platform rhetoric. To it has succeeded types with more pleasing characteristics, and with fascinations which have been known to lower the alarming average of spinsters. The young lady who will talk to you so agreeably and even flippantly on lawn-tennis will after dinner sing some weird song of Schumann, and overthrow the pessimistic paradoxes of Mallock. The bright quick-eyed damsel, who was first of her year at Girton College, is hurt if you do not also consider her a finished *valseuse*. The girl with the wealth of ruddy-golden hair, which is the passion of artists, has probably been the author of that striking criticism on Laplace's nebular hypothesis, which made such a sensation among the readers of solid 'monthlies.'

But of these modern combinations of elegance and wide learning, the most dangerous specimens are the artistic young lady and the young lady who is also a philosopher. Probably the first is the most dangerous of all; for she not only has the wit to be bewitching, but enough human sympathy to become so. The artistic and æsthetic young lady can attack you on every side. If you have a weakness for archaic furniture and wall-papers of the improved Morrisian type, so has she; if you own to the attractions of Venetian glass, she will discourse to you about Salvati by the yard; if you are a constant attendant at the Grosvenor Gallery, she will confess to you, with a grace which is all the more fascinating because it is obviously condescending, that Burne-Jones's 'Annunciation' is the finest picture in the modern world. She can play and she can sing; she knows all literature, and has even read Lessing's *Nathan der Weise*; she will show you why Theophile Gautier is a good novelist, or what elements of poetry there are in Walt Whitman. If you are a great friend, she will send you some of her own sonnets, full of spirit and fire, though possibly with too much insistence on attributes like 'solemn' and 'intense' and 'melodious-hearted.' And with all this astonishing knowledge there is an obvious liking on her part to sit at the end of the conservatory, and forget all about the time.

Less dangerous, though with special powers of her own, is the philosophic young lady. It is always pleasant for a languid and impassive manhood to sit at the feet of a Gamaliel, especially if the Gamaliel be of the sex by courtesy called weaker. It is charming to learn from full and eloquent lips that a possible descent from apes does not lower the attributes of a developed humanity; and that conscience is on the whole an encumbrance, which it is therefore 'more worthy' to consider non-existing. Besides, the philosophic young lady can always prove to you by her own reading, if not by experience, that life is worth living for its own sake, and immediate contiguity to her chair certainly does not tend to lower your appreciation of the fact. The abstract labours of metaphysics do not in the case of youth diminish the concrete charms of a very attractive personality; and though it may be doubtful whether Herbert Spencer or Comte be right in the classification of the sciences, there is no manner of doubt that a pretty woman who decides such points in the intervals of a valse is more than a match for your own celibate philosophy.

From all which considerations the conclusion is patent that more dangers lurk in the eyes of an intellectual young lady than the world is wont to imagine. Such types as have been described may not indeed be common, but they are tending to become more so. Even our fashionable beauties are learning Latin, and the rage of the last season was an actress who could discourse on metempsychosis. If intellectualism becomes the rage amongst our ladies, the men will have to invent a new Bessemer steel for the protection of their hearts. And the only available weapon that will be left in the quiver of the Philistines will be a lingering suspicion that feminine tenderness has evaporated in the processes of feminine culture.—*World*.

MONTENEGRO is a unique country in regard to its postal business. Until recently the mails were not sent to any of the cities or villages, but every citizen had to go for his letters to the capital, Cetinje. There has now been established a postal department, and the mail is sent from Cetinje to four other cities. The mail carriers travel to these four cities on foot three times weekly.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

## JOHN BRIGHT ON THE CLASSICS.

I regard what I call classics—that is, the ancient languages of Greece and Rome—as luxuries rather than anything else. It is a great luxury to know anything that is good and innocent. It is a great luxury to know a great deal of the past, not that it makes you more powerful to do much, but it is a great pleasure to the person who knows; but I do not believe myself that there is anything in the way of wisdom which is to be attained in any of the books of the old languages which at this moment may not be equally attained in the books of our own literature.—*Speech at Birmingham, England.*

## FASHIONABLE LOAFERS.

The modern practice of competitive examination, whatever be its merits or demerits, has at least been the means of largely recruiting the ranks of genteel ne'er-do-weels. With vast continents still lying almost in a state of nature, and offering a splendid field for the settlement of the young and aspiring, it is pitiable to observe how few of this class possess the tact and enterprise to embrace the opportunity offered. Pampered by parents, or relying on some small patrimony, and perhaps with a silly pride of birth, they prefer a life of mere pleasure and amusement to one of honest industry, and constitute the loafers who hang about the clubs and bars of restaurants. You know them at once. Their cut-away tweed jacket, their moustache, their constitution weakened by depravity, and their boisterous laughing and talking, point them out as beings who never earned a shilling, and never will. Their chosen *role* is practically to depend on any one who will eschew honest labour, play at cards and billiards, frequent horse races, and dawdle away existence in a manner alike frivolous and mischievous. As torturations, some of them possibly have been sent to push their way in the colonies or South America; but with their idle and extravagant habits, success is out of the question. If they do not sink into a premature grave, back they come, to weary every one out with their luckless inaptitude and perversity. In comparison with such pretentious yet utterly useless being, how immeasurably more to be respected are the humblest toilers by the wayside striving to earn a bite and sup for daily subsistence.—*Chambers' Journal.*

## THE REAL PERIL.

The risk which speculators have most to fear is any great or sudden advance in the value of money. In the ordinary course of things that must come. Cycles in trade are subject to the ordinary influences under which human nature is buoyant or depressed. At the present we are on the upward turn. We have not ascended very far; and if the advance were quietly and cautiously managed, there is no necessity why expanding credit and rising prices should be succeeded within anything like a reasonable time by the evils of inflation. The inflation movement carries up prices and business to a point at which they exceed the capabilities of the available supply of capital. When that point has been reached, panic follows. But though the law of action and reaction holds in trade as in other departments of human activity, the oscillation between the counter-extremes need not be, and seldom is, so rapid or intense as theorists assume. Even in their view, the panic caused by dear money does not come until after a long time, during which there is gradual development of trade, which, by and by when over-done, leads to its arrest. They allow us ten years between one crisis and another; and therefore there is a long period of what ought to be prosperous and advancing trade in front of our business community. Not that there is any assurance that no panic through dear money may come in the interval. On the contrary, many variations may be looked for; and the danger produced by dear money is one that can never be put out of sight by speculators. But such a Stock Exchange panic as may be thus caused would not involve a general business or commercial panic. From that we ought to be safe for years to come; and as to the other, the habitual operators on the Stock Exchange ought to be well able to protect themselves.—*World*

## ISLANDS IN THE SKY.

The mirages of the plains are of wondrous beauty. In the autumn, when all the atmospheric conditions are perfect, strange transformations take place upon the prairie ocean. It is the morning of such a day. Along the eastern horizon a narrow belt of silver light appears. As it grows broader the silver gray of its lower line changes to gold. Fleecy clouds above the belt take on a yellow red. The grayish shadows of the dawn lift slowly from the earth and imperceptibly float skyward. Just before the red disc of the sun peers above the horizon line weird islands appear in the sky—*islands* clothed with trees and waving grasses, and held together by threads of yellow and green and azure.

The earth stands inverted in the sky. The wooded bluffs and timber islands of the prairie turn bottom upward in the glaucous ether above, with their feet knee deep in water. The ground work of this illusion is a grayish, semi-opaque mist, but the smallest object on the plain is limned against it with marvellous fidelity. Objects far beyond the range of vision over the prairie are

brought into plain view by this ethereal mirror. I have seen a little village thirty miles away over the plains standing in the sky, every feature traced with the minuteness of a line engraving.

I could distinguish the dogs wandering through the streets, the cows standing idly about the yards, and the opening and closing of a door in the cabins. I have seen dog sledges, whose trains were out of sight below the horizon, trail through the heavens in tortuous course, long lines of cart trains swaying to and fro over the sand dunes in the sky. In all these cases the ground does not appear, only the objects growing upon or passing over it. Everything has the appearance of growing or standing in the water. The feet of animals, the roots of trees, the foundations of houses, are all lost in an aqueous mist.

The ordinary features of the mirage—the simple drawing of distant objects near the spectator—are of common and, in many places, of every day occurrence at some seasons of the year. A few rods away on every side a slight line of grayish mist, exactly resembling that risen from lake or stream in early morning, appears, and upon its surface is limned the whole landscape, changing constantly, like the colours of a kaleidoscope, as a traveller advances. The illusion continues but a few minutes, however. The gold fades from the fleecy clouds overhead as the yellow light descends upon the plain, chasing the receding shade before it. The sun rises, and the dissolving views of the mirage fade slowly away.—*From a Prairie Letter in Lancaster (Pa.) Examiner.*

SPECULATION.—A business very often spelt without the first letter.

AN English critic says that "the slavery of science" has invaded even novels and social essays.

PROFESSOR: "Mr. —, you have a wonderful faculty for learning to forget." Student (aside): "Not so much that I learn to forget, as that I forget to learn."—*New York University Quarterly.*

THE spread of Christianity in Japan during the last seven years has been remarkable. There are now forty-three Protestant churches in that country, with a membership of 1,500. There are fifty-four Sunday schools, with 2,000 scholars; three theological schools, with 175 students, eighty-one missionaries; ninety-three native assistant preachers, ten native pastors, and 150 preaching places. In addition to the distinctively religious work, a large number of secular schools are carried on by Christian preachers.

S. P. Q. R.—One night, while a Roman piece was being performed there was a discussion among the supers as to the meaning of the initials S. P. Q. R. inscribed upon the banners. Dan Shean, who overheard the conversation, quietly suggested that it meant "salaries paid at a queer rate." The joke was reported to the manager, who summoned Dan to his presence, and severely reprimanded him for the remark. "Sure, Sir," answered Dan, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "you've been misinformed. I told 'em it meant salaries paid quite reg'lar!"—*Belgravia.*

AT the railway stations in India the passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessel; a sudra, or low-caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

THE executors of Sir Rowland Hill are authorized to expend a sum not exceeding £250 in completing and publishing a history or statement, not as yet complete, in connection with the penny postage system, and also in writing and publishing a biography of him. After this has been done, his books, papers, and memoranda in connection with the subject are to be offered to the British Museum; and the marble bust of him by Brodie, or any portrait of him, or a copy to be made at the expense of his estate, is to be offered to the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery.

ROBINSON CRUSOE AT DINNER.—Talleyrand had invited Sir George Robinson to dinner, and, mentioning that their guest was a great traveller, desired Madame to pay him much attention, and to speak to him of his travels. This she did by informing him how concerned she had felt when reading of the privation he had undergone, and the shifts he had been put during his sojourn on the uninhabited island. Her visitor was greatly puzzled; said nothing, but bowed his acknowledgments and thought no more. Presently she asked, with much apparent interest, for news of "*cher Vendredi*," that dear faithful man Friday, who had been such a comfort to him. The truth then dawned upon him, and Madame was informed that a less celebrated personage than the hero she was interested in had the honour of being her guest.

## FORSAKEN.

For twenty-two years John Clare lived in the Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, forgotten by the world. During the whole of this period not one of all his former friends and admirers, not one of his great or little patrons, ever visited him. This he bore quietly, though he seemed to feel with deep sorrow that even the members of his own family kept aloof from him. His wife (his "Patty of the Vale") never once showed herself in the twenty-two years; nor any of her children, except the youngest son, who went to see his father once. The neglect thus showed, long preyed upon his mind, and found vent in this sublime burst of poetry:—

I am! yet what I am who cares, or knows?  
My friends forsake me like a memory lost.  
I am the self-consumer of my woes,  
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,  
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost.  
And yet I am—I live—though I am tossed  
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,  
Into the living sea of waking dream,  
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,  
But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem  
And all that's dear. Even those I loved the best  
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.  
I long for scenes where man has never trod,  
For scenes where woman never smiled or wept;  
There to abide with my Creator, God,  
And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept  
Full of high thoughts unborn. So let me lie,  
The grass below; above, the vaulted sky.

## WEEDS AND FLOWERS.

Well spake the ancient gardener  
Unto the lady gay,  
Who came to view his handywork  
One early April day.  
His parterres were all overrun  
With many a useless thing,  
And he had only just begun  
To trim them for the spring.  
"How fast this tangled rubbish breeds,  
Even in the wintry hours!"  
"Ah, yes!" quoth he,  
With roguish glee,  
"The soil is mother to the weeds,  
But only step-dame to the flowers."

And so it is in many a home;  
Where'er we chance to turn,  
Some wayward and unruly child,  
Will make his mother mourn;  
Yet she will give him her chief love,  
Her closest watch and care;  
While the docile and dutiful  
Receive the lesser share.  
Perchance she feeleth that he needs  
Her best maternal powers,  
And proves anew  
The saying true—  
"The soil is mother to the weeds,  
But only step-dame to the flowers."

So in the mixed and mighty world,  
From some continuous cause  
A multitude go all astray,  
And violate its laws;  
While poverty and misery  
Spring up on every side,  
As if to choke the very path  
Of gorgeous wealth and pride.  
Since effort but in part succeeds  
Against this bane of ours,  
Well may we say,  
From day to day—  
"The soil is mother to the weeds,  
But only step-dame to the flowers."

Among the countless worshippers  
Of Heaven's supernal Lord,  
What difference and intolerance,  
Where all should well accord;  
Some calmly, wisely, stand apart  
From the unhallowed strife;  
While some would shut their brother out  
From the eternal life,  
Since thus amid conflicting creeds  
Insidious evil cowers,  
Well may we sigh,  
And inly cry—  
"The soil is mother to the weeds,  
But only step-dame to the flowers."

J. C. P.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

SIR,—There are surely many in Ontario who can give the distinct origin of the meaning of "Clear Grit." So far as my memory serves, it was first claimed as a title of high distinction by a party of political puritans, headed by that champion of popular rights, Peter Perry.

Perhaps they might be called Democratic Republicans, disposed to free their skirts from those they considered time-serving politicians, who were guiding the opponents of Conservatism. Mr. Perry was a miller, and probably the author of the phrase, which was intended to express the solid kernel of the grain, when all the chaff and rubbish was blown away—that is, "Clear Grit" in politics meant solidity and purity.

T. S. B.

Montreal, 10th Nov., 1879.

P.S.—Mr. Perry was a clear-headed, strong-minded M.P.P. I remember a hot argument at our Old Exchange Coffee House, where Upper Canada merchants then did greatly congregate. Mr. Perry had asserted that even mobs were always in the right, when he was brought up sharply by a pious Methodist, who asked, "What think you then of the mob that cried out, 'Crucify Him, crucify Him?'" There was a pause, and then Mr. Perry said solemnly, "What have I to say against that mob? Was not the crucifixion the result of that clamor, and without the crucifixion where would be the Doctrine of Atonement?" The discussion closed here.

## THE SOLID SOUTH.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—I would ask the *Witness* to publish the following from the *New York World*, but it would so interfere with and upset its darling determination to prove the South always and unanswerably in the wrong, that its fate would probably be the waste-paper basket, or it would appear with some sneering remarks as to its truth. This consistent and fair-minded religious daily is sure to print every item which shows up the late slaveholders to disadvantage; but when stern facts prove them to be not entirely brutes to the blacks, its theory—that nothing good can come out of Nazareth—is overturned, and the stern facts do not appear in its columns.

"Alas for the rarity  
Of christian charity!"

Respectfully, Mr. Editor,

"Via Media."

"Why did not Mr. Hayes explain, in his recent stump speeches, how the dreadful disorder at the South which he depicted failed to interfere with the unexampled crops harvested in that part of the country? The cotton crop of the South this year is half a million bales greater than ever before. Not so much tobacco by twelve million pounds did the South ever before gather in one year as in this; nor so much sugar by two hundred thousand hogsheads! How could all this be if labour had been demoralized or if the negro had been perpetually worried by the white race? Do men toil and accumulate wealth in a country in which the Government gives no protection, as Mr. Hayes pretends to believe and tries to make other people believe is the case in the "solid South"? Really, this stalwart rumpus about the South grows rather ridiculous when we confront it with economic facts! Cannot our Southern contemporaries explain this remarkable development of national production under the stimulus of the shot-gun?"

## PRIZE QUESTIONS IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

84. What is the origin of the name Manitoba?

*Ans.*—According to Professor Bell, of the Geological Survey, as stated by him in a lecture delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association of Montreal, the name *Manitoba* implies in the Indian language "the place of wonderful narrows," in reference to the much contracted width of the lake at its centre.—In *La Revue Canadienne*, Tome xii., No. 8, Aout. 1875, the following authority is given:—"Manitoba, corruption de *Manitou Apau, ou detroits surnaturels.*"

In the Indian, the word is *Manitowaba*, which signifies "the strait"-waba—"of the spirit"-manito. *Manitoba Free Press.*

A corruption of *Manitow-apau*, signifying the Straits of the Manitow, from the Indians attributing the agitation of the waters to the presence of a spirit.—*Bishop Taché's North West.*

85. Who piloted the expedition against Quebec up the St. Lawrence in 1759?

*Ans.*—Captain Matthew Theodosius John (? Denis) de Vitre, an able French naval officer (at the time a prisoner of war); but whether under threats or from stimulus of reward is a disputed question.—See *Garneau*, p. 22.

Some pilots were also allured on board, near Bic, by the hoisting of French colours. Ferland says it was Capt. Jacques Michel, formerly commander of one of DeCaen's boats.

The celebrated James Cook (afterwards the renowned circumnavigator of the world) was with the expedition, and rendered valuable services in surveying the channel, taking soundings during the night, the buoys having been removed. Captain Cook conducted the

boats to the attack at Montmorency, July 31, 1759, managed the disembarkation on the heights of Abraham, and pointed out how the large ships might proceed with security up the river.

86. Where did Lord Amherst sign the treaty for the cession of Canada to the British in 1760?

Ans.—“Done in the camp before Montreal, September 8th, 1760.”—See Articles of Capitulation.

One account says at St. Helen's Island, but it is believed to have been signed in a small house to the W. by N. of the then town (now Cote des Neiges), which house was destroyed by fire a few years since. “A short distance beyond the present toll-gate, just before arriving at the Roman Catholic Cemetery.”

Another answer says: “In the camp outside the Lachine Gate.”

Miles's “French Régime,” p. 508; Sandham's “Montreal Past and Present,” p. 62.

87. When was the first Sunday School opened, and by whom?

Ans.—On September 6th, 1793, the Quebec Gazette announced the opening of the Sunday Free School under the patronage of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent; but the lessons taught were reading, writing and arithmetic, and not of a religious character.

In Brockville, Ont., by Rev. Wm. Smart, in 1810-11. Authority—Rev. W. Millard, Secretary, Sabbath School Association of Canada.

In Montreal, by Miss Lucy Hedge, in her father's house (September 1816), and subsequently in connection with Zion Church, March 9th 1823. Rev. Dr. Wilkes; Diary of Mr. J. H. Dorwin.

At Kingston, Ont., Rev. Mr. Cattrick proposed organizing a Sunday School in June 1817, but it was not carried into effect until the following year.

A Sunday School was established in St. Johns, Newfoundland, in 1803, by Governor Gambier.

88. Whence does the plant called Soldier's Cup derive its common and botanical names, and how many varieties are found in Canada?

Ans.—It derived its name “Soldier's Cup,” or “Huntsman's Cup,” from the use soldiers and trappers made of the leaves of the plant to drink from. The name “Pitcher Plant” from the appearance of the leaves; and its botanical name Sarracenia (purpurea) given by Tournefort in honor of Dr. Michel Sarrazin, a Quebec doctor who described the genus. There are three varieties of the plant in North America, only one of which (S. purpurea) is found in Canada. This plant was formerly supposed to have been a specific in cases of small-pox, modifying the disease and shortening its course. Invalids chew it as they would tobacco. The Professor of Botany at Laval University says that there are eight varieties of the plant known—three in North America, and one only in Canada.

It is said that the name “Soldier's Cup,” was given to it by an emigrant pensioner who had used a similar plant in Egypt for the water contained in the leaves. It is also called Indian Cup, Fly-trap, and Side-saddle flower.

Charlevoix describes it, calling it “La Sarrasine—an herbaceous perennial growing in sphagnous swamps about Quebec.”

Its botanical name appears in a catalogue of Canadian plants collected in 1827 and presented to the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec by the Countess Dalhousie.

The S. Darlingtonia is found in California, and the S. Helianthera in Guiana. The S. Flava (or yellow) is never found north of Virginia. Canadian Wild Flowers, by Traill and Fitzgibbon; Provancher's Flore Canadienne; Gray's Botany; Hobbs's Botanical Handbook; U. S. Dispensatory; National Dispensatory; etc., etc.

89. Explain Yonge Street and Dundas Street occurring in the topography of Ontario, and give the origin of the two expressions.

Ans.—They were two great military highways cut through the primitive forests of Western Canada by the King's Rangers, by order of Governor Simcoe. Dundas and Yonge Streets were laid down in the first M.S. maps as highways destined to traverse the country, as nearly as possible, in right lines,—the one from north to south; the other from east to west.

Yonge Street received its name from Sir George Yonge, Secretary of War in 1791 and following years. Dundas Street has its name from the Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1794.

Yonge Street is, from York (Toronto) to Lake Simcoe, a distance of 30 miles, and Dundas Street from London to Hamilton. “Dundas Street, which meets Yonge Street at right angles, was projected by Governor Simcoe to reach from Burlington Bay to the Thames, and was intended to traverse the Province from east to west. They were called “streets,” the idea been taken from the old Roman roads in Britain, which are still, in many places, called streets; and probably also to distinguish them from the ordinary Colonization roads.

Smith's Gazetteer, 1799; “Toronto of Old,”

90. What was the name given by the French to the River Thames?

Ans.—Rivière de la Tranche. “Bouchette.”

Rivière de la Trenche. “Eighty Years' Progress in B. N. A.”

On old French maps it is designated as “Rivière qu'on remonte 80 lieus sans trouver de Saults.” Heriot's Travels; Description of Upper Canada, 1799.

It was also called “The Broad River.” It was named “The Thames” by Governor Simcoe.

91. Whence does the Isle of Orleans derive its name, and what other name has it been known by?

Ans.—The Duke of Orleans, in honour of whom Jacques Cartier gave it the name in 1536, was De Valois, son of Francis I. Cartier had named it the previous year “Isle de Bacchus,” from the number of wild vines he found there.

In 1675 it was formed into the Earldom of St. Laurent, and it was erected into a County under the name of “Island and County of St. Lawrence.” This name prevailed in public documents until the year 1770. “Orleans” has been the name during the last hundred years.

The island has borne other names—viz., “Minigo,” by the Indians; “Baccalaos” (see Lahontan's Travels); “Isle de Ste. Marie,” by Missionaries in 1650; and “Isle des Sorciers” (Wizards' Island), from the inhabitants being able to foretell storms, &c.

Histoire de L'Isle D'Orleans, par Turcotte, pp. 10-12; Bouchette's Topography of Lower Canada; Champlain (Laverdiere edit.), vol. i., p. 88.

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

Table of Railway Traffic Receipts comparing 1879 and 1878 data for various companies including Grand Trunk, Great Western, Northern & H. & N.W., Toronto & Nipissing, Midland, St. Lawrence & Ottawa, Whitby, Port Perry & Lindsay, Canada Central, Toronto Grey & Bruce, Q. M. O. & O., and Intercolonial.

\* This is the aggregate earnings for 1879; 1878 figures not given.

BANKS.

Table of Banks listing Montreal, Ontario, Molsons, Toronto, Jacques Cartier, Merchants, Eastern Townships, Quebec, Commerce, Exchange, and Miscellaneous banks, with details on shares, capital, and interest rates.

\*Contingent Fund. †Reconstruction Reserve Fund.

THE delivery of home-grown wheat in the 150 towns of England and Wales for the undermentioned weeks, months and years were:—

Table showing weekly average price of wheat in 150 towns per quarter for various weeks and years from 1875 to 1879.

Weekly average price of wheat in 150 towns, per quarter:—

Table comparing the average price for the week ended October 25, 1879, against the average price for the corresponding weeks during the last ten years.

The average price for the week ended October 25, 1879, was 6d less than the weekly average price for the corresponding weeks during the last ten years.

The results of the imports of Flour and Wheat into the United Kingdom from September 12 to October at the dates indicated, less the exports, plus the home deliveries of Wheat, have been for the last three years as follows:—

Table showing net imports, home deliveries, total supply, and home consumption for flour and wheat from September 1 to October 25, 1877-8, 1878-9, and 1879-80.

The deliveries of home-grown Wheat are being moderately increased from week to week, but are still about 80,000 qrs per week less than the average deliveries for the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. There as so far been but little accumulation of stock.

EXPORTS of Flour and Grain for week ended Nov. 11th:—

Table of exports for flour and grain from Montreal for Europe, detailing quantities in bushels for flour, wheat, corn, oats, and peas.

CLEARANCES of Flour and Grain from Montreal for Europe:—

Table of clearances for flour and grain from Montreal for Europe, showing quantities for weeks ended Nov. 11, 4, and 12, 1879, and Nov. 12, 1878.

THE capital invested in all the railroads of the globe exceeds \$15,500,000,000. These roads, according to the statistics of Prof. Neumann-Spallart, required 62,000 locomotives, 112,000 passenger carriages, and 1,500,000 goods trucks. Annually 1,600,000,000 tons of merchandise and 1,500,000,000 passengers are conveyed by these means of transit.

THE revenue receipts of Great Britain from the 1st of April to November 1st were £42,216,971, against £42,600,678 in the corresponding period of last year. The net expenditure was £50,368,923 against £50,821,078.

Chess.

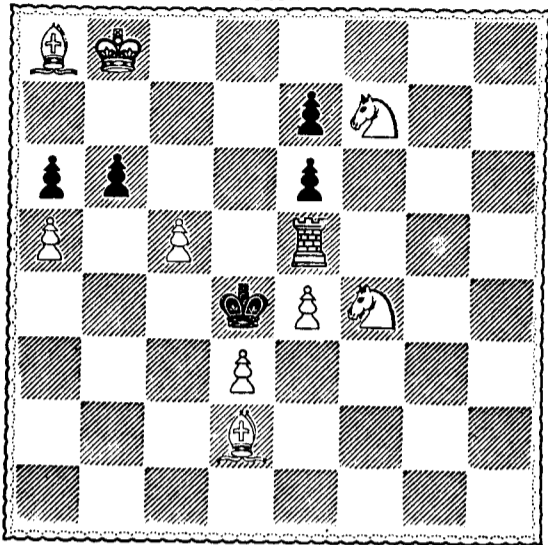
All Correspondence intended for this Column, and Exchanges, should be directed to the CHESS EDITOR, CANADIAN SPECTATOR Office, 162 St. James Street, Montreal.

Montreal, Nov. 22nd, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XLVIII.

Problem No. 6 in the Brighton Herald Tourney.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XLV.—By Mr. J. G. Finch.

<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>	<i>Black.</i>	<i>White.</i>
1. Q to R 7	K takes P	2 Q to K 7 (ch)	K to Q 5	3 Q to K 3 mate
	If K to B 4	2 Q tks P at Q 3	P to Q 5	3 Q to B 4 mate
	If P to Q 3	2 Q to Q 7	Any move	3 Kt to K 6 mate

Correct solution received from W.H.P., G.P.B., T.M.J.

GAME NO. XLIV.

Blindfold Game, played by Mr. J. N. Babson, on the occasion of his recent visit, against one of the members of the Montreal Club.

MUZIO GAMBIT.

<i>WHITE.</i>	<i>BLACK.</i>	<i>WHITE.</i>	<i>BLACK.</i>	<i>WHITE.</i>	<i>BLACK.</i>
Mr. J. N. Babson.	Mr. S.	9 P to Q 4	Q tks P (ch) (b)	17 Q R to K sq	Q to Q 5
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	10 B to K 3	Q to K B 3	18 R to K 4	Q to Q 3
2 P to K B 4	P takes P	11 Q to R 5 (ch)	Q to K Kt 3 (c)	19 Q R takes P	B to Kt 2
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	12 Q to Q 5 (ch)	K to K sq	20 Q takes R P	Q to K 2
4 B to B 4	P to Kt 5	13 Q to K 5 (ch)	Q to K 3	21 Kt to Q 5	K to K sq
5 Castles	P takes Kt	14 Q takes R	Q takes B (ch)	22 R takes Kt (e)	Q takes R (f)
6 Q takes P	Q to B 3	15 K to R sq	Kt to K B 3 (d)	23 R takes Q	B takes R
7 P to K 5	Q takes P	16 Kt to Q B 3	K to B 2	24 Q to Kt 8 mate	
8 B tks P (ch) (a)	K takes B				

Notes.—(a) This is not a usual mode of conducting the attack, for Black should speedily gain an advantage. (b) The correct move is Q to K B 4, followed by P to Q 3 and B to R 3. (c) K to K 2 would have relieved him somewhat. (d) An oversight, but the capture of the piece by White would have forfeited something of the attack. (e) The termination is very neatly conceived. (f) B takes R is obviously fatal.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

THE CHESS MONTHLY.—We have now before us the first three numbers of this magazine, started to all appearances to take the place of the late lamented *Westminster Papers*. Considerable curiosity was manifested previously to its appearance, and much unjust and even more unnecessary animosity has been exhibited since. For all this we are unable to find any satisfactory cause, beyond a paltry jealousy and the pleasure of wielding a caustic pen. Two gentlemen of German descent, well known in the chess world as accomplished players, have taken upon themselves to edit a monthly Chess Magazine; whose fault is it that this has not been done by Englishmen? Doubtless their nationality places them at some disadvantage, so far as the language is concerned, but each number improves in this respect. Perhaps too loud a trumpet was blown in the prospectus, but to find fault with this seems like a piece of carping criticism, and is made the outlet for the national tendency to grumble. We have no doubt that the *Chess Monthly* will surely and steadily make its way. Too much praise can scarcely be given to the exterior of the magazine, for its type, diagrams and paper are excellent; indeed the latter is a little too good. But dismissing this part of the subject, let us look at the contents. In the three numbers before us, we have as many as twenty-five games, all ably and copiously noted. For ourselves, we scarcely think games can be overlaid with notes, if they are of the standard of the Morphy-Anderssen Match, and one pleasure of reading the notes of the *Chess Monthly* is that there is no smartness, no flippancy in them; they are all thoroughly good, the beauties of the play as well as the errors being equally discussed. Two Displacement Games appeared in the first number, but such vagaries will not, we venture to hope, be repeated. To us, and indeed to all who are not above improving or being taught, the most invaluable portion of each month's issue is the Endings from Actual Play and the End Games of Mr. B. Horwitz. These alone are worth the whole price of the magazine. The Problems are all good in their way, but the four-movers divide the honour of being the most numerous with the three movers, and we think it a mistake to withhold the Solutions for two months. One month is quite long enough. Analytical Rambles, by Mr. Zukertort, in the October number, did not lead him far, or perhaps he got lost, for the last we hear of him is only at the 4th move of From's Gambit, and he has not returned in the November issue. The appearance of such articles should be continuous, in the interests of both subscribers and the magazine itself. The literary portion, entitled *The Month*, is lacking in the knack of composition, nor is the information quite as extensive as it might be. Experience may correct the one, and a livelier interest in the magazine and an extended list of exchanges, the other. Will the Editors acquaint the Chess World in their next number with what has been done in the Lowenthal Problem Tourneys Nos. 2 and 3? There seems some fog around these contests since the demise of the *Westminster papers*. Some gentlemen, known to us, who entered sets of Problems have never heard a word of them. As to the make up of the magazine, we would recommend the Editors to arrange their matter differently, and always in the same order: The Month, Games, Endings, End Games, Problems, Solutions, Answers to Correspondents. Endings and End Games are at present separated by Problems, and Answers to Correspondents are

inserted in a different place in all three numbers. It is difficult to inaugurate any novelty in a Chess Magazine, but the excellence of one over another can be established by a rigid care in the matter selected and by a simple neatness and attention to details.

A MOST pleasant oasis, amidst the drudgery of editing a Chess Column, appeared on our table one day last week, in the shape of scented tokens of the connubial bliss which has lately fallen on our esteemed friend and Chess Editor, Mr. John G. Belden of the *Hartford Times*. We sincerely congratulate Mr. Belden on his entering the benedictine fraternity, and hope it will not separate him from that other fraternity in which he has laboured so long and so successfully, and in which he has the sincere regard of all his co-labourers. Our supply of rice and old slippers is exhausted, but we heartily wish Mr. Belden all the happiness and good fortune which life can supply.

CHESS DIAGRAMS, handsomely printed, with gummed sheets of pieces in red and blue, and neatly bound, can be had on application to the Chess Editor. Price, 25 in a book, 15 cents; 50 ditto, 25 cents.

Musical.

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

EMMA ABBOTT OPERA CO.

To the Musical Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR :

DEAR SIR,—In your last week's issue, in speaking of the want of certain instruments in the orchestra, you say "we noticed a good violoncellist among the *goods*, while one of our local *bassoons* was engaged in showing people to their seats; why were these performers not in the orchestra?"

I was quite willing to pay for them, Mr. Editor,—anxious, not only to give the public the best possible value for their money, but to avoid any cause for fault-finding on the part of the press.

I put the matter in the hands of the regular Leader of the Academy Orchestra, whose business it is to know every orchestral player in town. He answered me I could not get an oboe player for love or money, a 'cellist worth a cent, a horn player fit to be heard, or a bassoonist that could blow. *Why* he should have declined to hire them if, as you say, they were competent, I cannot pretend to say, but I assure you again, he *did*.

You say further, Mr. Editor, "The chorus was good as far as it went," &c. Pray how far would you want it to have "went" at the price of admission? The management could scarcely have been expected to bring on a chorus as large as the local "Pinafore," and then charge only \$1.50 for the best places.

The company travelled some hundreds of miles to get here and railroad fare is as high for a chorus singer as for a Prima Donna "*Assoluta*."

Take the company as a whole they were *good*, and that the public thought so, is attested by the crowded houses every evening and by the fact that throngs of ladies and gentlemen trooped through Saturday's pouring rain to the matinee.

While on the subject of opera I am reminded that the manager of the Academy proposes to bring on the Mapleson Opera Company, provided the public will first guarantee to buy enough tickets to cover the actual expenses of such an immense undertaking; can it be done, Mr. Editor, at say \$3, \$2, \$1, and 50c.?

Yours truly,

C. C. DeZouche.

LOCAL PERFORMANCES.

H. M. S. PINAFORE.—The Amateurs open at the Academy on Tuesday evening, and we think are likely to have a very successful season. Miss Monteith has a voice of excellent quality, and is doubtless *au fait* in stage matters, having drawn crowded houses nightly at the Broadway Opera House, New York. The dresses are being obtained from Messrs. Eaves and Co., the New York costumers, and by permission of Col. Martin, a detachment of the 6th Fusiliers will act as marines, making the whole a very brilliant spectacle. Musically we have little doubt of the success of the undertaking; the chorus is good, the orchestra picked from our leading professionals, and the soloists are for the most part our most gifted vocalists. It is in the acting that any drawback will be likely to occur, and we are glad to know that the ladies and gentlemen are working hard to remedy any defects that are at present noticeable. We are tolerably certain of the financial success of the undertaking; "*Pinafore*" is no ordinary composition, and all those who hear it once wish to hear it again, then many of those who would not go to hear a professional organization will patronize home talent and at the same time spend an enjoyable evening. We anticipate a crowded house on Tuesday evening composed for the most part, of "sisters, cousins, and aunts" of the performers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—This Society, under the able leadership of Mr. Lucy-Barnes, is rapidly approaching the point when they can appear before the public with credit. The first concert, at which the "*Messiah*" is to be sung, will be announced shortly. It is to be, we believe, in Nordheimer's Hall, which holds 1,000 persons, and is in every way the most convenient and comfortable Hall for the purpose. It is understood that after subscribers have selected their seats a few will be for sale.

A GRAND CONCERT will be given on Saturday next, in the Mechanics' Hall, by Mr. A. J. Boucher, that day being the Festival of St. Cecilia. The programme is an excellent one, including Gounod's "*Gallia*," and other standard works, besides orchestral compositions. The choir and orchestra will number nearly a hundred performers.

MRS. SCOTT-SIDDONS.

This talented and charming lady will make a farewell appearance at Nordheimer's Hall, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday of this week, and on Saturday matinee. The programmes vary for each reading, and compass many phases of emotion, passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." As the prices of admission have been placed on a very moderate scale by Mr. DeZouche, the opportunity for hearing and seeing this much-admired elocutionist ere her extended tour over four continents, ought to be largely availed of. A letter from a discriminating friend in Toronto informs us that Mrs. Siddons is reading to crowded houses in that city, and making a pronounced success by the beauty and truthfulness of her interpretations.

PROVINCIAL NOTES.

HAMILTON, ONT.—The first of a series of six subscription concerts was given in the school-house of the Ascension Church on Tuesday, Nov. 11th, by Mrs. J. R. Adamson and Mr. T. E. P. Aldous. The programme included the Adagio and Finale of Haydn's 21st string quartette, the former being especially well played, and showing a degree of finish and unity that is not often met with among amateur quartette players. The first two movements of Mozart's 8th Sonata for violin and piano were played by Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Aldous in a manner worthy of the composition. The valse from "*Faust*," arranged by Jaëll, was played by Mr. Aldous in a style which showed him a master in the brilliant as well as the classical school. Other pieces of a lighter character were performed; but classical music will form the staple commodity of the remaining five concerts, which take place on the 2nd Tuesday in every month. A very interesting feature in the programme was the introduction of two readings by Miss Crawford. This lady, a resident of Hamilton, has been devoting much time to the art of reading and recitation, and shows talent in this direction. The price of admission to these concerts is so low as only to cover the necessary expenses, the wish of the concert-givers being to raise a taste for classical music among the public.



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Table listing ship names and departure dates for the Glasgow Line.

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H. & A. ALLAN, Cor. Youville and Common Sts., Montreal.



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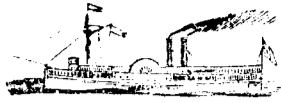
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Steamer BOHEMIAN, Captain J. Rankin, for Cornwall, every Tuesday and Friday, at NOON, from Canal Basin, and Lachine on the arrival of the Three o'clock train.

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J. B. LAMERE, Gen. Manager. ALEX. MILLOY, Traffic Manager. General Offices—228 St. Paul Street. Montreal, May 14th, 1879.

OTTAWA RIVER NAVIGATION COMPANY.



FALL ARRANGEMENT.

After Saturday, the 18th inst., the Daily Steamers between Montreal and Ottawa will be withdrawn.

The Market Steamer PRINCESS will make her Regular Market Trips, as usual, and Two Extra Trips besides,

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NEW YORK  
WEBER PIANOS

TO THE MUSICAL PUBLIC.

MONTREAL, 14th October, 1879.

It has come to our knowledge that in this country there is an effort made with very considerable persistence and audacity on the part of persons interested in the sale of other instruments, to place the first piano of this age second to what are elsewhere considered inferior instruments. For seven years Albert Weber's position as the first piano maker in Europe or America has been undisputed. The Centennial judges in 1876 only confirmed the leading position his piano had already attained by the almost unanimous verdict of the great lyric artists and musical aristocracy on both sides of the Atlantic, so much so that for years it has been almost exclusively used by them in their drawing-rooms, parlours and conservatories. The New York Tribune says that so generally is it used by the wealthy and aristocratic families of that city, "that not to possess a Weber Piano would argue either a deficiency in musical taste or the means necessary to procure one." Prior to the period above mentioned there was but one maker in America or Europe who dared dispute Mr. Weber's claim as the prince of piano makers. The instruments constructed by both were superlatively excellent and yet possessing qualities of tone and action distinct and peculiar. For inexpressible purity, sweetness, fullness and power of tone, for strength, durability and ease of action, Weber's Piano is undoubtedly unapproachable, and yet these grand qualities are to a certain extent present in the only piano which makes any pretence to cope with Weber (we mean Steinway's). It will be borne in mind that Mr. Weber's great triumph was not won in the contest with the Erard's and Broadwood's, the Steinway's and the Chickering's of twenty or thirty years ago, but with all the experience, prestige and improvements of these makers now. Moreover, the testimonials published by the eminent houses above alluded to, are generally dated 15, 20 or 25 years ago, many of them from musicians long since dead, while Mr. Weber's are all from the latest and greatest musicians and artists of to-day. To surpass such eminent makers as these needed more than mechanical skill; it required genius, and surely it will not be denied that to-day Mr. Weber's pianos stand first with the leading musical people of the world. The New York World quotes an interview with a leading manufacturer in that city, who stated that Weber, by an additional outlay of from \$50 to \$60 in the tone, procures an extraordinary result to his piano. "Our best cases, wire and ivory," said he, "may be as good, and cost as much as his, but in the tone of his pianos he surpasses all manufacturers."

Nor are these extraordinary results obtained without great cost. The recent investigation by the Trades' Union has shown that Mr. Weber's scale of wages is higher than is paid by any manufacturer of pianos in the world, and nearly double that paid in London or Paris.

If, then, his genius and extraordinary mechanical ability places his pianos, as the London Musical World says, in the front rank of all makers in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Milan and New York, in fact in every musical centre in Christendom, it is vain to attempt to exclude it from the community here. Through the musical professors and teachers, or over them, the New York Weber Pianos will reach the wealthy classes of this country. It may take a little while, but the time is coming when, as the New York Tribune says, it will be an indication of want of taste or want of means not to have a Weber in the drawing room.

We appeal to the music-loving community not to be induced to pay a high price for any piano without at least having tried the merits and prices of this prince of all instruments, and will gladly furnish illustrated descriptive catalogues to all who apply to us. Meantime the New York Weber Pianos will continue to be sold by us at the wholesale price, adding freight and duties.

NEW YORK PIANO CO.,

Agents for the New York Pianos,

183 St. James Street.

Opinions of Musical Celebrities.

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"The pianos which I have seen of your make have no superior anywhere, and I certainly have not seen any instrument in America which can even approach them. An artist is involuntarily drawn to them."

The Judge on Musical Instruments at the Centennial says:

"Weber's Pianos are unquestionably the best on exhibition; the Weber Grand Piano was the finest we ever touched or heard. His Pianos are undoubtedly the best in America—probably in the world—to-day."

The leading musical paper, in speaking of last season's concerts in New York, says:

"It is a curious fact that with few unimportant exceptions the Weber Grand Pianos have been the only ones used at the Metropolitan Concerts this season. The fact is the Weber Pianos have driven the instruments of other firms out of the concert rooms of this city."

Christine Nilsson says:

"Your magnificent pianos satisfy me in all respects, and I shall take every opportunity to recommend and praise them to all my friends."

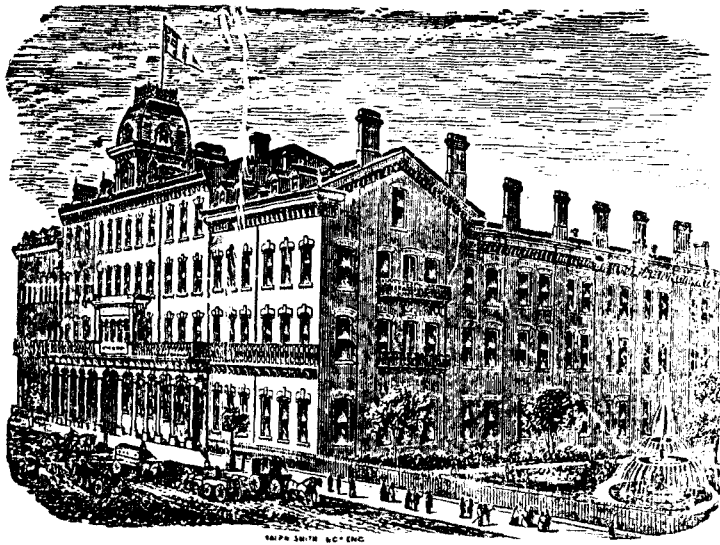
The New York Tribune says:

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