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The Canadian Spectator.

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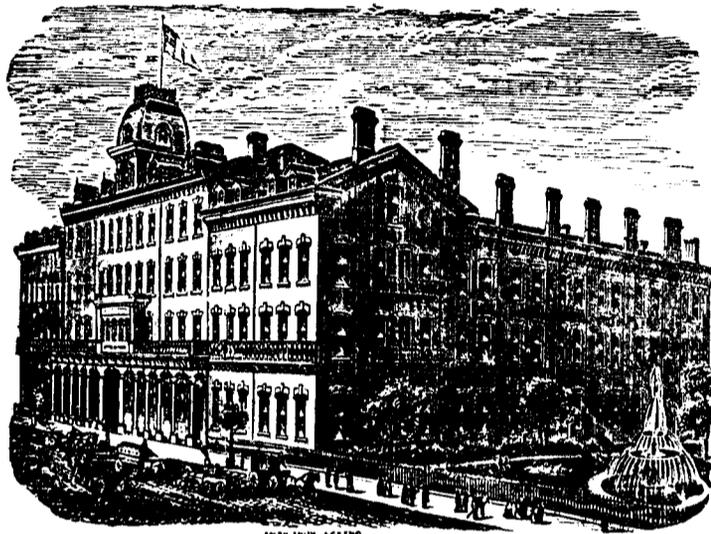
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THE TIMES.

Matters at Ottawa are almost without interest. There was some show of fight over the Budget, but not much in reality. Also some splutter over the Hon. Peter Mitchell's motion anent the journeys of the Governor-General—over which the Premier lost his temper. But, generally speaking, the Parliament may be said to be quietly and sweetly earning its salary. Even the principal organs of the party are dull about it. The *Mail* attacks Government in a dull, old-maidish sort of way, and the *Toronto Globe* defends it in a dull, old-manish sort of way. Nor is there promise of change in Parliament or papers. The Reform party are afraid of the work of reform; the Conservative party can find nothing but their own personal interests to conserve. So each is embracing the great opportunity for doing well unto itself. It seems strange to ordinary onlookers that in a young country like Canada, and with such boundless resources at command, Parliament should be so short of real work to do. But the reason of it is to be found in the existence of our miserable Provincial Governments, which play at legislation, and drain the country of its money.

The Oracle has spoken. The Finance Minister has presented his statement, and whilst giving the Hon. Mr. Cartwright due credit for a faithful account, "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," we may well stand appalled at the deficit which has accrued during the past two years amounting to over $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions of dollars. We are reminded of the old fable in which the waggoner called on Hercules to help him to raise his vehicle out of the rut, but worse than this, the Hon. Finance Minister proposes to do nothing at all, but rather folds his arms and looks on; we are willing to make allowance for an unfortunate legacy bequeathed to the present Ministry by their predecessors, in the shape of extravagant expenditure to which the country stood pledged, and we do not in any way regard the Ministry as responsible for the unprecedented depression which has existed during the past three years, but it seems that Mr. Cartwright has shown a want of courage in grappling with the position. In mythological story we are told that at the opening of Pandora's box "there issued from it a multitude of evils, which dispersed themselves over the world, and have never ceased to afflict mankind. Hope alone remained at the bottom of the box, having the wonderful power of easing the labours of man, and lessening the sorrows of life." Well, hope may remain at the bottom of Mr. Cartwright's budget, and if not *hope*, in a lower depth, there may be, peradventure, *resignation*.

The Quebec Legislature makes considerable progress backward. It has no funds, and but little credit anywhere; and yet calmly subsidises railways as if it were rich and increasing in goods. Legislation is not for the whole, but for a part of the people; that part—the French Canadian. In the matter of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, it seems certain that justice will receive small consideration, and fair play scarcely a thought. Defrauded municipalities will be compelled to pay the subsidies promised when a different route was decided on. And then, to make affairs look cheerful, the brokers of Quebec and Montreal are to be driven to Toronto, or into the United States, by the proposed new taxation.

The 17th falling on a Sunday this year, the Catholic Societies of Hamilton have very sensibly decided to have no procession. Their commemoration of St. Patrick's Day will consist simply of a special service at the Cathedral. However, their co-religionists at Toronto are no way inclined to let the day pass in so peaceful a fashion. In this city there will be, on the following day, the usual demonstrations in

honour of the great missionary that Scotland sent forth to evangelize the sister Isle over fourteen hundred years ago. Monday evening will be devoted to a concert at the Grand Opera House, under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Societies and Clergy. The "Young Irishmen" and "Hibernian" Societies have, however, resolved to spend the evening in a more pronounced demonstration. They accordingly announce a lecture at the Royal Opera by the notorious Fenian, O'Donovan Rossa, by way of testifying their sympathy with that individual's scheme for destroying the cities of Britain by the use of dynamite and petroleum, after the manner of the Parisian Communists. The local Romanist dignitaries look upon this scheme with small favour. They have very little to complain of, and perfectly recognize that fact. Their influence is supreme in politics as in social matters; and they have nothing to gain by any possible change. Self-interest, if nothing else, keeps the Ontario hierarchy loyal to the *status quo*. To use the common vulgarism, Archbishop Lynch knows well enough which side his bread is buttered. The "Young Irishmen" need expect no sympathy from that quarter. Whether archiepiscopal authority will be invoked to suppress the promised display of disloyal sympathies is as yet uncertain. Dr. Lynch is quite capable of vigorous and decisive action when necessary. St. Patrick's day six years ago bore testimony to this. On that occasion the worthy Archbishop took fire at some slight manifestation of impatience among the immense crowd that thronged St. Michael's Cathedral, caused by the tedious length of the sermon, which was being delivered by an ardent young Irishman; suddenly springing to his feet, Dr. Lynch administered a rebuke to the unfortunate priest that completely extinguished him, then turning to the vast congregation he metaphorically shook his fist at them in a style worthy of Hildebrand; and in an instant there was a dead calm.

The treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey awaits signature, and diplomacy in earnest will take hold of the Eastern question. Notwithstanding the conflicting and alarming nature of late telegrams, we believe that the war is at an end. If rumour is correct, the Russian terms are not only hard but impossible. The Conference will soon discover that, and Russia doubtless expects to be convinced of it. Russia does not desire to prolong the war; her interest lies in peace. We would place little confidence in her honesty or honour, but a great deal of confidence in her foresight and prudence. So when the Conference meets, the demands, if too exacting, will be modified, and the terms altered; and England may preserve a warlike attitude for some time longer, but there, we think, it will end. It is difficult to see how occasion for a general European war can arise. Nations do not fight for nothing in these days; they are not as regardful of glory as in the olden times; and what in the whole situation, as it now appears, can offer occasion for war, not even Lord Beaconsfield can tell. The English Tory mobs have howled, and broken some panes of glass, and they are not likely to have much further fighting; none will be more pleased than themselves.

The new Pope promises to be as great a disappointment, and consequently as great a failure as the last. Cardinal Pecci was understood to be liberal, and not at all inclined to what we know as Ultramontane. But Pecci has greatened into Leo, and appears to have felt the change. He will not be liberal at all, as it seems, but will walk in the ways of Pius IX., that is, as to following a policy marked out by the Jesuits. And that means the speedy coming of further disaster on the Catholic Church. For Jesuitism is opposed to the world's progress, and the world will beat it down and pass on. Jesuitism is a thing the light and truth of life do hate, and whatever form it may assume it is the deadly foe of mankind. Only in Lower Canada is the foul thing tolerated, and there it governs the Parliament body, being the very soul of it, cripples trade, keeps back education, and favours only Romish Ecclesiasticism. Perhaps the better for the world in general if the Pope should become a violent Ultramontane; the conflict and the conclusion would come all the sooner. One thing seems certain that the new Pope does not adopt the method of working pursued by his predecessor in office. He is inaugurating changes both as to work and ways of working. And yet Pius Nono was infallible and Leo is infallible. A strange thing that infallibility. Its ways are not our ways, and its thought must be peculiar.

THE INTEREST QUESTION.

If we remember, it was the late Vanderbilt who said "ten per cent. for money would ruin any man," and "if three persons having ten thousand dollars each, and one of them lend his share to the other two at ten per cent. per annum, he will in time become possessor of the whole \$30,000," because the profits of capital fall short of that rate.

Honest business men and manufacturers may know a good deal, but if they do not understand the interest question, they cannot comprehend why they are ruined, nor how to avoid calamity. The banker knows it to his advantage and is well aware of the prevailing ignorance on this point. The average rate of interest in this country is decided by the banks, because they are the largest lenders. A bank account should pay ten per cent. Bankers may discount to you at seven, which is over eight per cent per annum; and they require a flush account—a good balance lying at your credit without interest, which makes up the ten per cent. Every renewed note bears compound interest, as also most of matured and unpaid debts. Compound interest advances as the Russian upon the Turk, with fatal celerity.

A thousand dollars at five per cent. simple interest for fifty years would be \$2,500—at compound interest for the same time amounts to \$11,467.40; whereas at nine per cent. for the same period is \$74,154.92, and at ten per cent. the enormous sum of \$117,391.00! The uninitiated are not prepared to expect ten per cent. compound interest to amount to over ten-fold that of five; nor that the difference of one—say between nine and ten—should cause the extraordinary difference of \$43,000 during fifty years. But then laws have to be respected, or the transgressors will certainly suffer. If a capitalist having \$10,000 lets it out at ten per cent. and keeps the annual increase constantly invested for seventeen years, it will accumulate to \$50,000 or so, principal and interest!

But although the average rate in Canada is ten, a vast deal of money is loaned at far higher rates. It is customary when a retail merchant fails to meet his notes, which have been discounted at the bank by the creditor, to renew at double interest. Indeed the law allows the creditor to make the best bargain he can, and the debtor, in such a strait, is not in a position to withhold compliance. This affords great latitude of action to the usurer, or note shaver, who may exact in proportion to the necessities and ignorance of his hapless customers. Thus Sir Giles Over-reach lies in wait for the unwary. With small advances in money and skilful legal manœuvres he absorbs the lands and property around him, as the Octopus makes havoc among the stupid crabs of the aquarium. The combined wealth of the Rothschild's family was stated two years ago by Emile Burnouf, the publicist, at \$3,400,000,000, equal to the funded debt of Great Britain. A single century, or the possible span of a man's life, has sufficed for its accumulation, and the rise of its authors, from a shabby rookery in Frankfort to the financial dominion of Europe, through calculating the advantages of interest. Had enlightened commercial legislation prevailed, such a phenomenon never would have made its appearance in the financial horizon of the nineteenth century, to oppress the industry of nations. The great capitalists of the day, the Rothschilds and Vanderbilts, through high interest, have become powers in the world, whose influence has to be observed and calculated upon as affecting the well-being or misery of millions of our race.

In the foregoing remarks we have seen how the rate of interest advances upon individuals of the same community, how it magically transfers capital from the keeping and strong box of one, to that of another without materially affecting the wealth of the people as a whole. We may now consider how our country is built up at the expense of another, which it as certainly impoverishes and brings to grief and ruin, by the action of interest.

If a \$1,000 is borrowed of a capitalist of another country and is renewed annually for 14 years at the low rate of five per cent; the sum of \$2,000 will have to be exported to pay the debt. The first loan effected in London by Mr. Cartwright on behalf of the Government was \$20,000,000, at a shave of nearly two and a half millions. Only \$17,500,000 net proceeds reached this country. For the latter sum of hard cash we promise to pay during the term of the loan—30 years, somewhere about \$44,000,000! And if that be taken as a fair average of all loans effected, for every \$17.50 we undertake to pay \$44 during the term. Whether more is made by the use of the money is questionable, but the debt is certain. But the point to be noted is the difference between borrowing in the country and out of it—a difference of twenty-six and a half million dollars on the transaction!

If paying ten per cent. for money kills off individual industry, it tells with equal force against that of the people as a whole. And in no possible way can you get over the difficulty by tariff legislation; for if the British manufacturer has money at 2½ per cent., he commands fourfold the capital for the same amount of money that the Canadian can. The community with the cheapest capital will of necessity do the manufacturing—other things equal.

High interest attracts foreign capital, but it does not get leave to stay long enough to be of much service. As the importer can afford to pay double the rate of the manufacturer, because the operation is quicker and at less risk and outlay. Imports are therefore stimulated, and the cash capital leaves the country to pay for goods that remain with us to depreciate.

Petroleum producers have a difficulty in retaining their oil in ground tanks. If the water gets in it forces the oil over the top to waste—the less valuable forces out the more valuable element. The remedy is not to raise the sides which would double the cost of tankage, but to stop the leak. This may serve to illustrate our wasteful economy. All the cash capital is forced out of the country by the income of other people's productions. The high tariff men would elevate the sides of the tank and double the expense; imagining they were doubling industry, while they were merely doubling its cost. The statesman, on the contrary, perceiving the difficulty to be lower down, looks to the rate of interest and legislates accordingly.

ALPHA.

ATTEMPT NOT THE IMPOSSIBLE.—Man is born, not to solve the problems of the universe, but to find out where the problem begins, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.—Gathe.

THE PROVINCIAL RAILWAY.

To the Editor of the Canadian Spectator:

The petition of a Quebec Company for leave to bring in a bill to build the Terrebonne and St. Therese section of the Provincial Railway having been thrown out as too late in the session for private measures, the object should now be promoted by the citizens of Montreal, so as to get a public bill passed through this session—as otherwise there is every fear that Montreal will be shut out from the Quebec and Three Rivers connexion during the winter of 1878-9, on account of the heaviness of the bridging on the other line which is to be commenced out of hand. The infliction in question is one that Quebec has shown no desire to impose upon her sister city. In the event apprehended, the entire Ottawa district will also lose, for the winter, its Quebec and Lower Province connexions per North Shore.

COMMERCE.

BELLA! HORRIDA BELLA!

We well remember our youthful enthusiasm about the Peace Congress held in Paris in 1850; and the then confidence of Quakerdom and philanthropists that Colt's factories, and armouries and armies, were from thenceforth to be things of the past. But hardly had their pæans upon the fulfilment of the second chapter of Isaiah closed, when Europe was aroused by the signal gun of battle on the field of Alma. The ink of the Treaty of Paris, which terminated the Crimean campaign, was scarcely dry, when war was waged by Sardinia, aided by France, against Austria. Only two or three years later, a similar conflict arose about Schleswig-Holstein between Prussia and Denmark, the most cowardly and the least excusable on the part of the former of any in modern times. Scarcely had this closed when Austria and Prussia renewed their quarrel, and therein Austria found another Solferino on the field of Königgrätz. And as soon as Germany could cement her conquests, she accepted the wager of battle against France, and revenged Austerlitz at Gravelotte and Sedan. After an interval of six years of peace, Russia and Turkey again present themselves in battle array, and though the terms of peace may or may not be signed, the end of the strife thus opened is not yet reached. Thus within a quarter of a century, every first class power in Europe, has been more than once engaged in war. Italy has become again a united nation, and has ceased to be what Metternich contemptuously called her, "a mere geographical expression." The kingdom of Prussia (only a century and a half since represented by the little duchy of Brandenburg) has become the Empire of Germany. France has lost Alsace and Lorraine; and Turkey, as a European power, has ceased to exist! The map of Europe has been, during this short period, almost re-written! Nor were these bloody conflicts confined to Europe. For within these twenty years we had that terrible mutiny in India, and the internecine struggle in the United States, together with the customary weekly revolutions in the Spanish American republics.

These occurrences, are rather sad commentaries upon the expectations of many good people, of an early conversion of swords into ploughshares. The frequency of our efforts recently to substitute might for right, and revolvers and repeating rifles for reason and argument, should make us doubt whether we are very much more humane than our ancestors, and whether we are really making such rapid upward strides in civilization of which we are so prone to boast about. If the experience of the past is to be the prophet of the future, we may be justified in believing with Burke that "War, if it be the means of wrong and violence, is the sole means of obtaining justice among nations, and nothing can banish it from the world." At least, it may be assumed that not till the advent of the millenium will men "learn war no more" from motives of justice and humanity, though they may abandon because of its terribly increasing destructiveness. And therefore, every improvement in the effectiveness of fire-arms, every discovery of a deadlier explosive than ever known before, should be hailed by all friends of humanity with joy and rejoicing. In this light, we ought to regard the Mitrailleur and the Gatling gun as olive branches in disguise, and welcome Whitehead torpedoes as heralds of peace and good will.

In the meantime, war between Russia and Turkey is suspended. While in operation, we regarded both of the combatants to be alike unworthy of an Englishman's sympathy. We hoped they would both meet with the fate of the Kilkenny cats, without even sparing their caudal appendages, if they have any. We have as little admiration for Russian Government as for Moslem; and we fail to perceive any great difference between Bulgarian atrocities (it is now admitted the statements published at the time were greatly exaggerated) and the Russian ladies and gentlemen to Siberia for daring to think, and aspiring to be free. It is at best a grim joke to see the most despotic of all Christian governments, assume the role of a liberator, and the most reckless of all repudiators of Treaty obligations, profess a pious indignation of the same vice in another.

At the time of our writing (25th February) there are fears of a renewal of strife, with other combatants in the arena. If these fears be realized, it may be safe to predict that all the first-class powers will be, sooner or later, involved. The Russian conditions, as they appeared in this morning's papers, are such, as not even "a Manchester man" would tolerate. Were they permitted in their entirety by Great Britain, her Indian empire and her Asiatic trade would be quickly at the feet of Russia; and the prediction of the First Napoleon to Dr. O'Meara, at St. Helena would be literally fulfilled. To permit the Cossack to hold, in addition to the greater part of European Turkey, a Black Sea a Russian lake, and to command the shortest highway from Europe to Asia, by the Suez Canal. Therefore it may, we think, be assumed that these conditions cannot at present be enforced. On the other hand, Russia dares not retreat very far from her present vantage ground. Though, despotic, she is not altogether insensible to the will of her people. She can muzzle the press, and not always control the assassin. The Russians, as a class, are as zealous for the interests of their church, as the Roman Catholic for his. We all know, that Constantinople was the cradle of the Greek Church, as an organization, and was their ecclesiastical head quarters, until the 16th century. Only since then, has

Mahomet ruled there; and naturally enough, the Russian regards the possession of the Sacred City by the Moslem with as much bitterness as a Roman Catholic would regard the occupation of the Vatican by a Protestant. It is a deeply cherished hope by the whole Russian people to see the Mosque of St. Sophia restored to the Patriarch. This war has thus more of a religious than a political character in their eyes, and consequently we anticipate, that Russia will tenaciously struggle to obtain all she has demanded, and if she cannot attain the City of Constantine, to-day, she will renew the effort to-morrow.

Therefore we fear England will feel herself compelled to fight, conference or no conference. If she does, Austria, impelled by Hungarian hatred of the Cossack, and her interests on the Danube, will doubtless muster sufficient courage to follow suit. Germany, may, for a while, stand aloof, out of seeming gratitude for Russia's moral support and non-interference in her last war with France; but in reality to seize with greater advantage any chance of grabbing Holland or Belgium, or, to annex Austria, if she should seem to be worsted by Russia—a result which everybody in Berlin regards as a mere question of time. France lives at present, chiefly for one object, the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. Italy has long been waiting for a favorable moment to seize Austrian Tyrol, and if France goes again to war, she would make considerable effort to recover from the latter, Nice and Savoy. It will be admitted then, there are here stimulants enough to fan the sparks now smouldering into a flame which would quickly spread over Europe, and the result of which, Heaven only knows.

JOHN POPHAM.

TEN THOUSAND MILES BY RAIL.

Great men, we all know, are divisible into three classes. Some are born great; some achieve greatness; some, again, have greatness thrust upon them. The travelling community may be ranked in three corresponding subdivisions. At any rate it is an undeniable fact that there are people to whom the knack of travel comes so naturally that they are never at home except on the cars. That there are travellers who literally achieve travel, nobody will feel disposed to deny just at this time when we are all listening delightedly to the story of Mr. Stanley's wonderful exploits in the interior of Africa. Finally, that there are travellers who are so solely because they have had travel thrust upon them, the writer of this is prepared to affirm from his own personal experience. It is not necessary, however, to detail here the circumstances under which he recently undertook a journey across this continent. It will be sufficient to say that he was impelled to do so by circumstances beyond his own control.

One fine morning in the latter part of last summer I arrived at Halifax, from Toronto, on my way to California.

It is unnecessary to point out to the intelligent reader that there are two ways of reaching California from Toronto, by way of Nova Scotia. The first is to keep straight on for a couple of months or so, taking in Europe and Asia *en route*. The other is to turn right back from Halifax the same way you came. For reasons good and sufficient, but supremely uninteresting to the reader, I adopted the latter course.

Halifax, capital of Nova Scotia, and headquarters of the British naval and military force in Canada, is a city of some thirty thousand inhabitants. For natural advantages and geographical position, it has and can have no rival on the Atlantic sea-board of the Dominion. Its magnificent harbour—a broad inlet extending upwards of ten miles inland—is capable of sheltering a dozen navies at once. As the most easterly port of the American continent, Halifax must for all time to come hold its place as a great commercial out-post, controlling more or less of the transatlantic trade. Its importance as a possible centre for military and naval operations has never been lost sight of by the Imperial Government. The surrounding fortifications bear testimony to this. At the same time, by the completion of the Intercolonial Railway, Halifax has become the natural winter port of the whole Canadian Dominion east of the Rocky Mountains.

The city is situated on the west bank of the harbour, about half way between the head of the inlet and the open sea. It is built on sloping ground, gradually rising from the waterside until, in the rear of the city, a height of nearly three hundred feet is reached. The summit of this hill is crowned by an extensive fortification called the citadel. This point commands a grand view. The landscape includes the whole length of the harbour, with a distant glimpse of the ocean, towards the south. Across the harbour lies the pleasant little town of Dartmouth, connected with the city by steam ferry. Further south we see the Provincial Lunatic Asylum, an immense building, grey and sombre of hue, yet harmonizing complacently with the dark background of spruce-clad hill-range beyond. Scattered here and there, towards the mouth of the harbour, are several islands, each armed with batteries of heavy guns. Along the shore line, both east and west, the hill side shows at every projecting knoll the angular and well-defined outlines of earthworks, distant forts commanding the entrance to the bay. Close at hand are the barracks and officers' quarters, with red-coated sentries solemnly tramping to and fro in full marching order.

There is nothing specially attractive about the city itself. The business portion is mainly included within a radius of a few hundred yards around the Post Office. The Province building is a gloomy stone structure standing in an enclosed space right in the centre of the city. Hollis and Granville streets, the two principal avenues, can boast of several neat business houses, but the general aspect of the streets is dingy in the extreme. The hotels are by no means up to the modern standard. Even the churches present few features of interest. The wealthiest Episcopal congregations in the city are content to worship in dilapidated frame buildings, shingled all over, roof and sides alike. St. Mary's (Roman Catholic) is the only ecclesiastical structure of note; and even there one's chief wonder is how so much money could have been spent on so ineffective an exterior. A few thousand dollars might profitably be expended on improving the side-walks throughout the principal streets.

The wharves usually present a busy scene. Here we find an Allan Line steamship, just arrived. Among her passengers are a number of clergy from St. John's, Newfoundland; and huge piles of baggage lie around, destined for all parts of the continent. Two other lines of Atlantic steamers call at this port, in

addition to several steamships from New England and other Southern ports. All through the summer season great numbers of tourists come here from Boston and Portland. The hotels at this time of the year are so crowded that one has to put up with a great deal of discomfort. One urgent need of the place is a short branch line of railway from the present terminus of the Intercolonial to the wharves. Until this is done the through freight business cannot be expected to develop. The new railway station is a large and handsome structure, admirably adapted for its purpose. But it is fully a mile from the city. The street cars, for some reason or other, have ceased to run; and the omnibus ride to and from the station is by no means exhilarating.

Ordinarily there are two or three war ships to be seen in the harbour, but at the time of my visit the vessels stationed here were away on a cruise up the St. Lawrence. There were in garrison, however, the usual force of a few hundred men, drafted from two regiments. It was pleasant, on Sunday morning, to see the men filing off in companies to attend their several churches. At times a corporal's guard would march down the centre of the street, detailed on some special duty. Once a whole regiment, as it seemed, came tramping along Hollis street with the band at its head playing martial airs that made the windows rattle with the shrill clangor. The scene could not fail to remind me of that Home across the Atlantic, which I last saw seven years ago.

(To be continued.)

THE RECENT TORONTO SYNOD.

As spectators of events going on in our Canadian world we have viewed the late attempts to elect a Coadjutor Bishop to assist Dr. Bethune with mingled feelings of sorrow and gladness. We are sorry that that estimable prelate should have been led to take the steps he adopted to force the nominee of a majority of his clergy on the acceptance of an influential minority as their future Bishop. We are sorry for the disappointments evidently felt by that aged and venerable chief pastor. We are sorry that the name and character of such a man as the Venerable Archdeacon Whitaker should have been brought before the public in so invidious a manner. We are sorry that the Church should be scandalized by such purely worldly and party tactics as have been brought into display at and since the recent Synod. But, on the whole, we are glad at the result. Having no particular sympathy for either of the two parties which maintained the struggle, love of truth and principle compels us to say that we think the victorious minority had the right on their side. The Bishop's advisers must be very fallible men, and we have not the faintest idea that the Archdeacon was one of them. They induced him to call together the representatives of the Church from all parts of the Diocese for the election of a Coadjutor Bishop, seemingly without having thought that those representatives had a right to be consulted as to whether such election was either expedient or necessary. Obviously it is an extraordinary case which should necessitate the appointment of a Coadjutor. Such a case did perhaps occur, when the last occupant of the See was fast approaching ninety years. But no such extraordinary case of age and consequent infirmity exists now. The Diocese has been much curtailed in its proportions since Bishop Strachan died and its labour almost proportionally lessened. And in truth the need of assistance pointed out by the Bishop in his opening address was of the most insufficient kind, while his closing speech displayed the fact that he wanted one man, and one only, to be elected. But the minority have been much blamed for the *manner* in which they defeated the proposed election. Not being able to look below the surface of affairs as recorded in the papers, we confess that we hardly see wherein they are to blame. Party spirit we hold to be bad in Church matters, and perhaps it was party spirit which led them on. But we do not know. They seem to have availed themselves of all the protection which wise laws have placed around a minority of the Synod to secure them against the will of a dominant majority, but nothing more appears to outsiders. The Bishop admitted that they had the law on their side, and, as gracefully as he could, owned his defeat. Our sorrow at his disappointment is tempered by the thought that law has triumphed over party, and by the hope that the Right Reverend Prelate may not lay down his crozier till the Great Head of the Church shall call him to his account.

E. W. B.

THE JESTER.

To the Editor of the Canadian Spectator:

What's in a name? whether it be Jester, or Clown, or Fool? There's a tripartite quality in either. Shakespere's clowns are pre-eminent—Launce, Touchstone, Launcelot Gobbo; what a trinity of humour and travestie! The clowns (first gravedigger) in "Hamlet," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "Twelfth Night," were never christened; their lineal descent is doubtful; they are not honoured with names, yet they are a wonderful trio! The fools in "Timon of Athens," "King Lear," and "The Winter's Tale," though nameless, are—up to their standard—inimitable! Among the *dramatis personae* of Shakespere's plays there is but one Jester—Trinculo, in "The Tempest"; his wit is of "a drunken order." There is another, by name Yorick, the King's Jester, of whose person and sayings we know nothing, though we are familiar with his quality. Hamlet calls him "a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." Would we could honestly say as much for the *Jester* who first saw the light on St. Valentine's Day, A. D. 1878, in Montreal. His flashes of merriment will not set neither a breakfast, nor a dinner, nor a supper-table on a roar; nor can we say, "We like thy wit well, in good faith." It may, possibly, improve when the watch of it is wound up, but we are afraid the mainspring is weak. At present it ambles; it is not nimble; it has nothing of that exquisite ebullience and overflow which we find in Mercutio; nevertheless, we bear some charity to the wit of the *Jester*, on account of his youth. The mirror that the *Jester*, just as he is, in his infancy, is holding up to nature has a great deal of the quicksilver rubbed off—it is very non-reflective. The *Jester* says "his hits will be made in the very spirit of his great predecessors." Now, as they were a very numerous family—some nothing more than *silly fellows*, with not sufficient simplicity for a natural fool, nor wit enough for an artificial one;

others, mere country boobys—we shall have hereafter, doubtless from him some very "palpable hits."

Jesters, Clowns, and Fools were, in Shakespere's time maintained in all great families, to keep up merriment in the house, and they were remarkable for petulance and freedom of speech, we trust our youthful *Jester* will be maintained in Montreal to keep up merriment in the city, and we beg to remind him that petulance and freedom of speech, if not kept within certain limits, did not escape with impunity in the reign of Elizabeth, and to conjecture that they will not go unpunished in the reign of Victoria.

In conclusion, we think the term Jester is a misnomer, when applied to the clowns and fools of Shakespere, among whom were some "so deep contemplative," and so capable of anatomizing the wise man's folly. Again, as to the dress of our *Jester*, the clowns and fools who "moralized amid all their fooling" wore motley coats; their weapons were daggers of lath, and their head gear was a hood resembling a monk's cowl, sometimes decorated with asses ears, or else terminated in the neck and head of a cock—hence cockscomb or coxcomb—a silly upstart. The bladder and bawble were the appendages of the German clowns, not the English. It appears that in Queen Elizabeth's time the Archbishop of Canterbury's fool had a *wooden dagger* and a *coxcomb*. In Beaumont and Fletcher's "Noble Gentleman," a person being compared to a fool, it is added he should wear a guarded coat and a *great wooden dagger*. In Chapman's "Widow's Tears," an upstart governor is termed "a wooden dagger gilded o'er;" and Rabelais has made Panurge give Triboulet the fool a *wooden sword*. The dress was generally parti-colored, and guarded or fringed with yellow. In a wardrobe account of Henry the Eighth, there is this item:—Making a coat and cap of green cloth fringed with red crule for William Somers, our fool. A large purse or wallet at the girdle is a very ancient part of the fool's dress. Tarlton, who personated the clowns in Shakespere's time, appears to have worn it. The budget given by Panurge to Triboulet the fool is described as made of Tortoise shell. In a French translation of St. Augustine on the City of God, printed at Abbeville, 1486, there is a print which exemplifies the use of the tabor and pipe by fools; a practice, according to Donce, that seems to have been revived by Tarlton in the time of Elizabeth. It is difficult to determine the exact costume of the domestic fools, court jesters and the clowns of the drama in the 16th century—but it is certain that bells, pendant from "*Vandyke-points*" of the hood, cape, and doublet were not in use. The bells more properly belonged to the Morris-Dancers, who in addition to the bells attached to the dress, had them tied to their ankles. In a work called *La Grande Danse Macabre*, printed at Troyes about the year 1500, there is a portrait of a clown or jester with the monks cowl, no bells, save those about the legs which are arranged vertically from just below the knee to the ankle in bands connected by circular fillets, to which also, bells are attached. What's in a dress? any more than what's in a name? The Jester will, doubtless, were he not called The Jester, exhibit those dear qualities which he inherits from a long, ancient and honourable line of ancestors whose doings and sayings are chronicled in the *Gesta Romanorum*. The jester with his cut and slashed dress and his bells, though the costume is not appropriate, may make those laugh "whose lungs are tickled with a dry cough," may say his mind freely, may show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and *resemblance*"; nevertheless, we should have liked to have seen him properly habited and with a name more appropriate for a *Censor Morum*.

Your's obediently,

Montreal Feb. 25, 1878.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

NOTES ON THE COLORADO POTATO-BEETLE.

(Read before the Montreal Natural History Society.)

(Continued.)

The other parasite attacking the potato-beetle is a minute mite *Uropoda Americana*, it is about the size of the head of a pin, broadly oval in shape and of a yellowish brown color. It is common on various beetles and last summer destroyed many of the striped cucumber beetle, *Diabrotica vittata*, in this neighbourhood, it often covers its victim so thickly that the latter can scarcely be seen, presenting the appearance of a moving mass of mites, and the beetle thus infested languishes and eventually perishes.

In 1873 Mr. H. C. Beardslee, of Paynesville, Ohio, found this mite attacking the potato beetle, and in 1877 Mr. W. R. Gerard found it common on the potato beetle around Poughkeepsie, New York.

Beside these two parasites which infest the potato beetle, many predaceous beetles devour the eggs and larva. These useful little creatures belong to two families, the *Carabidae* or carnivorous ground beetles and the *Coccinellidae*, or lady birds. To the *Carabidae* belong these dull, blackish looking beetles so common under stones in damp places; they are predaceous both as larva and beetles, and destroy great numbers of injurious insects. *Calosoma calidum*, the copper spot, is a large shining black beetle, with six rows of impressed copper colored spots on the wing covers; it is a most useful creature, being especially fond of cut-worms; it is quite common about Montreal.

Harpalus Caliginosus, the smoky ground beetle, is a dull smoke-colored beetle about an inch in length. Prof. Riley states that it is a formidable enemy to the potato beetle; it was unknown in this neighbourhood until last summer, when Mr. Whiteaves found it not uncommon at the Mile End quarries. *Harpalus Pennsylvanicus*, closely resembles the preceding species, but is a little smaller; it has also been found killing the larva of the potato beetle, and is a most inveterate foe to the *plum curculio*; it is abundant throughout Canada.

Lebia atriventris, is a handsome little beetle with steel blue wing-covers and yellowish red head, thorax and legs. Mr. P. R. Uhler found it destroying the potato beetle larva around Baltimore. Unfortunately, it appears to be very rare in this neighbourhood, as I have only found a single specimen; it may, however, become more abundant, now that its slaughter yards are so well stocked.

Besides the above mentioned species, there are many other kinds of ground beetles, which, no doubt, destroy the larva of the potato beetle whenever they

meet with it, although they have not actually been seen doing so. The *Coccinellidae*, or lady birds, are familiar to almost every person, and have long been famed for their usefulness in destroying plant lice; several species have been found eating the eggs and larva of the potato beetle. The thirteen spotted lady bird, *Hippodamia*, 13 *punctata*, is yellowish red with 13 black spots; it is quite common throughout Canada.

The nine-spotted lady bird, *Coccinella*, 9 *notata*, closely resembles the last species, but is rounder in shape and has only 9 spots on its wing-covers; also quite common.

The larva of the fifteen-spotted lady bird, *Mysia*, 15 *punctata*, has been found attacking the potato beetle larva by Mr. E. B. Reid, of London, Ont. This species is also found at Montreal, although by no means common, and along with others of its kind, will, if permitted, render great assistance in keeping the potato beetle within bounds. Every farmer should make himself acquainted with the appearance and habits of the various insects which he daily meets with, so that he may not murder his friends, in the belief that he is destroying his enemies.

Prof. Kedzie, of the Michigan Agricultural College, passed a solution of arsenious trioxide through common garden soil and filtered Paris Green in a solution of hydro-chloric acid through dry earth. In neither case could any poison be detected in the filtrate by the severest tests. Soil taken from a field of wheat that had been sown with Paris Green at the rate of five pounds to the acre, showed no trace of the poison when submitted to any or all of the tests which the soil would get by natural solvents in the field, but distinctly showed the arsenic when treated with dilute sulphuric acid. The Paris Green was sown on the ground early in Spring, and was thick enough to give a very distinct green tint to the surface. The grain and straw were submitted to careful chemical examination, as were also cabbages that were grown in soil that had the year before been with potatoes, and received a heavy sprinkling of green, no trace of the poison was found in either, and it was observed that the Chipmunks eat large quantities of the grain without injury. Prof. McMurtrie, of the Department of Agriculture, made a series of experiments which showed that even where Paris Green was applied to the soil in such quantities as to cause the wilting or death of the plants, the most rigorous chemical analysis could detect no trace of arsenic in the composition of the plants.

These experiments point to the conclusion that if proper precautions are taken, Paris Green may be used in quantities sufficient to kill the beetles without injuring the tubers; but if the insects can be kept in check by hand-picking, even at greater expense, it should be persevered in. A sharp watch should be kept for the first beetles that leave the ground in Spring, so that they may be destroyed before they deposit their eggs; a few heaps of potatoes placed in different parts of the field would attract numbers of them, when they might be crushed with ease; the same plan might be tried in the Fall after the crop has been dug and the stalks removed.

That this destructive creature will, in a few years more, become established in Europe, seems to be beyond doubt, as it has already been found on the Bremen dock yards in a cargo brought from New York, and on the dock yards at Liverpool; these specimens were killed, but others may escape detection and deposit their eggs; if so, it will be found as difficult to exterminate it there as it now is in America. Even should the imported beetles be unable to find potato fields, that will not prevent their multiplying, as both larva and beetles feed readily on various other plants. Mr. Henry Gilman, of Detroit, Michigan, states that he observed it feeding on young grass, common thistle, pig weed, hedge mustard, the cultivated oat, smart weed, red currant, common nightshade, goosefoot, lamb's quarter, thorough wort, and black henbane, (the insect was feeding voraciously on a species of henbane around Montreal last summer.) The last mentioned plant has been imported from Europe, where the beetle may yet flourish upon it. As the beetle so readily adopts its self to altered conditions, it appears to be impossible to exterminate it. However, nature's cures, although slow, are sure, and in course of time some of the insects now preying upon it may become sufficiently numerous to prevent its causing any noticeable damage; but until that blissful time arrives farmers must bear in mind that "eternal vigilance" is the price of the safety of the potato crop.

F. B. CAULFIELD.

PROF. HUXLEY AND HIS LATEST CRITIC.

[We would remind our readers that the SPECTATOR is open for the discussion of any and all questions of interest. No article is refused which has something like literary merit. But we are in no way responsible for opinions contained in any article. This attack on the Rev. Joseph Cook is published in the hope that it may induce some one else to defend the Boston preacher, and make his light to shine a little clearer.—EDITOR.]

The attention of thinking people has been somewhat aroused of late by the extraordinary intelligence, that a champion of Orthodoxy has arisen among our cousins across the border, who threatens, nay, who has already demolished, we are told, the whole race of Materialists, Atheists, and Scientists, who have been slowly but surely sapping the vitality of the creeds which are still held by the large majority of the people of two continents. We must confess having felt some astonishment at this confident and not over-modest announcement, as we had hitherto imagined, that, however vulnerable Atheists and others of the *genus homo* might be, at least men of science were reasonably safe from assault in these latter days; and the immense body of ascertained facts they had garnered with laborious difficulty, were really unimpeachable facts, and not mere opinions fated to be blown to the four winds by the lusty lungs of some valiant son of orthodoxy, who had become fearful that they were compromising his faith. But, if we are to believe our orthodox brethren, this is all a mistake, and now Huxley to begin with, must step down and out together with his Bathybius, David, has vanquished his giant of Gath. Already we hear borne to us the glorious triumphal acclamations of "God's chosen children," proclaiming their David's Joseph Cook will now, doubtless, lead on his bands to farther victory in the world of thought and vanquish other and lesser antagonists until there remain

none to oppose him,—when he can wipe his sword, and settle down to civil life, having “fought a good fight.”

The Rev. Joseph Cook was, in all probability, a want supplied to the orthodox at the right instant. The moment the claims of this David became known, the faithful of all denominations flocked to his standard at once with the natural impulse of drowning men striving to grasp the proverbial straw, to keep themselves on the surface an instant longer. Whether it be really better than a straw that they are grasping at remains to be seen. In the meantime they are exultingly ranged under their leader's banner, fancying in their infatuation, that he is rapidly clearing the horizon of the scum who have actually had the audacity to formulate conclusions based upon their laborious discoveries in the world of nature, which are at variance with the recognised dogmas of Christian Theology. Since the Rev. Joseph Cook has attained this position among the orthodox, he is entitled to some degree of attention by virtue of the position in itself. Let us see how he stands the very moderate test applied to him in the current number of the “Popular Science Monthly.” No one who knows the careful and painstaking as well as conscientious character of the worthy Editor of that periodical, will scarcely care to carp at the decision he has arrived at, especially as he has made the ground which the Rev. Joseph Cook's book covers; particularly his own.

The standard by which the “Popular Science Monthly” proposes to test Mr. Cook's performance is simply “common morality.” So low is this level, that we are disposed to call it a sarcasm, but a little patience assures us that the critic was quite right in making common morality the test, and if the standard be a sarcasm blame Mr. Cook but not his critic, who was forced to adopt it. At the outset, in his book on Biology, Mr. Cook gives an account of an examination made by Mr. Huxley of a substance brought up from the sea bottom. “In 1868,” says the Reverend Biologist, “Prof. Huxley, in an elaborate paper in the “Microscopical Journal,” announced his belief that the gelatinous substance found in the ooze of the beds of the deep seas is a sheet of living matter extending around the globe.” To this statement the “Popular Science Monthly” retorts as follows: “We have carefully read that article, and have found no such statement and nothing equivalent to it, there.” Now Mr. Cook: “To this amazingly strategic and haughtily trumpeted substance found at the lowest bottoms of the oceans, Huxley gave the scientific name Bathybius, from two Greek words, meaning *deep* and *sea*, and assumed that it was in the past, and would be in the future, the progenitor of all the life on the planet.” The “Popular Science Monthly” answers: “It is not true that, in the article cited by Mr. Cook, Prof. Huxley made any such assumption as is alleged, any more than it is true that the word Bathybius has the derivation here assigned to it. This characterization of the announcement of Bathybius is simply a slanderous misrepresentation. * * * Nothing could be more false, as we shall presently show, than the impression conveyed by this language.”

The ground taken here by the Reviewer is of a decidedly unmistakable character, and could only be justified by the most absolute proof that Mr. Cook had really vilified Prof. Huxley regarding his position towards Bathybius. If he has done so, however, then the low test has failed, and the orthodox party who have received him with such unbounded applause, will sooner or later have the melancholy duty of retracting what they have said, and of shrinking within themselves with shame at having so recklessly put trust in a leader so untrustworthy and unscrupulous. Let us see what the “Popular Science Monthly” has to put forth in vindication of the strong language used towards Mr. Cook. It begins by briefly glancing at the history of the substance, in which it appears that Prof. Huxley did not at first adopt the view he afterwards was led to take. His language in the original report published in 1858, and quoted by the reviewer is as follows: “I find in almost all these deposits a multitude of very curious rounded bodies, to all appearance consisting of several concentric layers surrounding a minute, clear centre, and looking, at first sight, somewhat like single cells of the plant *protococcus*; as these bodies, however, are rapidly and completely dissolved by dilute acids, they cannot be organic, and I will, for convenience sake, simply call them *coccoliths*.” However, this was not the end of the matter, Professor Huxley was led to reconsider the subject by some observations made by Messrs. Wallick and Sorby, and giving it a prolonged study with higher microscopic powers, he arrived at the result “that the minute microscopic objects belonged to the lowest forms of the living world.” The passages in the “Microscopical Journal” of 1868, in which his conclusions are stated, and quoted in the “Popular Science Monthly,” are as follows:—“Such, so far as I have been able to determine them, are the facts of structure to be observed in the gelatinous matter of the Atlantic mud, and in the *coccoliths* and *coccospheres*. I have hitherto said nothing about their meaning, as, in an inquiry so difficult and fraught with interest as this, it seems in the highest degree important to keep the questions of fact and the questions of interpretation well apart.”

* * * * *

“I conceive that the granule-heaps and the transparent gelatinous matter, in which they are imbedded, represent masses of protoplasm. Take away the cysts which characterize the *radiolaria*, and the dead sporezoum would very nearly resemble one of the masses of this deep sea *Urschleim*, which must, I think, be regarded as a new form of those simple animated beings which have recently been so well described by Haeckel, in his ‘Monographic der Moneren.’ I propose to confer upon this new monera the generic name of Bathybius, and to call it after the eminent Professor of Zoology in the University of Jena, B. Haeckelü.”

This modest and somewhat cautious statement, according to the reviewer, is the whole announcement of Bathybius; and if so, and we have no reason whatever for doubting it, it establishes beyond question the validity of his epithet as applied to Mr. Cook. The shining honesty beyond everything we would expect from a clergyman who had gone out of his usual sphere to expose the rottenness in the scientific world, is in this matter, conspicuous by its absence. The charlatanism of his pretensions, and the rottenness in his own purpose is all that he has succeeded in establishing by that departure, and the orthodox will gradually awake to the realization that far from putting the hosts of the Philistines to discomfiture and flight, the measure of the Rev. Joseph Cook's success has been disreputable to himself, and not less so to the partizans who have so readily been swindled by his conclusions.

R. W. DOUGLAS.

A MODERN ‘SYMPOSIUM.’

THE SOUL AND FUTURE LIFE.

Mr. Harrison is of opinion that the difference between Christians and himself on this question of the soul and the future life ‘turns altogether on habits of thought.’ What appears to the Positivist flimsy will, he says, seems to the Christian sublime, and *vice versa*, ‘simply because our minds have been trained in different logical methods,’ and this apparently because Positivism ‘pretends to no other basis than positive knowledge and scientific logic.’ But if this is so, it is not, I think, quite consistent to conclude, as he does, that ‘it is idle to dispute about our respective logical methods, or to put this or that habit of mind in a combat with that.’ As to the combatants this may be true. But it surely is not idle, but very much to the purpose, for the information of those judges to whom the very act of publication appeals, to discuss habits and methods on which, it is declared, the difference altogether turns.

I note therefore *in limine* what, as I go on, I shall have occasion to illustrate, one or two differences between the methods of Mr. Harrison and those in which I have been trained.

I have been taught to consider that certain words or ideas represent what are called by logicians substances, by Mr. Harrison, I think, entities, and by others, as the case may be, persons, beings, objects, or articles. Such are air, earth, men, horses, chairs, and tables. Their peculiarity is that they have each of them a separate, independent, substantive existence. They *are*.

There are other words or ideas which do not represent existing things, but qualities, relations, consequences, processes, or occurrences, like victory, virtue, life, order, or destruction, which do but belong to substances, or result from them without any distinct existence of their own. A thing signified by a word of the former class cannot possibly be identical or even homogeneous with a thing signified by a word of the second class. A fiddle is not only a different thing from a tune, but it belongs to another and totally distinct order of ideas. To this distinction the English mind at some period of its history must have been imperfectly alive. If a Greek confounded *κρίσις* with *κρίσιμα*, an act with a thing, it was the fault of the individual. But the English language, instead of precluding such a confusion, almost, one would say, labours to propagate it. Such words as ‘building,’ ‘announcement,’ ‘preparation,’ or ‘power,’ are equally available to signify either the act of construction or an edifice—either the act of proclaiming or a placard—either the act of preparing, or a surgical specimen—either the ability to do something, or the being in which that ability resides. Such imperfections of language infuse themselves into thought. And I venture to think that the slight superciliousness with which Mr. Harrison treats the doctrines which such persons as myself entertain respecting the soul is in some degree due to the fact that positive ‘habits of thought’ and ‘logical methods’ do not recognise so completely as ours the distinction which I have described as that between a fiddle and a tune.

Again, my own habit of mind is to distinguish more pointedly than Mr. Harrison does between a unit and a complex whole. When I speak of an act of individual will, I seem to myself to speak of an indivisible act proceeding from a single being. The unity is not merely in my mode of representation, but in the thing signified. If I speak of an act of the national will—say a determination to declare war—I speak of the concurrence of a number of individual wills, each acting for itself, and under an infinite variety of influences, but so related to each other and so acting in concert that it is convenient to represent them under the aggregate term ‘nation.’ I use a term which signifies unity of being, but I really mean nothing more than co-operation, or correlated action and feeling. So, when I speak of the happiness of humanity, I mean nothing whatever but a number of particular happinesses of individual persons. Humanity is not a unit, but a word which enables me to bring a number of units under view at once. In the case of material objects, I apprehend, unity is simply relative and artificial—a grain of corn is a unit relatively to a bushel and an aggregate relatively to an atom. But I, believing myself to be a spiritual being, call myself actually and without metaphor—one.

Mr. Harrison, who acknowledges the existence of no being but matter, appears either to deny the existence of any real unity whatever, or to ascribe that real unity to an aggregate of things or beings who resemble each other, like the members of the human race, or co-operate towards a common result, like the parts of a picture, a melody, or the human frame, and which may thus be conveniently viewed in combination, and represented by a single word or phrase.

I think that the little which I have to say will be the clearer for these preliminary protests.

The questions in hand relate first to the claim of the soul of man to be treated as an existing thing not bound by the laws of matter; secondly, to the immortality of that existing thing.

The claim of the soul to be considered as an existing and immaterial being presents itself to my mind as follows:

My positive experience informs me of one thing percipient—myself; and of a multitude of things perceptible—perceptible, that is, not by way of consciousness, as I am to myself, but by way of impression on other things—capable of making themselves felt through the channels and organs of sensation. These things thus perceptible constitute the material world.

I take no account of percipients other than myself, for I can only conjecture about them what I know about myself. I take no account of things neither percipient nor perceptible, for it is impossible to do so. I know of nothing outside me of which I can say it is at once percipient and perceptible. But I inquire whether I am myself so—whether the existing being to which my sense of identity refers, in which my sensations reside, and which for these two reasons I call ‘myself,’ is capable also of being perceived by beings outside myself, as the material world is perceived by me.

I first observe that things perceptible comprise not only objects, but instruments and media of perception—an immense variety of contrivances, natural or artificial, for transmitting information to the sensitive being. Such are telescopes, microscopes, ear-trumpets, the atmosphere, and various other media which, if not at present the objects of direct sensation, may conceivably become so—and such, above all, are various parts of the human body—the lenses which collect

the vibrations which are the conditions of light ; the tympanum which collects the vibrations which are the conditions of sound ; the muscles which adjust these and other instruments of sensation to the precise performance of their work ; the nerves which convey to and fro molecular movements of the most incomprehensible significance and efficacy. Of all these it is, I understand, more and more evident, as science advances, that they are perceptible, but do not perceive. Ear, hand, eye, and nerves are alike machinery—mere machinery for transmitting the movement of atoms to certain nervous centres—ascertained localities which (it is proper to observe in passing), though small relatively to ourselves and our powers of investigation, may—since size is entirely relative—be *absolutely* large enough to contain little words in themselves.

Here the investigation of things perceptible is stopped, abruptly and completely. Our inquiries into the size, composition, and movement of particles, have been pushed, for the present at any rate, as far as they will go. But at this point we come across a field of phenomena to which the attributes of atoms, size, movement, and physical composition are wholly inapplicable—the phenomena of sensation or animal life.

Science informs me that the movements of these perceptible atoms within my body bear a correspondence, strange, subtle, and precise, to the sensations of which I, as a percipient, am conscious ; a correspondence (it is again proper to observe in passing) which extends not only to perceptions, as in sight or hearing, but to reflection and volition, as in sleep and drunkenness. The relation is not one of similarity. The vibrations of a white, black, or grey pulp are not in any sensible way similar to the perception of colour or sound, or the imagination of a noble act. There is no visible—may I not say no conceivable?—reason why one should depend on the other. Motion and sensation interact, but they do not overlap. There is no homogeneity between them. They stand apart. Physical science conducts us to the brink of the chasm which separates them, and by so doing only shows us its depth.

I return then to the question, What am I? My own habits of mind and logical methods certainly require me to believe that I am something—something percipient—but I am perceptible? I find no reason for supposing it. I believe myself to be surrounded by things percipient. Are they perceptible? Not to my knowledge. Their existence is to me a matter of inference from their perceptible appendages. Them—their very selves—I certainly cannot perceive. As far as I can understand things perceptible, I detect in them no quality—no capacity for any quality like that of percipiency, which, with its homogeneous faculties, intellect, affections, and so on, is the basis of my own nature. Physical science, while it develops the relation, seems absolutely to emphasise and illuminate the ineradicable difference between the motions of a material and the sensations of a living being. Of the attributes of a percipient we have, each for himself, profound and immediate experience. Of the attributes of the perceptible we have, I suppose, distinct scientific conceptions. Our notions of the one and our notions of the other appear to attach to a different order of being.

It appears therefore to me that there is no reason to believe, and much reason for not believing, that the percipient is perceptible under our present conditions of existence, or indeed under any conditions that our present faculties enable us to imagine.

And this is my case, which of course covers the whole animal creation. Perception must be an attribute of something, and there is reason for believing that this something is imperceptible. This is what I mean when I say that I have, or more properly that I am, a soul or spirit, or rather it is the point on which I join issue with those who say that I am not.

I am not, as Mr. Harrison seems to suppose, running about in search of a 'cause.' I am inquiring into the nature of a being, and that being myself. I am sure I am something. I am certainly not the mere tangible structure of atoms which I affect, and by which I am affected after a wonderful fashion. In reflecting on the nature of my own operations I find nothing to suggest that my own being is subject to the same class of physical laws as the objects from which my sensations are derived, and I conclude that I am not subject to those laws. The most substantial objection to this conclusion is conveyed, I conceive, in a sentence of Mr. Harrison's: 'To talk to us of mind, feeling, and will continuing their functions in the absence of physical organs and visible organisms, is to use language which, to us at least, is pure nonsense.'

It is probably to those who talk thus that Mr. Harrison refers when he says that argument is useless. And in point of fact I have no answer but to call his notions anthropomorphic, and to charge him with want of a certain kind of imagination. By imagination we commonly mean the creative faculty which enables a man to give a palpable shape to what he believes or thinks possible: and this, I do not doubt, Mr. Harrison possesses in a high degree. But there is another kind of imagination which enables a man to embrace the idea of a possibility to which no such palpable shape can be given, or rather of a world of possibilities beyond the range of his experience or the grasp of his faculties; as Mr. John Mill embraced the idea of a possible world in which the connection of cause and effect should not exist. The want of this necessary though dangerous faculty makes a man the victim of vivid impressions, and disables him from believing what his impressions do not enable him to realise. Questions respecting metaphysical possibility turn much on the presence, or absence, or exaggeration of this kind of imagination. And when one man has said 'I can conceive it possible,' and another has said 'I cannot,' it is certainly difficult to get any farther.

To me it is not in the slightest degree difficult to conceive the possible existence of a being capable of love and knowledge without the physical organs through which human beings derive their knowledge, nor in supposing myself to be such a being. Indeed I seem actually to exercise such a capacity (however I got it) when I shut my eyes and try to think out a moral or mathematical puzzle. If it is true that a particular corner of my brain is concerned in the matter, I accept the fact not as a self-evident truth (which would seem to be Mr. Harrison's position), but as a curious discovery of the anatomists. But having said this I have said everything, and as Mr. Harrison must suppose that I deceive myself, so I suppose that in his case the imagination which founds itself on experience is so active and vivid as to cloud or dwarf the imagination which proceeds beyond or beside experience.

Mr. Harrison's own theory I do not quite understand. He derides the idea, though he does not absolutely deny the possibility, of an immaterial entity which

feels. And he appears to be sensible of the difficulty of supposing that atoms of matter which assume the form of a grey pulp can feel. He holds accordingly, as I understand, that feeling, and all that follows from it, are the results of an 'organism.'

If he had used the word 'organisation,' I should have concluded unhesitatingly that he was the victim of the Anglican confusion which I have above noticed, and that, in his own mind, he escapes the alternative difficulties of the case by the common expedient of shifting, as occasion required, from one sense of that word to the other. If pressed by the difficulty of imagining sensation not resident in any specific sensitive thing, the word organisation would supply to his mind the idea of a thing, a sensitive aggregate of organised atoms. If, on the contrary, pressed by the difficulty of supposing that these atoms, one or all, thought, the word would shift its meaning and present the aspect not of an aggregate bulk, but of orderly arrangement—not of a thing, or collection of things, but of a state of things.

But the word 'organism' is generally taken to indicate a thing organised. And the choice of that word would seem to indicate that he ascribed the spiritual acts (so to call them) which constitute life to the aggregate bulk of the atoms organised or the appropriate part of them. But this he elsewhere seems to disclaim. 'The philosophy which treats man as man simply affirms that *man* loves, thinks, acts, not that ganglia, or the sinews, or any organ of man loves, and thinks, and acts.' Yes, but we recur to the question, what is man? If the ganglia do not think, what is it that does? Mr. Harrison, as I understand, answers that it is a *consensus* of faculties, an harmonious system of parts, and he denounces an attempt to introduce into this collocation of parts or faculties an underlying entity or being which shall possess those faculties or employ those parts. It is then not after all to a being or aggregate of beings, but to a relation or condition of beings, that will and thought and love belong. If this is Mr. Harrison's meaning, I certainly agree with him that it is indeed impossible to compose a difference between two disputants, of whom one holds, and the other denies, that a condition can think. If my opponent does not admit this to be an absurdity, I do not pretend to drive him any further.

With regard to immortality, I have nothing material to add to what has been said by those who have preceded me. I agree with Professor Huxley that the natural world supplies nothing which can be called evidence of a future life. Believing in God, I see in the constitution of the world which He has made, and in the yearnings and aspirations of that spiritual nature which He has given to man, much that commends to my belief the revelation of a future life which I believe Him to have made. But it is in virtue of His clear promise, not in virtue of these doubtful intimations, that I rely on the prospect of a future life. Believing that He is the author of that moral insight which in its ruder forms controls the multitude and its higher inspires the saint, I revere those great men who were able to forecast this great announcement, but I cannot and do not care to reduce that forecast to any logical process, or base it on any conclusive reasoning. Rather I admire their power of divination the more on account of the narrowness of their logical data. For myself I believe because I am told.

But whether the doctrine of immortality be true or false, I protest, with Mr. Hutton, against the attempt to substitute for what at any rate is a substantial idea, something which can hardly be called even a shadow or echo of it.

The Christian conception of the world is this. It is a world of moral as of physical waste. Much seed is sown which will not ripen, but some is sown that will. This planet is a seat, among other things, of present goodness and happiness. And this our goodness and happiness, like our crime and misery, propagate or fail to propagate themselves during our lives and after our deaths. But, apart from these earthly consequences, which are much to us and all to the Positivist, the little fragment of the universe on which we appear and disappear is, we believe, a nursery for something greater. The capacities for love and knowledge which in some of us attain a certain development here, we must all feel to be capable, with greater opportunities, of an infinitely greater development; and Christians believe that such a development is in fact reserved for those who, in this short time of apprenticeship, take the proper steps for approaching it.

This conception of a glorious and increasing company into which the best of men are continually to be gathered to be associated with each other (to say no more) in all that can make existence happy and noble, may be a dream, and Mr. Harrison may be right in calling it so. In deriding it he cannot be right. 'The eternity of the labor' he calls it! Has he never felt, or at any rate is he not able to conceive, a thrill of pleasure at a sympathetic interchange of look, or word, or touch with a fellow-creature kind and noble and brilliant, and engaged in the exhibition of those qualities of heart and intellect which make him what he is? Multiply and sustain this—suppose yourself surrounded by beings with whom this interchange of sympathy is warm and perpetual. Intensify it. Increase indefinitely the excellence of one of those beings, the wonderful and attractive character of his operations, our own capacities of affection and intellect, the vividness of our conception, the breadth and firmness of our mental grasp, the sharp vigour of our admiration; and to exclude satiety, imagine if you like that the operations which we contemplate and our relations to our companions are infinitely varied—a supposition for which the size of the that sameness ceases to tire, as the old Greek philosopher thought it might do as it would do, I suppose, if we had no memory of the immediate past. Imagine all this as the very least that may be hoped, if our own powers of conception are as slight in respect to the nature of what is to be as our bodies are necessary for the physical universe. And remember that if practical duties are necessary for the perfection of life, the universe is not so small but that in some intelligences whom He has thus formed and exalted.

All this, I repeat, may be a dream, but to characterise it as 'the eternity of the labor' shows surely a feebleness of conception or carelessness of representation us as a rival conception the fact that some of our good deeds will have indefinite consequences—to call this scanty and fading chain of effects, which we shall be unable to perceive or control as we have been unable to anticipate—to call this a 'posthumous activity,' 'an eternity of spiritual influence,' and a 'life beyond

spirit he hurled swift thunderbolts of scorn. The many ludicrous accounts and representations he had seen of the devil could but make him laugh and sing:—

Oh! then, whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
Closed under hatches;
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, old Hangie, for a wee,
And let poor d—d bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie
E'en to a deil
To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
And hear us squeal!

But the sighing, snarling unco' guid were his particular aversion. They turned up eyes of horror at him; wagged their heads in a solemn mournful manner—and he paid them back in language which I would commend to the careful attention of all of the same brood now extant on the earth: and if my advice be taken, Burns' books will get a large sale all christendom over, and Montreal trade will grow brisk as to one branch of it. There are some faults and failings which men can only be laughed and scoffed out of, because there are men whom nothing but scorn can reach; and Burns sent his pointed arrows tipped with laughter, straight through the gaping joints of Pharisae armour:—

Oh ye wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebour's fauts and folly!
Wha's life is like a weel-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water
The hepit habber's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter,

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douse Wisdom's door
For glaiket Folly's portals:
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propose defences,
Their dousie tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

None knew better than Burns how black mistakes can be; and if the defence is not of the noblest, it presents humanity just as it is, putting sin over against sin, and pleading that as none are free from folly, so all should hesitate to cast the first stone. That is not presenting the ideal of good and true living; it is not holding up the best and purest form of ethics; but it is a bit of honest common sense which the world and the unco' guid would do well to hear and heed. There were great springs of true religious sentiment and feeling in the man, which, though sometimes choked by the common dust of passion, did always again heave up and leap forth, giving to the life great patches of beauty. Who will not call to mind with gladness that brief letter to Mr. McNab, in which, after stating and bewailing his past follies, he says, "In the first place, let my pupil, as he tenders his own peace, keep a regular and warm intercourse with the Deity." There you have a sermon on prayer crystallising into great and peaceful life; a sermon flung into one glorious sentence. Or, need I call to your mind that soft and peace-breathing story of "The Cottar's Saturday Night," describing a scene than which I venture to say there is nothing more beautiful, more witching and more loved in all the world of literature. You know it. The cold November wind blowing, and sighing for all the evils it has passed; the shadows of night hiding the hill-tops and creeping down to the fields and the valleys; the tired beasts going home with sluggish step; the very birds hastening to the shelter of their nests; and the toil-worn cottar putting away his spades, his mattocks and his hoes, turns his face homewards, rejoicing at thought of meeting his bonnie lads and lassies, and together resting through the calm Lord's day. One by one they drop into the cot, and with brightened faces tell the harmless gossip of the week, while the parents "with partial eye" and quickened hope, look on. Then the word of tender, trembling admonition, better and dearer far than sacks of silver and gold—a great possession with which to face the world—and then the family Bible, and the reverent, solemn "Let us pray." With his eye on that, his heart in it, as a memory perhaps, and a longing, knowing that Scotland had drawn her virtuous women and her stout-hearted men from such scenes, what wonder that the poet sang:—

Oh Scotia—my dear my native soil,
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health and peace and sweet content!
And oh! may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then—howe'er crowns and coronets be rent—
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around their much loved isle.

Oh Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
That streamed thro' Wallace's undaunted heart,
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God peculiarly Thou art—
His friend, inspirer, guardian and reward.)
Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert:
But still the patriot and the patriot bard
In bright succession raise—her ornament and guard."

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen, that passionate prayer was heard. The patriot's God has not deserted Scotia's realm; nor will He until the patriot himself shall cease from the land, and that will be—never. Her sons and daughters travel, yet always are at home—for they carry Scotland with them; and in our crowded towns, or far-off forest homes, sitting over the fire of blazing logs, many dream of the dear old mother-land three thousand miles away. They see again the heather-clad hills, with the crown of mist, and the lochs that gleam far below; faces of dear ones smile and whisper sweet words of love; and then, the dream becomes a song, and the song is "Auld Lang Syne," which leads in a natural way to "The Banks and Braes o' Bonny Doon." For when Scotland sings, she sings in the words of Burns—as she must needs, for those words breathe the spirit of the people and the land. Scotland will endure as long as Anglo Saxondom endures, and long as Scotland shall endure will be cherished the songs and the memory of Burns.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

FRANZ AND RENEÉ. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

A beautiful story told in a charming way. The plot is simple—grandly simple—but is worked out with consummate skill. It is the story of a love that dies, being fixed on an object unworthy: and a friendship that kills, being between two worthy and pure spirits. Of course it is French. Only France can produce such gems of fiction—but it is rendered into good English, the spirit being well preserved in the translation.

We commend this book most heartily, and wait for more from the author.

A JEWEL OF A GIRL. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Not quite a jewel of a book—still, fairly readable. It has plenty of characters, plenty of plot, plenty of talk—some of it easy—some of it hard—a little of it wise—a lot of it foolish—representative of our ordinary life and speech doubtless—plenty of everything but evidence of genius in the writer. Worse things than this have become popular—so this may reasonably be commended.

Believe not then, says Cicero, those old wives' tales, those poetic legends, the terrors of a material hell, or the joys of a sensual paradise. Rather hold, with Plato, that the soul is an eternal principle of life, which has neither beginning nor end of existence; for if it were not so, heaven and earth would be overset, and all nature would stand at gaze. "Men say they cannot conceive or comprehend what the soul can be, distinct from the body. As if, forsooth, they could comprehend what it is, when it is *in* the body,—its conformation, its magnitude, or its position there. * * * * * To me, when I consider the nature of the soul, there is far more difficulty and obscurity in forming a conception of what the soul is while in the body,—in a dwelling where it seems so little at home,—than of what it will be when it has escaped into the free atmosphere of heaven, which seems its natural abode."—I. c. 22. And as the poet seems to us inspired, as the gifts of memory and eloquence seem divine, so is the soul itself, in its simple essence, a god dwelling in the breast of each of us. What else can be this power which enables us to recollect the past, to foresee the future, to understand the present?

NO SIGN.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY.

—:O:—

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

When Dominick Daly was taken back to the jail, the usual increase in the severity of his conditions of imprisonment was put in operation. From the presumptive he had become the proven felon, and the degradation had to take form and system. But there was no active ill-will towards him. The officials of a prison are seldom actuated by an abstract hatred of crime, and, according to the jailer's standard, a very great criminal may be a "good prisoner," and if he be, will be treated accordingly. Daly was essentially a "good prisoner," perfectly acquiescent, civil and quiet. It was the opinion of the head-jailer, an experienced individual who regarded criminals from the "class" and "specimen" point of view, and was a great many years beyond the possibility of being surprised, shocked, or indeed moved by anything, that if "they" could only get a commutation, and turn Daly into a "lifer," the experiment would work admirably, and Daly would prove a credit to the system, and to the place which should witness his fulfilment of his term of punishment. Daly had requested an interview with the Governor of the Jail at Portmurrrough, and, it having been granted, he stated to that gentleman, in the strongest terms, his wish that nobody might be permitted to have access to him. On the Governor's expressing some surprise at so unusual a prayer, Daly replied, with respectful decision.

"I have no relatives, sir; there is no one who can demand to see me as a right; and I ask the privilege of passing my last few days undisturbed. Except the chaplain, sir, I beg you to permit *no one* to see me."

"Are you prepared to hear," asked the Governor, with some curiosity, for the reports in circulation had reached him, "that a young woman, one Katharine Farrell, has already applied for permission to visit you?"

"I did not think it would be so soon, sir," replied Daly; but my request applies to her. She is nothing to me, and I earnestly beg that she may be told that I refused to see her."

The speaker was a murderer, a prisoner, on his rapidly-shortening road to the gallows, but there was something in his face and voice that beat down the official in the Governor, and got at the man, who said:

"Never fear, Daly; no one shall intrude on you. Have you any other request?"

"I wish to write a letter, sir, to Father John O'Connor, of Narraghmore."

"Certainly. It must be brought to me, open, I suppose you know."

Daly appreciated the form of words, but he respectfully answered that there was nothing to be written for which he would desire secrecy.

His purpose was attained, although the total exclusion of visitors was found to be impossible, because Daly's friends immediately set on foot active efforts to procure a commutation of the sentence, and had to be admitted to him with that purpose in view. He heard of what they were doing with gratitude, but without distressing anxiety or suspense. He had no hope whatever of their success. "I am an innocent man, sir, as, God bless you, you believe me to be," he said to Mr. Bellew; "but there never was a clearer case."

His composure, never self-asserting or histrionic, lasted quite unimpaired. Katharine Farrell made several attempts to gain access to him. She was entirely reckless of appearances, and even the open gibes and insults with which she was assailed had not any effect on her; she passed them by unheeded. She haunted the prison gates, coming to them in the early morning, and lingering about them through the weary hours of the bright, beautiful, unsympathizing day. The worst, short of the truth, that could be said of the girl, was said at Portmurrrough. She had been Daly's mistress, and he had been in haste to marry her—so ran the amended version of the old Narraghmore story. She contrived to make acquaintance with two or three of the lower officials of the jail; they were nothing loth, for the murder was a big incident in their annals, and Katharine Farrell was interesting; and she made sundry attempts to get letters conveyed to Daly, and also have a handkerchief given to him, from her. It was believed, afterwards, that this handkerchief was saturated with poison, and intended to enable Daly to anticipate the sentence of death. But the Governor was faithfully served, and was permitted to reach the condemned prisoner. Once she contrived to make her way into the presence of the Catholic chaplain to the jail, and appealed to him:

"I was his sweetheart," she said, "and if it's the people inside there that are preventing him, he has a right to see me; if it's his own act that's keeping me away, I have a right to see him."

The chaplain visited Daly and told him.

"Your reverence will hear my last confession when the time comes," was Daly's determined, strange reply; "and then you will know what Katharine Farrell was to me. I will never see her again in this world."

When the chaplain told her the latter part of Daly's reply to his appeal—he said nothing of the former—Katharine Farrell received it with unexpected quietness. She simply said: "I thank your reverence. I see it's no use, and I'll give it up," and she went away with a firm face and tearless eyes. She was looking strangely old and worn, and the subtle beauty of her face was dimmed; she was a mere wreck of the woman who had stood among the golden came out of the chaplain's presence, and walked away, along the south wall of the prison, until she reached the open paved space in front of the gate, where the gallows would be erected. Here she stood for some time, as though she were measuring its proportions, then she went along the north wall, to its centre. As nearly as she had been able to understand the topography of the jail from the inquiries she had made, she guessed the position of the condemned cell to be beyond the portion of the great wall exactly in front of her. Standing there, she raised her hands to her neck, and with the old familiar action, she pulled at the neglected masses of her hair, that had tumbled down under her bonnet, anyhow.

"I will never see her again in this world," she muttered, gazing straight before her at the heavy, rough, inexorable wall—"that was what he said! That was his last message to *shall*!"

She turned sharp round, and walked away down a neighbouring street; and from that time, to the end, she was no more seen in the vicinity of the prison; she made no further attempt or appeal.

The efforts made by Daly's friends to obtain a commutation of his sentence proved unavailing. The condemned man was right; the same answer came from every one through whose hands their requisition passed to the consideration of the Lord Lieutenant. "There never was a clearer case." Not until two days before that appointed for the execution did the gentlemen who had undertaken this work of mercy relinquish their efforts, and abandon the result of their endeavours. He found Daly far less anxious and agitated than he was himself. He had never hoped. The meeting and the parting between the condemned man and the gentleman who had believed him innocent always, and still believed him innocent, were extremely affecting. At that last hour Daly broke through his habitual reserve and slowness of speech, being very near, asked him if there was any final request he would urge upon him, Daly, for the first time, spoke to him of Katharine Farrell.

"I give you the solemn assurance of a dying man," he said, "that what they say of her is not true. I loved her, sir, and if I had been a free man I would have married her; but I never deceived or misled her, and she is innocent of all harm from me.—If you and Mrs. Bellew would serve a poor lost creature, for the sake of one who owes you so much, you would protect her, and send her beyond the seas, to some strange place, where she can live honestly, and outlive all this. Don't keep her here, sir; that would not be good for her or others, but send her, at once, beyond the seas. If, in your great, great goodness, sir, you could promise me that would be done, I could turn my head and my heart away from this world, and get ready for my journey."

"My dear Daly, my poor, poor fellow! it shall be done."

(To be continued.)

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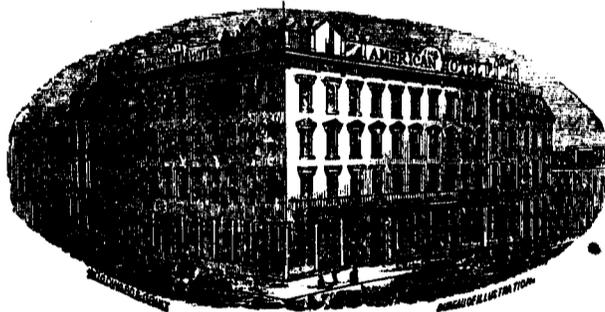
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