

Pages Missing

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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.
THEATRICAL REFLECTIONS.
HANS AND MARGUERITE.
MANAGING WOMEN.
POINTS OF ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

OYSTERS.
BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.
POETRY.
CORRESPONDENCE.
MUSICAL.
CHESS.
&c. &c. &c.

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December 1st, 1880.

The attention of advertisers is requested to the fact, that during the holiday term our issue will be *largely increased*. The usual excellent advantages of the SPECTATOR as a means of reaching the public will be, therefore, greatly enhanced. Those who place contracts now will receive the extra benefit of this increased circulation, with the further advantage of our holiday advertising rates. We are confident that our efforts will be duly appreciated.

THE TIMES.

I give hearty Christmas greetings to the readers of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR. May they all have the "cheer" of happy circumstances and good hope. To those who are sick, or in sorrow, I hope the season will bring some memory of things that have been, and some thought of Him who, eighteen hundred years ago, came to speak blessings on the mourners and the poor, which shall lighten a little their pain, and burden, and woe. To those who are well in body and circumstance, I hope will come a gush of generous feeling, sending them out to dispense "those charities which heal and bless, and climb aloft to shine like stars." Any man will enjoy his Christmas day dinner the better for having comforted some needy brother. There is no joy known like the joy of doing good.

There are hundreds upon hundreds of young men in our cities who have no homes. They are three thousand miles away from the home in which they used to spend Christmas so merrily with father and mother and brothers and sisters and cousins about them; and as they sit in the dull boarding-house, their thoughts travel back to those days and places with unutterable sadness. To invite them to spend the day with a bright family, where they will be distracted and filled with brightness, would be to bless them—perhaps to keep them from wanderings which end in a club or saloon.

Unquestionably this Christmas finds us fairly prosperous. The cloud has lifted—the faces of people are brighter—the purchases are more extensive, and the extra demands which the holiday makes on the purses seem to be ably and cheerfully met. The times have improved. Whether the good harvest has brought the change about, or the N.P., or the general revival of trade the world over, or the conjunction of all these, it has been done, and we are thankful. Montreal especially seems to feel the new state of things. Store-keepers of all kinds appear to have laid themselves out to do a good business, and if crowded counters are to be taken as meaning anything, they have not been disappointed.

I have at last received a book for which I have been looking with more or less impatience. Since the days, when as a student, I spelled my way laboriously through the pages of heroic Greek verse, I have longed to know something more about those ancient Trojans who cut so great and strange a figure in the mythical ages. For years I have been following the stories Dr. Schliemann had to tell of his discoveries on the site of Troy. The Dr. was an enthusiast about his work—an antiquarian from childhood—having a very genius of research. He entered upon business in America with a determination to make money and spend it again in antiquarian researches. He boldly met and mastered circumstances, and so soon as the money was in hand, went away to the site of ancient Troy. He tells the story fully in this book he calls "Ilios: City and Country of the Trojans;" he takes us along with him month by month, year by year, clearly describing and beautifully illustrating everything he found. A flood of light is let in upon that old heroic race which ever since has filled a large place in the world's fancy. Dr. Schlieman tells us of the physical features of the country, its ethnography and the history of the people; then of the seven cities he uncovered. Additional value is given to the volume from the fact that the work of Dr. Schliemann is prefaced and supplemented by such men as Virchow, Sayce, Max Müller and others. The book is beautifully got up, well printed, well illustrated, and would make a splendid, because useful present, to a friend. It is printed by Harper Brothers, and sold in Montreal by Dawson Brothers.

Another book has come to hand—also from Dawson Brothers—which I gladly welcome, "A Personal Life of Dr. Livingstone," by W. G. Blaikie. The biographer is perhaps better adapted than any man living to do this work. He has the kind of genius which can appreciate such a lofty character as David Livingstone, and has just the enthusiasm needed to describe the doings and sayings of the great missionary explorer. There are a good many things in the book new to those who had close acquaintance with Livingstone's life and work, for Dr. Blaikie has had access to private papers and correspondences in possession of the Livingstone family. But all the new lights only show the man in fuller character. He was a hero and a saint, and to read the story, as Dr. Blaikie tells it, is to feel a fresh impulse for great work and self-sacrifice.

Another of Harper Brothers' books (Dawson Brothers) is "Pastoral Days," by W. H. Gibson. It makes a beautiful present, for it is got up and illustrated in a manner beyond criticism. The writer makes a very successful effort to give some "memories of a New England year." He describes spring, summer, autumn and winter with the different plants and flowers which come with the different seasons. Now and then he tells a pleasant story illustrative of New England life. The style is a little gushing, but it hardly detracts from the book—for we expect something of the kind from enthusiasts in flowers and the illustrations are among the most exquisite I have ever seen.

Our old friend Mr. Smiles is out with another book. It is called "Duty," and was published in England at the same time with "Endymion." It is likely to do the people of England far more good than the stilted stuff which Beaconsfield gave them. This is not the best work Mr. Smiles has done—there is an air of "book-making" about it, but none the less it contains some sound advice for daily life and work, and those who need a stimulus to "duty" should read it. This also is from Harper, New York. (Dawson Brothers, Montreal.)

The removal of the kiosk has not as yet been effected, notwithstanding the severe protests of indignant citizens. The chief objection to it is its position, which is too public. The statement that kiosks are in as public positions in New York and other American cities is true in a sense, but the circumstances are not analogous. In New York they are chiefly to be found in what is called "down-town"—in City Hall Square—but then this being the business portion of the city, is but little frequented by ladies. In Victoria Square, the contrary is the case, and the placing of the kiosk is an insult to decency and good taste. If the Alderman will not get it removed the citizens should find some way of doing it themselves.

There is a custom in Montreal which is rather amusing, and somewhat interesting. I refer to the continued driving up and down St. James and Notre Dame streets. It certainly gives a lively appearance to the streets, but what amusement or pleasure there is in it to the occupants of the sleighs must consist in the desire to see and be seen. The fashion is to have large sleighs with elevated seats for the coachmen—while the ladies are cosily esconced in rich furs—and the horses are usually out of all proportion, being too small for the sleigh, making it appear as if the sleigh was impelling the horses.

Efforts have been, and are being made, to establish a Co-operative Society in Montreal. Quite a number of shares have been taken up, though it is doubtful whether the promoters will succeed in raising the large capital proposed. These societies have in many cases, if not all, proved somewhat successful in England, in spite of the violent opposition of shop-keepers. The reason of their success is difficult to discover, as it is hard to understand why the ordinary shop-keeper cannot sell as cheaply as the organized company. The company can purchase in very large quantities, and this is, perhaps, the only advantage, but then there must be many retailers who are possessed of large capital; this being the case, experience has shown that, other circumstances being equal, the individual can compete with advantage and profit against the company. Large bodies move slowly.

We are deluged at present with Sunday-school festivals, entertainments, bazaars, lectures and amusements of all kinds, and probably many will be surfeited—but this is holiday time, and let all enjoy it. *Dulce est desipere in loco.*

A correspondent writes me that he is often advised that, being a young man with a small income the best thing he can do is to get married. He states that he has been lately "a Cœlebs in search of a wife" but with no success. He has found many young ladies whose time was almost entirely taken up in flirtations, and who only seemed to care to find partners who could dance well—"merely this and nothing more," and he found some who would permit the attentions of gentlemen until they were the talk of everybody. This correspondent did not care to select a wife from these nor from the dogmatic self-assertive class who know everything and have an opinion on every subject. He says he is looking for one whose manners are maidenly and whose conversation is agreeable; he does not want a musician, but one of fair education and good common sense. In fact, he wants one of good *physique* and sound *morale*, and if he should be successful he will have one who is a "fortune" in herself. The difficulty is in the capability of persons now-a-days to live on small incomes—the tendency is to extravagance and waste; there is no respect paid to habits of economy for fear of being thought penurious, and the result is that but few marriages take place. The question of

marriage on small incomes is important and worthy of discussion, and I submit it to the readers of the SPECTATOR who may be interested in the matter.

This question as to whether young men with small incomes should enter the matrimonial state is a much vexed one. Many are the excuses offered by young men—the income is too small, wives are too expensive and so are household expenses—but frequently there are many personal and necessary luxuries that the young man might curtail or dispense with entirely. The blame is too often thrown upon the opposite sex and most unjustly—the expensive tastes generally are favoured by the young man. It is a platitude that young women are devoted to dress and fashion—this is a stock argument, similar to that of the charge of immorality against actors and actresses who are no better nor worse than those of many other professions.

Toronto can hardly boast itself on the liberality and general generosity of the ecclesiastical portion of the community. Even in Montreal the anti-organ sentiment is represented by a very few Presbyterians who give no signs of increasing in number and influence; but in Toronto a large and important church has got into a most unseemly squabble over a harmonium which was placed in the basement of the church to help the choir in their practices. The trouble is being settled in a law court. What a spectacle for the young men who are beginning to sneer at all churches? What a deadly influence it must have upon the individual members of the church and others? What a travesty of the teachings of Him who said "Love one another."

Here is another illustration of Torontonian ecclesiasticism. Bishop Sweatman has announced that he intends having a series of meetings in January for the discussion of subjects of importance to the Church. And the sixth item on the programme reads thus: "The attitude of the Church in this country toward the denominations.—Ven. Archdeacon Whitaker." Had the subject been less serious, we might laugh at the absurd pretensions of the thing. We might conclude that the Archdeacon is at any rate old—very old—even antiquated, but not venerable. But the Bishop adopts it, and commits all the Toronto Episcopalians, meantime, to the blatant, discourteous and unchristian snobbery. Even the clergy of the Church of England never talk in that way. "The Church and the denominations" forsooth? And this is the way we are to meet Ingersollism? Heaven help the Ven. Archdeacon to a little common-sense and Christian manliness in time for him to withdraw the absurd item from the programme.

Canadians will learn with pleasure that the story which went the rounds of the press in England and Canada, that there was a serious difference of opinion between the Queen and Princess Louise is not correct. It has been flatly contradicted by those who seem to speak with authority. They say that the Queen gave her consent for the Princess to leave Canada, and that the Doctors have forbidden her return until the severe part of the winter is passed. The regrettable accident was not an unmixed evil since it has compelled the Princess to spend the winter in England instead of at Ottawa. The "Court" at Ottawa may be all very well, but the courtiers?

The manifesto of the Liberal party against the terms of the Government contract with the Syndicate was dull and insipid even to a sin. There was not a well turned phrase or sentence in it; the literary style was simply execrable, and there was not a point which is calculated to rouse popular enthusiasm. Mr. Blake should have written the manifesto himself or have got a competent person to do it.

It must be confessed that the tone of public opinion is somewhat altered since the terms of the C. P. R. contract were laid before the House. Of course the *Globe* was fierce against it, and Mr. Blake had to prepare a speech to lead off the Opposition. That the Conservatives would in the main support it, and the Liberals oppose it, was a foregone conclusion. One or two of the Liberal papers held off for a little—notably the *Montreal Herald*—but it was soon drummed into line, and now gives neither feeble nor uncertain sound against the

terms of the contract. It has degenerated into a mere vulgar party fight—a political contest in which each party hopes to win some advantage over the other.

This is to be regretted, for such a gigantic undertaking should be considered apart from all political passion and prejudice. It is questionable whether a greater scheme was ever laid before a people—it is certain that so stupendous a work was never before undertaken by four millions of people since the world began. The thing has no parallel in history. But the people of their own free will determined upon it, and have acquiesced in what governments have done toward it until now. Many of us contended that it would be madness and ruin to build the road across the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia—we said that the rash promises made to that colony ought to be broken at the cost of a money indemnity, and that we should content ourselves by opening up the fertile belt only. But our voices were not heard. The Liberal party in power had no policy in the matter, and blundered on in a bewildering fashion. Too late, it took a sensible stand against the British Columbia craze, and now scolds and argues in vain.

Then came the question, shall it be built by the Government or by a company? The general opinion was in favour of a company. Sir John Macdonald had a reasonable hope at one time that some great English house or houses would take the matter in hand, but in this he was in a great measure disappointed. But that is no ground for public dissatisfaction. Barings and Brasseys could have been held to the bargain no better than the present Syndicate? The members of the Syndicate are honourable men of great experience and wealth. But they are business men, and have undertaken this, not in patriotic mood, but as a business matter. They do not intend to waste their money for the honour and glory of building the Pacific Railway; if they had not seen some prospect of return for the use of their money, and for the inevitable risk, they would have kept out of it—at least it is fair to suppose that they would have done.

So far as the Syndicate is concerned, we must remember that the gentlemen forming it had, in a fashion, to stand in the shoes of the Government. The Government had an idea what it would cost the country to build the road, and the Syndicate had to come to figures approximating to those of the Government. In those figures no account was taken of duties, taxation and such like things. A great deal has been made of the fact that the Syndicate will not pay duty on steel rails and other stuff to be imported for building the road, but those who make complaint seem to forget that at the present time there is no duty on those things. The Syndicate simply asks that the Government shall secure it against the possibility of Parliament putting a duty on steel rails and a few other things. This is only reasonable, for suppose the Government should be changed—no improbable thing—it would have the power to put a thirty or even fifty per cent. duty on the stuff imported by the Syndicate and ruin every member of it. And the Government, if owning the road, would certainly protect itself against the construction of any competing line, and would reserve to itself the control of any branch lines connected with it. If Government were building the line it would have to let the work out in contracts, some great and some small; and if some of the contracts were to be paid for in lands instead of money it is reasonable to suppose that the contractors having to settle the land would stipulate for good lands in convenient blocks. All this the Syndicate has done—it has asked for the privileges Government would have reserved to itself, or given to smaller contractors if the Syndicate had not undertaken the work.

The talk about land monopolies in the Northwest is as yet very meaningless. Canada requires population; we have millions of acres of good land we could afford to give away. The Syndicate undertakes to settle 25,000,000 acres, and every farmer settled increases the wealth of the country. The operations of the Syndicate will make the Government lands more valuable and in that way will benefit the public.

As to the Government it may be said that a small contract to build a few miles of road could hardly be drawn up so that public criticism would have no fault to find and suggestions to make. Already we have had much talk of corruption and jobbery and all things bad, and the Mackenzie Government was not always wise and pure in all it did. Is it to be expected then, that this gigantic scheme involving so much land and money and time can be drawn up in such a shape as to defy criticism? It would be a miracle if it were satisfactory to all parties. Mr. Disraeli used to declare that he was on the side of the angels—although I think since he has been an Earl he has changed his company, but Sir John Macdonald has never claimed to have any help from beings higher in knowledge than mortals can be. Undoubtedly the terms of the contract are open to criticism, and probably some of them require modification, but there is no occasion for the groans of despair we hear from the Liberal Press.

The question for the people is this: Has a reasonably fair bargain been made? We are told that we are sold to the Syndicate—that a great monopoly is being created, and so on, but what it concerns us to know is whether the Government could do it cheaper, and whether a company monopoly is any worse than a Government monopoly? Those who know the working of party governments will say that such a monopoly in the hands of any government would ruin the country by debauching it completely. What jobberies there would be! what crimonations of ministers and demands for commissions of enquiry! Suppose the Liberal party now should succeed in upsetting the Government and the contract together—not a likely thing—how should we stand? Why—with a new government having to build the road itself, and a war of contractors. Some blunder or worse thing would happen in a year or two which would change public opinion, and the Conservatives would return to office. All this would mean conflicting policies—a game of battle-door and shuttle-cock—and the people having to pay for it all.

Two or three things are certain. If the contract be carried out we know what we have to pay. The contract has not been a matter of political jobbery, for the main portion of the members of the Syndicate are not members of the Conservative party—Mr. Blake was careful to point that out. But the Syndicate does not know how much money it will cost to carry out the contract. It is not to base judgment on guessing to say, that one hundred and ten millions of dollars in money and land will not build the projected Pacific Railway.

I conceived the unhappy idea of giving a lecture on "England and Ireland," in which I told the naked truth—to the effect that the native Irish have been treated by the English Government pretty much as the Red Indian has been treated by the Government of America. I told the story of Cromwell in Ireland and the Act of Settlement; the abuse heaped upon me on that account has only come a little short of moral assault and battery. Some newspapers have been savage in their criticism, and some anonymous correspondents have been savager. They have taken no heed of the sound advice I gave to Irishmen acent the present state of affairs, but because I ventured to condemn Cromwell's conduct in Ireland they have ventured to abuse me without stint. Well, here are some other opinions.

Thus Hallam:—

"This (the suppression of the rebellion) was achieved by Cromwell and his powerful army after several years, with such bloodshed and rigour that, in the opinion of Lord Clarendon, the sufferings of that nation, from the outset of the rebellion to its close, have never been surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus."

Thus Lecky:—

"The sieges of Drogheda and Wexford, however, and the massacres that accompanied them, deserve to rank in horror with the most atrocious exploits of Tilly, or Wallenstein, and they made the name of Cromwell eternally hated in Ireland. At Drogheda there had been no pretence of a massacre, and a large proportion of the garrison were English. According to Carte the officers of Cromwell's army promised quarter to such as would lay down their arms, but when they had done so, and the place was in their power, Cromwell gave orders that no quarter should be given.

"Ormond wrote that 'the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as are to be found in the *Book of Martyrs*, or in the relation of Amboyna.'"

"This description comes from an enemy, and, though it has never been refuted, it may perhaps be exaggerated."

Extracts from Oliver Cromwell's letters:—

"Divers of the enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount: a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed. The Governor, Sir William Ashton, and divers considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about 9,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple, some the West Gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate called St. Sunday's. These being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.'"

"It is remarkable that these people, at the first, set up the Mass in some places of the town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there; and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to the Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the round tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

"And when they were come into the market place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the sword that came in their way.

"This town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished that an honest people would come and plant here; where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favour be made of encouragement to them."

Carlyle on these despatches:—

The stroke which fell on Tredah, repeated at Wexford, at Boss not needing to be repeated, has, as we say, broken the train of the Irish war; the body of which, over Ireland generally, here over the South-West more especially, everywhere staggers falling, or already lies fallen, writhing in paralytic convulsions, making haste to die. Of its final spasms, widespread confused death agonies, and general swift death, over this Munster region, through the winter months, and of the Lord Lieutenant's demeanour therein, these six letters give us indication such as may suffice.

Do my querulous friends want anything stronger than Oliver's own words in these despatches? Perhaps they think he only acted in the best interests of peace, and probably they would like to see the same treatment meted out to Ireland now. If Englishmen would get a knowledge of Irish history they would talk differently; they would not excuse the work of Cromwell in Ireland, for they would find that he went there under the impression that wholesale massacres had been visited upon the Protestants, when no such massacres had taken place; they would know that the Irish have still most reasonable ground for discontent, and then they would be in a mood to tell the Irish that they can get justice, but not by flourishing the shillelah and shouldering the blunderbuss.

I would advise the Irish of Canada and the United States who favour the Land League movement to be very temperate in their language. It is not a brave thing to talk of "justifiable homicide," and of "an army from this continent," and such like things calculated to inflame the blood of Irishmen in Ireland. For those who talk in that way are three thousand miles and more distant from actual danger. The Irish on this continent will send money to Ireland, but not a thousand men could be got to cross the sea for the purpose of fighting the English. If an army could be raised, before it could get within a thousand miles of Ireland Irish discontent would be once more trampled out in blood. So talk about fighting is altogether ill-advised and unfriendly to the best interests of Ireland.

The Land League in Ireland is fast losing its head. Because the English Government hesitates to apply coercion and to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act it imagines that the English people are intimidated. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and the Leaguers are simply playing the game of the English Tory landlords, who are opposed to any interference with the landlaws. A little more of the grim Boycotting business, and a few more landlords shot, and the work of land law reform in Ireland is put back fifty years.

The following from *The World* has some significance, I think, as showing the part New York is beginning to play in the money market:

"The growing interdependence of the markets in London and New York has been vividly illustrated by the recent movements of money. Although there was no pressure or anticipation of pressure at this centre last week, the fact that money at call went sharply up to 6 per cent. in New York was immediately responded to by a rising tendency on this side, and by a pause in speculation awaiting the result. The exchange dropped to a point at which gold could be taken from this market; and there was apprehension at one time that more of the precious metal would be taken than the Bank of England can safely spare. That feeling of nervousness has gone. The money market in New York has, to all appearance, passed the worst. The scare was largely caused by speculative operations in stocks, and Mr. Jay Gould is said to be the leading operator who has troubled the market and excited alarm in both hemispheres. Mr. Jay Gould is growing in power and influence. His latest dodge is to turn General Grant to account as an advertising medium. The General 'our leading citizen,' is not employed in that capacity for the first time. The Panama Canal Company made free use of him, and M. de Lesseps owes not a little to the prestige of the ex-President for his success in the States. Then he fell into the hands of a mining company in Boston, after which the *New York Times* took to parading him daily as its special advertising agent. And now—last and worst indignity of all—the successful soldier and former President of the model Republic is utilised by Jay Gould, who is alleged to be getting up a grand combination company in which he is to be "leading gentleman." This combination is to include the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, the Texas Pacific, the Missouri Pacific, and the Southern Pacific, to which may be added the great Wabash system. No wonder Jay Gould can control the money market of the New World, and through it upset the money markets of the Old, when he is able thus to yoke General Grant to his triumphal car."

The United States Congress has passed the Arrears of Pensions Bill; this involves an immediate expenditure of the large sum of two hundred million dollars, added to which, it is stated, the annual expenditure will be forty millions of dollars for forty years. Rather a convincing proof of the prosperity of the nation. Further, to show the abundance of capital, one firm of brokers alone has received subscriptions for two hundred millions of dollars of the new three per cent. bonds which it is proposed to issue.

The principal objection urged to the election of General Grant, was that the shadow of an Empire thus loomed up before the gaze of zealous patriots. But now a society has been, or is said to have been established—named "The Society of Aryan America" which has for its principal object, the creation of a race of nobles, or as the *Philadelphia Press* aptly puts it "race of nobles—snobs, rather—a mutual-admiration society designed to perpetuate their own folly in their children, besides endeavouring to impress the "lower orders" with their superiority." The word Aryan means "honorable," and the three higher castes of Hindoos compose the species. The Aryan Order "will be exacting in its demands on all applicants. A descent must be shown and proven, running through a line of ancestors to some established noble or gentle house in Europe, whose origin is unmistakably aristocratic and not linked with trade. The line of ancestry must needs be without blemish and of brave and honorable repute. The greater number of marriages running through the line of descent must have been made among those of a like station of life. A morganatic marriage renders the candidate ineligible, whether he be the direct issue or four generations removed. The aspirant must be moral and intellectual. His religion is not called into question at all." The whole thing is amusing and is a huge travesty upon the principles of the Great Republic. The notice taken of it by a leading paper has invested it with an importance which would not otherwise accrue to it, but probably the *Press* treats it as a joke.

EDITOR,

TRADE—FINANCE—STATISTICS.

It is but recently that the commercial world has been awakened, says the *N. Y. Herald*, to the advantages and resources of Siberia. Richer by far than Canada, it enjoys a climate neither warmer in Summer nor colder in Winter. In all the Dominion there is no soil like the black earth along the Obi and Yenesei; and even the lumberman of the Ottawa would find himself in an Elysium among the forests that line the banks of the great rivers which intersect Siberia from the borders of China to the shores of the Polar Sea. Mines there certainly are—of gold, copper, silver, and precious stones; but no quick-silver mines are known in "Sibir."

But the mineral riches of the land of exile, though they have made fortunes to scores of human serfs, and to this day fill the pockets of the Romanoffs, Demidoffs, and Sibiriakoffs, are as nothing compared with what might be obtained from its surface in the shape of timber, grain and cattle, or what is actually garnered into the warehouses of Tomsk, Tjumen, Omsk, Tobolsk, Yeneseisk, Jakutsk and Krasnoiarisk, in the bales of sables sent west to swell the tailor's bills of a Russian boyard. During the summer months Siberia is indeed a closed country. There is but one road worthy of the name in the whole of this immense region—namely, that which crosses Asia from the Amoor River to the Ourals. Over this post road there is a mail route, and a telegraph working all the year round. But as soon as the country covers with snow the traffic on it begins in earnest, and the cold which shuts up the rest of the empire awakens to life "ce cher Siberie," as ladies in the salons of St. Petersburg will sometimes style it, as memories of the easy-going life and society of Irkutsk and Sakutsk flit across their *blanc* memories. Hundreds of sledges cover the roads and the endless frozen rivers which now form the highways for travel.

From the tundras the pagan brings in his sables, and then from Kiachta the Mongol sends that fragrant tea which, drunk with lemon, is the joy of St. Petersburg. From Russia the merchant sledges his costly goods, and from the storehouse in the heart of Asia the trader despatches to market the still more precious furs, metals, fossil, ivory and gems which will alone bear the expense of transportation over three thousands miles of rough roads. Day and night the sledges keep on their monotonous course, until in less than ten weeks the long circuit between the Pacific and the Atlantic is compassed. No country in the world has such splendid water communication as Siberia. Unhappily, however, all its rivers, except the Amoor, flow into the Artic Ocean, and hence they are as yet solely valuable for inland traffic. The discoveries of Captain Wiggins and Baron Nordenskjold held out bright hopes that during two months in the Autumn the ice so far moves off the coast as to permit ships to reach every year as far as the Yenesei, and even the Lena; but that, expectation, it is feared will not be fulfilled.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN SCOTLAND.

VI.—GENERAL SUMMARY.

Our review of the condition of religious thought in the Scotch Churches must now come to a close, at least for the present. We have endeavoured to place before our readers a brief but necessarily imperfect account of the controversies that are now threatening to convulse the whole religious mind of Scotland in a way hitherto unknown. For it is not too much to say that an important crisis has now been reached in the history of the Scotch Churches. They have been brought into sharp collision with the Spirit of the time. And the spectacle is all the more interesting that it is only the exhibition on a smaller scale of what has already been experienced on a much larger scale elsewhere, and which must continue to make itself felt increasingly throughout all the churches. Intellectual activity may linger sickly for a while, and at last be destroyed by the detestable tyranny of an organisation which claims to rule infallibly and with a rod of iron the minds and consciences of men. It may be strangled in its infancy by the dull, leaden apathy of the man who has received all his ideas at second hand, and never known what it was to think an earnest thought or ask himself an earnest question in his lifetime. But neither ecclesiastical intolerance nor that not less hopeless adherence to routine which renders its possessor mail proof against all change, will avail in the long run. Light or lightning men must have, says Carlyle. And it is the same with churches. They must either make way for the new liberal spirit and ideas, absorb them and recast their creeds and institutions in harmony with them, or provoke a conflict in which in the long run they must be defeated. To this pass the Scotch churches have come. There is little or no hope of "stamping out" the movement by the familiar agency of a Synodical Committee or Commission of Assembly. It reaches down too deeply, it has spread too widely to be thus summarily dealt with. Former heresies, which caused some temporary disturbance, were soon got rid of, by getting rid of the offenders or bringing them again to reason. But the heresies of the present day are ultra radical in character; they strike deep down to the very root of things. The heresies of former days gathered round what after all were minor questions of detail; which, although bulking largely for a while in the public eye, were not in reality of vital moment, and soon ceased to possess any other than a personal or historic interest. The heresies of the present day are directed against what have hitherto been regarded as most fundamental in theology. The starting point of Protestantism, on which all its creeds and confessions have been reared, is the infallible authority of the Bible as an ultimate standard of belief and conduct. Without the doctrine of plenary and verbal inspiration dogmatic Protestantism is an anomaly, and an impossibility as well. Destroy this doctrine, and its whole dogmatic system falls to pieces.

In the Free Church this is precisely what has happened. The position taken by Professor Smith in the critical theories expounded in the Articles which have given rise to such a storm, is directly opposed to this root principle and foundation-stone of the theology of the Protestant churches. He may not see, he may refuse to look at the inevitable consequences of his theories. He may deny, quite honestly although most illogically we believe, that such consequences will necessarily follow. But criticism of the negative and historical kind indulged in by Professor Smith necessitates an entire revolution in the whole system of theology. As a matter of fact it has accomplished this elsewhere. As a matter of time it must do so also in the Free Church of Scotland. The predictive element in prophecy which Professor Smith significantly keeps in the background if he does not altogether positively deny it, like the belief in the supernatural or miraculous must be abandoned altogether on his principles. Commonly received ideas as to the divine nature of Jesus Christ must be modified considerably when it is found that His omniscience was at fault in ascribing as He does to Moses the authorship of a book written, according to Professor Smith, centuries after his death. The whole system falls with its fundamental doctrine. Professor Smith has raised deeper questions than those regarding the date and authorship of *Deuteronomy*. If not by himself, by others more logical than himself, and following up to their inevitable conclusion the premises laid down by him, a blow has been struck at the very heart of the whole system of Protestant theology.

In the Church of Scotland, as we have seen, the liberal movement is every way more important. It has taken a far deeper hold of the intelligence of the Church; it would be difficult to name half-a-dozen prominent thinkers in the Church of Scotland who are not members of the Broad Church party. The reason is obvious. However open to criticism in other respects, a *National* must ever be broader, more comprehensive, more tolerant of change, than a *Denominational* church. The latter is narrowed in the range of its sympathies and ideas by the limits of thought or ecclesiastical polity which gave it birth and imprinted on it special features. And the unconscious influence it exerts upon its members tends always to the identification of what is special merely with what is universal, of their particular *credo* with Truth itself, and the Kingdom of God upon the earth with their own particular denomination. Standing for ever with his eyes fixed upon the signboard of a particular sect, a man will have a much narrower view

BANKS.

BANK.	Shares par value.	Capital Subscribed.	Capital Paid up	Res.	Price per \$100 Dec. 27, 1882.	Price per \$100 Dec. 27, 1883.	Last half-yearly Dividend.	Per cent. per annum on present price.
Montreal	100	\$12,000,000	\$11,000,000	\$3,000,000	\$167 1/2	\$133	4	4.78
Ontario	40	3,000,000	2,996,750	100,000	96 1/2	68	5	6.22
Melons	50	2,000,000	1,999,095	100,000	100	75 1/2	5	5.00
Toronto	100	2,000,000	2,000,000	500,000	110	110	3 1/2	5.00
Jacques Cartier	25	500,000	500,000	55,000	90	90	3 1/2	5.00
Merchants	100	5,708,267	5,518,033	475,000	115 1/2	80 1/2	4	5.19
Eastern Townships	50	1,469,500	1,382,237	200,000	110	110	3 1/2	5.00
Quebec	100	2,500,000	2,500,000	425,000	110	110	4	5.25
Commerce	50	6,000,000	6,000,000	1,400,000	136	112	4	5.25
Exchange	100	1,000,000	1,000,000	63
MISCELLANEOUS.								
Montreal Telegraph Co.	40	2,000,000	2,000,000	171,452	132 1/2	95	4	6.03
R. & O. N. Co.	100	1,565,000	1,565,000	61	40
City Passenger Railway	50	600,000	163,000	116	16	5.17
New City Gas Co.	40	2,000,000	1,880,000	146 1/2	110 1/2	5	6.81

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

RAILWAY TRAFFIC RECEIPTS.

COMPANY.	1880.			1879.		Week's Traffic.		Aggregate.		
	Period.	Pass. Mails & Express	Freight and L. Stock	Total.	Total.	Incr'se	Decr'se	Period.	Incr'se	Decr'se
*Grand Trunk	Week Dec. 18	\$ 51,061	\$ 173,685	\$ 224,746	\$ 200,188	\$ 24,558	25 w'ks	\$ 761,920
Great Western	" 10	28,654	73,538	102,192	100,148	2,044	24 "	320,951
Northern & H. & N.W.	" 8	6,775	15,100	21,875	18,809	3,066	23 "	79,189
Toronto & Nipissing	" 14	1,314	2,264	3,578	2,994	584	24 "	8,074
Midland	" 14	1,396	1,976	3,372	3,320	46	24 "	33,885
St. Lawrence & Ottawa	" 11	1,216	1,496	2,712	2,679	33	24 "	1,960
Whitby, Pt Perry & Lindsay	" 14	529	866	1,395	1,391	4	24 "	6,927
Canada Central	" 7	2,462	7,096	9,558	4,310	5,242	25 "	59,944
Toronto, Grey & Bruce	" 18	1,740	2,749	4,489	6,053	23 "	8,338
{Q., M., O. & O.	" 8	8,761	6,310	15,071	5,162	9,909	21 "	197,731
Intercolonial	Month Nov. 30	49,955	100,727	150,682	126,611	24,071	5 m'nth	143,867

*NOTE TO GRAND TRUNK.—The Riviere du Loup receipts are included for seven weeks in 1879, not in 1880; omitting them the aggregate increase for 25 weeks is \$720,120.

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

than he who is free to move about at will and correct and enlarge his ideas by a change of standpoint. With a *national* church, however, it is different. The thought-repressing influence of sectarianism which ever tends to petrification of existing forms of truth, however imperfect, is awaiting. There is in consequence a greater elasticity of movement, and the possibility of more extensive progress. A spirit of toleration is engendered, under the influence of which new ideas are viewed with less suspicion. Claiming to embody, as well as to nourish, the spiritual life of the nation as a whole, the Church of Scotland has, therefore, been much more tolerant of change and differences of thought within its pale than any of its neighbours. Prosecutions for heresy have, of late years, at least, been less frequent. The new ideas to which the general intellectual activity of the age has given birth, have found ready entrance and a home within its pale. And the liberal leaders have adopted the true method of reform. Unlike the fanatic, or one-idea man who rushes noisily to the front, eager to convert the Church or world to his side all at once, or become a martyr for the truth, they have been content to work in quiet, scattering seeds that should by and by bear fruit. The deeper intellectual activity shared in by the more cultured of the ministry and laity rarely finds adequate expression in an ecclesiastical assembly where the ignorant prejudice of the *profanum vulgus* not seldom reigns supreme. Not impatient of results, therefore, unshaking yet unrelenting, the leaders of the new movement have pursued the true method of reform, that from within outwards. And, as summing up into a single sentence our view of the present state of religious thought in the Church of Scotland as indicated by "Scotch Sermons, 1880," it may be said that what apparently is the function of the criticism of this century has been there accomplished—*i. e.*, the separation between Religion and Dogma, the demonstration of the unchanging and eternal nature of the former, and the continually changing and temporal character of the latter. "The sphere of religion is spiritual; the sphere of theology is intellectual; the sphere of ecclesiasticism is political—and it is fatal to real life and progress in religion to identify with it, or to substitute for it, either the one or the other. Religion is in no sense dependent upon any special phases of doctrinal belief, or upon any peculiar forms of ecclesiastical institutions." Preaching, we are told, should no "longer confine itself to one set of ideas, and these of a bygone age, but, studying the world that lies around it, should address itself to the problems, moral and intellectual, that are pressing on the present. With open and sympathetic mind it should turn towards the highways of every-day life, and gather from its scenes and incidents the materials of a finer eloquence than the study of books can give. The love and sorrow that are in poor men's dwellings, the labour that fills the day, and the rest that comes with evening, the laughter of children, and the brow laden with care, earth's sunlight and starlight, the noisy stir of life, and the mystery of death,—these are the things that, passed through the fire of Christian thought, have power to move mankind. And the true office of the preacher in modern society is to be a revealer of the beauty and the deep meaning which lies in such common phenomena, but which the world, engrossed with its business, has neither time nor faculty to discover. Then our religious life, fed from fresher and more numerous springs than hitherto, would become robust and manly, not a thing to shun the noontide struggle of the world and walk in shady places, but that which stands forth to hallow toil, and make business pure, and all intercourse sweet, and give the State an ennobling policy."

Into the proximate and final issues of this great movement in the religious thought of Scotland we cannot now enter. Both ecclesiastically and theologically it must be attended with most important results. Amidst the din and smoke of conflict it is, however, premature to attempt to forecast with any degree of precision the course events will take. One thing at least is certain: a profound change must be effected both in the ecclesiastical constitutions and the creeds and confessions of the Scotch churches.

THEATRICAL REFLECTIONS.

What is the proper life? Carlyle says, Work! and that the thinker is nothing but a lichen; but if the thinker gives expression to and interchange of his thought it is surely action. Knowledge of life is not of any practical use or benefit unless acted upon; an observer of social and political problems effects but little good unless his observations are disseminated and made subject to criticism by those affected. Whither all this intellectuality of the present day is tending, who can say? The attendance at churches has declined, perhaps owing to the advanced position of the press, and the sermons are listened to with more submission than study. In fact, to a great many, the idea of attending a church in these days is repugnant; just as some are bitterly opposed to theatres.

There are signs of an abatement of this stern and long-continued opposition to theatres. A meeting of the British Social Science Congress took place some time since at Manchester. It is curious that, at this meeting, more than one clergyman advocated the claims of the theatre as a beneficial agent, instead of following the usual custom of abusing it to an extreme degree. An essay

was read by a clergyman advocating the establishment and support of a National Theatre in order to provide rational amusement. I have read somewhere that, in London, comparatively uneducated people support the legitimate drama at Sadler's Wells; whilst educated 'West-Enders' require farces, and ballets. This seems to support the statement that intellectuality has been the cause of the decline of the drama. The statement that when the Shakspearian drama is well-acted it is well-supported is not correct, as all the revivals of Shakespeare have been quickly abandoned, and only attracted for a time by their pageantry. The success of Miss Neilson is due not solely to her playing Shakspearian characters but to her beauty and natural grace; her success would be fully as great if she took other characters; of course her abilities are great, otherwise, her reputation would never have been what it is. As to the immorality of modern plays and players, the plays are what the public demand, the players are neither better nor worse than members of other professions. Very few sensible persons object to theatrical representations; and those that do, object for the reason that the associations connected with them are pernicious and are too exciting on the youthful mind. If the effect is for good it can hardly be too exciting, and if the associations are bad, the theatre itself is not culpable but rather those attending it, thus showing that the onus of proof rests on those who assert that the theatre is immoral. A bishop, at the Social Science Congress in Manchester, said that immoral plays were supported by the aristocratic classes, and that the taste and morals of the middle classes were much purer, and that he believed the theatre to be a powerful instrument for good; he said that an archdeacon, an acquaintance of his, had acknowledged that he had been saved from a gambler's fate by witnessing the play of the 'Gamester.' When we think that for years the clergy have, with bigoted zeal, endeavoured to make people think that theatres were hot-houses of sin, it is extremely pleasant to read such sentiments as the above, coming from the lips of high dignitaries. On the other hand, it will be said that for one example of good effected, a great many may be given showing that a great deal of harm has been done. I think, if these cases be carefully examined into, it will be found that the evil has come from the abuse of theatrical pleasure, or over-indulgence, or, perhaps, the persons upon whom it has had an evil effect were immoral otherwise and merely 'took in' the theatre in their course of dissipation. Recently the aldermen of the city of Montreal, in a fit of what we suppose would be called by sentimental moralists righteous indignation, met with the purpose of endeavouring to prevent a dramatic representation from taking place on Christmas Day. A minister of that charitable (?) persuasion, the Methodist, also in a cowardly manner attacked the private character of a defenceless woman—he spoke without knowledge and without charity, and must now be assured that his attack has only reflected discredit upon himself. It is evident that many are straining at gnats and swallowing camels—the desecration of the Sabbath is no novelty here.

Those who are stained with gross moral defects, are sometimes, perhaps very often, possessed of noble qualities; and it is questionable whether they do not really exert a greater influence upon men than those whose morals are of the milk-and-water type. It seems to be the case that there are characters in whom the proportions of morality and immorality are perhaps about equal; and these characters conceal their immoralities and show their moralities as prominently as possible to the world in an unctuous sort of way. The unobservant and careless spectator does not discriminate between this moral hypocrisy and the true moral life. The appearance is taken for the reality. We have all met with, in everyday life, the person who, by a dignified reserve and a solemn face, together with a few expressive gestures, succeeds in gaining a reputation for extreme cleverness, erudition, and intellectuality. Any attempt made by one suspicious of his abilities is baffled by the dignified reserve of this superior being. He may manage to go through this life without discovery; but he leaves no impress upon his time—he will be unknown to posterity. The resemblance between this individual's career and that of the previously described moralists is very close—the moralist specimen being more common. This is a sad evidence of the superficiality of the present age. An intellectual man developed has been defined as 'one who knows everything of something and something of everything;' a moral man may be defined as one who knows not bigotry and practises charity. Those who deny any rights to the drama cannot properly lay claim to come within either of these definitions. They refuse to examine or criticise the merits or demerits, and, by lowering the position of the theatre, think that they elevate themselves—rather a pharisaical mode of argument. The individual critic or scientist in these days is not so prominent nor so influential as he was; theories, problems, and literary successes, come in what may be called oases of plenty; and it would appear, in fact it must be the case if we believe in any sort of theory of progression, that these oases are dependent upon and are the natural effects of antecedent causes. Just so sure as dissipation brings physical ruin, do bigotry and mental oppression bring revolt; and it is sad to think what evil bigoted human actions have caused in this way, though the persons who performed them were actuated by good motives, but, through perverted vision, mistook the cruelty of a bigot for the zeal of a hero. 'Tis a curious study in psychology that a man sincerely wishing to do right does wrong.

Sappho.

HANS AND MARGUERITE.

It was in the dusk of the evening, and night's shadows were quickly gathering in the little German village through whose outskirts the lovers strolled.

They had left behind them the cottages, and had wandered off among the green fields and under the shade of the trees, behind which the sun had almost gone to rest.

It was an old story, the story of their loving. They had been betrothed since the girl was fourteen. It was well-nigh five years now, and on her nineteenth birthday they were to be married.

She was an orphan, and her snug dowry, lying so safely nestled away in the village bank, she had accumulated by the labour of her own hands. But a shade was on her lover's face to-night, and even in the shadow her quick eye discerned it.

"Sing to me Hans," she whispered, knowing that in song Hans Werter forgot all else.

After a moment's silence he obeyed her, and the sleepy birds woke in their nests and almost indignantly drew their heads from beneath the soft shelter of their wing, to listen to this strange, wonderful rival to the sweetness of their notes. The air was filled with the exquisite melody. It rang full, and clear and sweet. It sank down to the violets, as they stirred in the listening wind, then soared to the stars.

Poor little Marguerite! Hans' music always brought the moisture to her blue eyes, but to-night it seemed filled with something she had never heard before, and her little hands were tightly interlaced, and her red lips parted in a sort of painful ecstasy.

But at the close, she was all unprepared to see him and the last note in a dry sob, then fling himself down on the sward and bury his face in his hands.

"Hans, what is it?" she cried, sinking down beside him, and trying to raise his head upon her breast.

Was he weeping? She had never in all these years seen him thus moved. His powerful frame seemed shaken to its inmost centre by the torrent of emotion which swept over it.

Almost rudely, in his unconsciousness to all but his own suffering, he repulsed her, only the next moment to be filled with remorse.

Conquering himself by a mighty effort, he drew her to him with gentle force.

"Forgive me, dear," he said softly, "but never ask me to sing again, Marguerite. It only teaches me what I might have been and what I am. Think what it would be if I had the money to reach Italy! I could have the world at my feet, Marguerite—I could be great and famous! I know it—I feel it. But I am chained here, tending my herds and feeding my cattle, powerless to break the chains; I need so much money—so much, and I have so little. Though I sold all I have in the world, it would not bring me to my journey's end. No, no! I must give it all up; but never—never ask me to sing again?"

The girl answered him nothing as she stroked the hot brow with the little, cool hand, which, all browned and hardened as it was, fell very softly, very lovingly.

In her eyes he was a king, this shepherd-lad. Instinctively she knew that silence is oftentimes more healing than speech; and, besides, a wonderful, dazzling thought had crept into her own busy brain, and driven all lighter thought away.

Still silently they rose, and walked silently home. At the door of her little cottage, he stopped and kissed her on the brow, as they stood beneath the stars.

In two more months he was to share her cottage—the home left her by her dead parents—so they both had thought scarce an hour ago. To-night, Marguerite knew differently.

How much would it bring, the sale of this humble little shelter?

It was this problem which banished slumber through the long night hours. It was solved three days later, when the sum for its possession by strangers lay in her hands, and added to it the nest-egg from the bank, made in the child's eyes a fortune.

What mattered it that she was beggared? It was for Hans' sake! It was now her turn to be silent, as hand-in-hand they walked beneath the golden-studded sky.

She felt for the first time timid, almost afraid, in his presence. That she had performed an act of almost heroism she never dreamed. He was a hero; she but a little humble maiden, whose proudest duty was to serve him.

"Hans," she said at last, very softly, "I have been thinking, dear, since the other night, and—Hans, we won't be married yet awhile. A wife would only pull you down, instead of helping you soar to the birds, where you belong. I don't want you to think of me. I want you to go away and study to be a great singer."

In the gloom the man could see the pallor on the speaker's face, as it grew reflected on his own.

"Are you mad, Marguerite?" he questioned at last. "I've crushed the dream, child. Don't float it again before my fancy."

"You can't crush it, Hans; for it is no dream, but a very part of yourself, and that the highest, noblest part! Nor is it madness, Hans. See here!" and she unloosed the string of a little bag she held tightly clutched in her trembling hands, and showed to his dazzling eyes the glittering gold-pieces lying on a snug little pile of notes. "It's enough, Hans," she said, in answer to his gaze of utter bewilderment. "It's more than what I heard you once say would let you be taught for a whole year. And it's yours, Hans—all yours!"

And, as she spoke, she strove to thrust the bag within his grasp.

"Marguerite!"—she shrank from the sternness of his tone—"how did you get the gold?"

"Honestly!" she answered proudly. "The gold was to have been my dowry; the notes—I—I sold the cottage for these."

"You did this for me, and you think so meanly of me as that I would accept such sacrifice?"

His voice quivered as he spoke.

"Hans, I was to have been your wife," she whispered. "Who had the right if not I? Oh, I shall be so proud—so proud, some day, when you come back for your little Marguerite, and I shall be the wife of the great singer! They will point at me and say, 'Yes, he married this little nobody, this little Marguerite, but they say he loves her;' and they will think it strange that you should love me from your great height. But you won't forget to do that, Hans—ever, ever—will you, my love?"

"Never, until my voice forgets its music! I would pray to God to still it forever could my heart prove so false. Something within me, Marguerite, conquers myself. It is hope springing within my breast. I will take your money, little one, a sacred debt. Wait for me two years, fraulein. Then I will return to give you richest payment. I swear it, and I seal it with this kiss!"

* * * * *

Hans had gone, and Marguerite was left alone. She lived now in one little room, high up many stairs—up which she toiled wearily in the evening's gloom. There were no more restful walks under the stars now. She might have had lovers like other girls; but no, Hans must find her without reproach on his return. All day she had to labour from early dawn, even for the humble shelter now hers. Sometimes she was hungry, sometimes cold, but all mattered not to her. It was for Hans' sake.

The winter's icy breath but hastened the spring's blossoms, and their first fragrance would herald the incoming summer, which would make the year complete since Hans left, and there would only be another year to wait.

At long distances apart letters came. Oh, how eagerly Marguerite spelled them out! She slept with them under her pillow by night, and they sank and fell with every pulsation of her heart by day. Labour grew light, she even forgot her loneliness, for they told her that step by step Hans was nearing his goal.

Then there were weeks, aye months, when she heard nothing, and the child's figure grew thin and her cheek pale, while every night she would run breathlessly up to her room, only to find the table vacant, and that the postman had had no errand for her.

But one evening, when she had almost given up hope—when the great dread lest Hans should be ill, dying or dead, remorselessly shadowed her pathway—the silent messenger smiled her welcome. She burst into a passion of tears ere she broke the seal. I seemed as though the joy must kill her.

But at last she unfolded the sheet when something white and fluttering fell to the ground. She stopped to pick it up.

What did it mean? It was a little slip, with some figures in the corner. They represented the exact amount she had given Hans. Bewildered, she turned to the letter. Its first words explained:

"I pay you my debt. Think, my little dove, what it cost us, yet I earned it—earned it, Marguerite, on the very night of my *debut*. I have sung, and the people have listened. I looked about among all the faces—on all the young and beautiful women, with their eyes fixed upon me—but nothing inspired me. Then I thought of you, and looking into space I forgot them all, darling. There was your sweet pale face floating in the air; your blue eyes looking, not as theirs looked, but down into my soul, and I sang to you, darling—to you. The flowers rained at my feet. Great ladies tore the roses from their breasts, but I would have given them all, dearest, for one little wild blossom your hand had plucked. They say I will be rich and famous. I cannot tell—the world is fickle. The village banker will cash your order. But you need not buy back the little home. I am coming for you soon, to bring you to a cage better worthy my mountain-bird."

Again and again Marguerite read and re-read the spacious words. What cared she for the money? It had made Hans great.

"Going back to your native village—you, who have the world at your feet!" sighed one of Florence's most famous beauties as she looked into the young singer's eyes.

Six months had passed since he had paid his debt to Marguerite, and still he lingered. He had spent thrice that amount, since then, on a trinket to clasp some fair lady's arm. Did he, in holding it so lightly, forget that once it had

been a girl's all? Why, then, did the sigh the lady uttered find a response in his own breast?

"It is duty which calls me."

"Duty!" she murmured. "Are you sure it is not mistaken duty? All your life has changed, Herr Werter. If in the early time you pledged it to some rustic maiden, think—could she fill its measure now?"

The beauty's voice trembled. The cool softness of her flesh pressed lightly against his burning palm.

"And if I give her up," he said—"what then? *You* will be mine?"

But the "Yes" she uttered was hushed by the madness of his kisses.

And Marguerite watched and waited. He was coming; therefore he did not write.

"He is great now, Marguerite; he has forgotten you," the gossips said, while she turned her back upon them, in the hottest wrath her gentle spirit had ever known, that they dared thus malign him.

It was the second anniversary of the day which was to have celebrated her wedding, when they burst into her room.

"Ha, ha!" they said, "did we not tell you so?" pointing as they spoke to the paragraph in the paper which announced the betrothal of Herr Werter and the greatest beauty in all Florence.

"Leave me," she said, at last, when they looked to see what she would do. "I wish to be alone."

But one of kinder heart, after some hours had passed, stole back into the darkened room.

The child lay tossing in delirious fever, and the physician when called, shook his head.

The strain had been too great, he said. She must die.

On the third day after, as the watchers sat about the bed, a step sounded on the stairs. A man, stained with the dust of travel, burst impetuously into the room.

"Marguerite!" he exclaimed—"Marguerite!" Then he stopped, and gathered the import of the scene before him. "I did but falter!" he cried, falling on his knees at her bedside. "I come back, my wild German daisy, to tell you so. Oh, Marguerite, is it thus I pay my debt?"

Then, as though that voice must penetrate even the mists of fever, the blue eyes opened, a wonderful, ecstatic light in their depths.

"Hans," she whispered—"Hans! Forgive me for the doubt which killed me!"

And with the words—a dagger-thrust in his own remorseful heart—the spark of life flickered and went out.

Marguerite was dead! She who had lived for him died for him. They found the paper he had sent her among his letters.

Thus had he redeemed his debt? An empty slip of paper, worthless to all, to return to him, but bearing the interest of a broken heart.

MANAGING WOMEN.

The Managing Woman is one of the happiest of persons in creation. She is always up to her eyes in business. The business with which she prefers to meddle is that of other people. She will help you to a wife one day; she will show you how you ought to manage your house the next. Having decided that it is the bounden duty of Mr. Black and Miss White to make a match of it, she will get up a grand entertainment at her own house and invite them both to it, in order that they may be brought together. As they join their counters at a game of cards, or lurk in dark corners during the intervals between dances, or sit side by side at the festive board, she croons over them as a hen does over a brood of two chickens. She cannot keep her intense satisfaction to herself. She makes a grand tour of her rooms, and with a profusion of nods, shrugs, and winks gives her friends to understand that what in her own mind she desires is all but a settled thing. She will even go so far as to rally the objects of her tender attention with designs which they could not possibly have entertained if it had not been for her interference. Sometimes, of course, she spoils her game by precipitancy. But if her blundering brings about a fiasco so far as her plans are concerned, the last person she thinks of blaming is herself. She considers, in that case, that the young couple do not know what is good for them. In her eyes their position, their means, their temperaments, and what not are so suitable that it is a direct flying in the face of Providence for them to decline to do as she wishes, though it is not always possible for them to tell what she desires. Of course, she does not carry one out of every ten plans which she forms. But she seldom loses heart on that account. She forgets past failures in future prospects. She is so wrapped up with what she has in hand that she really has no time for mortification. Thus, she is one of those happily constituted mortals who are to be envied. Those, however, whom she takes under her wing have sometimes cause to feel anything but grateful for the attentions of which she makes them the recipients. A nervous young man does not like to hear that he is head over ears in love with, and is about to propose to, a fascinating young lady, and a fascinating young lady who has

yielded her heart to a bashful young man, whom she more than suspects of having a sneaking fondness for her, does not like to see him retire from laying siege to her affections because, through the well-intentioned bungling of a managing woman, he has been startled out of himself. These are only some of the more striking examples of the lady's manœuvring which might be cited. It would be a good thing if the managing woman confined her attentions to matchmaking. In that she does not clearly show that she is a selfish as well as domineering person; and so far as it is concerned the laws of social etiquette prevent her from being officiously meddling. But follow her to the home of one of her *protégées*, who has succeeded in getting a husband. Unless the house has been furnished under her control and direction she will, probably, make so many recommendations that the young wife may feel very much tempted to turn the kitchen into the dining room, the dining room into the drawing room, and the drawing room into the coal cellar, and will, probably, in sheer desperation, consequent on the tremendous amount of advice which has been given her, consent to commit one or two absurdities, which are sure to offend those most concerned, and which will, probably, have to be undone, in undisguised humiliation, sooner or later. The meddler may be expected to say what the young couple ought to have for dinner and when they should dine, how he should be clothed, etcetera. She may be listened to patiently for a while, but after that her officiousness offends, and it is possible that she may be given to understand that she would be the more appreciated if she took less upon herself. Then she, in turn, is mortified. But in her mortification she retains a lively sense of her own wisdom and the weakness, if not folly, of those who decline to profit by her wisdom, and that solaces her somewhat. All the same, those who will not continue to bow to her dictation must not expect to remain basking in the sunlight of her smiles. It is seemingly impossible for her to love those who will not, in some measure, defer to her judgment and follow her lead. Even when she associates herself with philanthropic movements, she cannot brook rivalry so far as the direction of affairs is concerned. She may start a Sunday school and for a while do good work in it. But unless she is allowed to mould the teachers, as well as the scholars, and to manage everything, even to the selection of the bun loaf for the annual treat, it is very unlikely that she will continue to have anything to do with it. Unknown, perhaps, to herself her ambition is to be a sort of universal social pope—it is possible that she would, if she could, decide how all people should be dressed, how malekind should wear their beards, and at what hours the old and the young should go to bed. But the present is not an era in which social popes are likely to flourish. There are so many persons anxious to be popes, believing that in their personalities is a concentration of the spirit of wisdom of the ages, that it is extremely difficult for any would-be social pope to make much head-way.—*The Liberal Review.*

POINTS OF ROYAL ETIQUETTE.

General society is now very frequently brought into contact with royalty—members of the Royal Family of England, and members of various royal families of Europe. With our sovereign herself this association is of less frequent occurrence as regards the general public, owing to her partial withdrawal from all the gaieties and festivities of society at large; but persons possessing special interest are, as heretofore, constantly brought into communication with Her Majesty. The geniality of the English princes and princesses is everywhere acknowledged; they give and accept hospitality in a manner that confers pleasure both upon the entertained and the entertainers. Strict Court etiquette is greatly in abeyance and laid aside by Her Majesty when paying visits of condolence, or when receiving from individuals in her private apartments; and this etiquette is equally dispensed with by all the members of the royal family, with but one or two exceptions, when visiting at the houses of the nobility and gentry in both north and south.

The etiquette that reigns in foreign courts—Austria, Russia, Greece, &c.—is seldom waived, and is adhered to with much punctilio. So much so is this the case with certain foreign princes who visit our shores, that the observances they claim as due to their exalted position are a great restraint upon the hosts whom they honour with their company, in town or country, at dinner, ball, or country-house party. Again, other royal personages who occasionally visit us are as unbending and as unceremonious as the most amiable of hosts could desire.

When royal personages visit London for a few weeks, whether located at palace, embassy, or hotel, it is etiquette for any person who is personally acquainted with or connected in any way with their Court or cabinet, or any English person who has been presented at their court, to leave cards on them, and write their names in their visiting book. Persons still higher in the social scale give receptions in their honour, and invite them to stay at their princely mansions. When such visits are paid by either English or foreign princes to county magnates the principal neighbours are invited to meet the royal guests at dinner, ball, or reception; and on the invitation card is written "To meet H. R. H. the Crown Prince of —" or "Her Serene Highness the

Grand Duchess of —" &c. But a hostess exercises her own discretion respecting the invitations she issues. If a ball is in contemplation, the county at large is invited to the mansion; but if dinner invitations only are issued, then the circle is necessarily restricted, and only a favoured few are bidden to the feast. The heart burnings and disappointments experienced by those who are left out of the charmed circle only those well versed in county society can thoroughly estimate. No after attention on the part of a hostess can soothe feelings that have been thus ruffled, or can efface the supposed slight; whereas a hostess is sometimes rather to be pitied than blamed. She is compelled to study the humour of her royal guest, and to give those entertainments likely to prove agreeable to his or her taste; and she must, therefore, invite those in the county whom the royal or imperial guest would most care to meet.

The arrival of a royal personage in any county, more especially if it is one remote from London, occasions quite a flutter of excitement, and raises the temperature of county society several degrees higher as far as the feelings of the ladies are concerned. The gentlemen take things more quietly. If there is to be a lawn meet, the sportsmen hope there will be a good run as much for their sakes as for that of the prince who is amongst them; and a good field always turns out in honour of the prince or princess, duke or duchess, as the case may be.

The neighbours who are not invited to a house where a royal guest is staying would avoid calling on the hostess until the departure of the royal visitor, even if calls were due, unless they had been absent from the county, and their return was not known to the hostess.

The principal people of a county who happen to be present at an entertainment, either dinner or dance, are usually introduced to the royal guests by the host or hostess, permission to do so having been first solicited. If the person to be introduced were a person of rank or distinction, it would only be necessary to say, "May I introduce Lord A. or General B. to you, Sir?" but if the person to be introduced had no particular rank beyond being popular in the county, a little preamble would be made to the request, such as "May I introduce a neighbour of ours to you, Ma'am, Mr. A., or Mrs. B.?" and if either of these individuals was remarkably clever, rich, or in any way excellent, his or her especial excellency would be mentioned. If the name or fame of those introduced has reached the ears of the royal guests, they usually shake hands on the introduction being made, and enter into conversation with them, otherwise they merely bow, and make one or two passing remarks. The house party itself is generally composed of those with whom the royal guest is more or less acquainted, and if the party should include a stranger or two, and their position warrants it, they are introduced on the first opportunity. In forming a house party to meet a royal guest personal acquaintance is one of the principal points to be considered, as the success of the party in no little measure depends upon it. These visits do not extend beyond three or four days, and there would be little time for total strangers to become acquainted; besides which, all the members of the royal family have each their particular set, as have also the foreign princes who periodically visit this country; and therefore, the house party is made up as far as possible of those moving in the set of the expected prince.

To turn to another point of etiquette, viz., the manner in which royal personages are addressed in social life, Her Majesty is addressed as Ma'am by the nobility and gentry, and by the ladies and gentlemen of her household and the upper professional classes. The word ma'am is not pronounced as if it were spelt "Mum," neither is it abbreviated nor yet drawn out into Marm, but is pronounced as if it were spelt Mam. All other classes than those enumerated address the Queen as "Your Majesty." The princesses are addressed individually as Ma'am by the upper classes, and as Your Royal Highness by the other classes. The royal Duchesses of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Teck are also styled Ma'am, as are foreign Arch-duchesses and Grand Duchesses and Crown Princesses, but the wives of foreign princes are simply styled Princess when addressed by the upper classes, as are the daughters of princes, although in this case the Christian name occasionally follows the title; by other classes they are styled "Your Serene or Imperial Highness," according to their rank. The Prince of Wales and the members of the royal family are respectively styled Sir by the upper classes, and Your Royal Highness by all others.

In addressing royal personages by letter the envelope would bear the full title, and the letter would commence, if to an English prince, Dear Sir; foreigners would be addressed by letter as Dear Prince B., or Dear Princess C. With regard to inviting royalty to assist at the opening of any public undertaking, with which request they are ever ready to comply, the request is in the first instance made through one of the members of a royal household by those who are not in a position to make a direct request to royalty.—*The Queen.*

HENDERSON'S CHRISTMAS CARDS are deservedly meeting with a large sale; they depict national scenes and sports, and are much more befitting than the imported cards. They are well executed and are faithful delineations, being a credit both to the designer and publisher. In sending them to friends in warmer climes, the appropriateness of the subjects is evident.

OYSTERS.

There is no doubt that Tilburina was right, and that an oyster may be crossed in love. The present generation has indeed succeeded in crossing vast numbers of oysters in love, and very lamentable has the result been. The conditions necessary for the increase of the species have been interfered with, and the pleasures of love and the hope of posterity—to borrow an expression from Macaulay—denied to many an oyster. Owing to over-dredging and disregard of close time, the best liked of shell-fish cannot breed properly on our coasts, and in consequence there has been for some time past an oyster famine, which seems to grow worse and worse. Like cigars, oysters have become enormously dearer of late; and, unlike cigars, they are appreciated and liked by all. Dr. Richardson and other wise people, and a good many excellent people, think that it would be well for mankind if the supply of tobacco were to come to an end; but no human being, at least no rational human being, could think without the deepest pain of a total cessation of the supply of oysters. Such a cessation, however, so far as regards the coasts of this country, seems only too likely. Early in the seventeenth century, they rose from 4d. to 1s. a bushel, defying the edict of a Lord Mayor of London who had settled for good what their value was to be. After the lapse of two centuries the supply failed in part, and, all regulations to the contrary notwithstanding, the value of oysters rose, and continued to rise, until in 1634 they cost 8s. a bushel—a terrible price, according to the ideas of the times. With oysters, as with mankind, history repeats itself. Now, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, we have the same visitation which afflicted our ancestors. A huge demand, stimulating the greed of poor men who of course think only of the moment, has led in our own time to precisely similar results. The oyster grounds have grown more and more bare, and before very long we shall probably be dependent upon the foreign supply. How inferior are foreign oysters, including even those from America, are to natives need hardly be said, and there is assuredly no need to point out how desirable it is that measures should be taken to prevent oysters from becoming extinct on our coast. As to what those measures should be there will probably be considerable difference of opinion. Those which have been taken up to the present time have proved useless, and it is clear that other and more stringent regulations are required. Apparently the beds can only be maintained in a satisfactory state by keeping them stocked with the indigenous shell-fish. Foreign oysters have been relaid on parts of our coast, but the oyster has, it seems, tastes and preferences like creatures of more complete development, and—whatever his mysterious method of breeding may be—he steadily declines to follow it in strange bays, or, at least if he does breed, his progeny refuse to remain in alien waters, and, in some manner not yet understood of man, take themselves off. With natives it is very different. What constitutes a parent stock, and how its preservation is to be enforced by law, are of course difficult questions; but it is better to grapple with difficult questions than to let natives disappear altogether, and a Government which has produced a Ground Game Bill, and has certainly no undue regard for vested rights, may well be asked to preserve oysters by some heroic legislation from indiscriminate destruction. Arguments have, it is true, been brought forward in favour of that unlimited dredging which leaves the ground almost bare; but, to show what their nature is, it is only necessary to refer to one of them. It has been alleged that, unless the beds are kept "clean" by constant dredging, the five-fingers, the whelks, the tunicles, and other objectionable creatures will destroy the oysters. In other words, unless the beds are cleaned by taking out of them all the oysters and parasites, the latter will prey on the former. Oysters are to be exterminated in order to exterminate the parasites. This remarkable view certainly resembles that of the parent who cut his little boy's head off to cure him of squinting; and it would be a waste of time to refute the arguments of those who are capable of committing themselves to such nonsense. That over-dredging, and especially dredging in close time, is one of the principal causes of the present scarcity seems beyond a doubt, and though there may be considerable difficulty in putting a stop to it, some effort should be made to preserve natives for the delight of rich and poor alike. A legislative measure on the subject would be acceptable to both parties, provided it were not timidly drawn. Tories would be gratified by legislation which resembles that of our ancestors, who, as has been shown, made several attempts to put a stop to the indiscriminate destruction of oysters; and Liberals would like the proposed law, as being high-handed and despotic. Another legislative measure, of a different kind, we will venture to suggest as a corollary to this one. In one respect a beneficial result might have been expected from the oyster famine. The raw oyster is infinitely superior to the raw mussel; but, on the other hand, the cooked mussel is, as the French found out long ago, very much better than the cooked oyster; and it was not perhaps too much to expect that, when oysters became very dear, English cooks would find out the merits of the mussel; but English cooks are a stubborn race. Might they not, however, be forced to learn? Might not the legislators who have said that under no circumstances whatever shall the landlord have the ground game say that under no circumstances whatever shall oysters be cooked, and make dressing them punishable by fine and imprison-

ment? How much good would the result of such a law! Excellent food hitherto neglected would be introduced at monotonous English tables, and the destruction of oysters would be necessarily to some extent checked.—*Saturday Review.*

BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

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

CHAPTER VII.

"I want to speak to you, Gretchen," she says, a few minutes later, standing on the threshold of the door that divides their bedrooms, and that as a rule stands open.

"Then come in," says Gretchen, gladly; "and do shut the door behind you, Kitty. You look important; and to talk comfortably with a dark gulf yawning behind one is impossible."

Kitty closes the door, and, going up to Gretchen, draws her down on the sofa beside her.

"I want to tell you something," she says, with curious diffidence, not so much taking Gretchen's hand as slipping her own into it. There is a hesitation in her manner foreign to it,—a want of confidence. She had felt no nervousness when speaking to her mother, but now that it comes to making her confession to Gretchen a new and strange emotion overpowers her. A faint choking sensation in her throat compels her to pause as though for breath; and Gretchen, who is blessed with the quick sensibility that makes the joys and griefs of others as our own, tightens her fingers upon hers, and says, in her gentlest tone,—

"You need tell me nothing, dearest; I know all about it. When you returned from your walk this afternoon I raised my head by chance just as he was handing you your tea, and,"—with a little laugh,— "though I have never been engaged, I knew perfectly well all in one moment how it was with you."

"And how was it?"

"Sir John had just asked you to be his wife, and you had said yes. I knew it by the way he looked at you and you at him. There was something in both your eyes I had never seen there before."

"You are a witch," says Kitty, smiling too. "Yes, it is all true."

"And you are happy, darling?"

"Very—very,"—somewhat dreamily.

Gretchen, looking at her, ponders for a little, and then says,—

"Of course, I won't ask you what he said, dear; I suppose that no one would quite like to tell that. But was he nice, Kitty?"

"Yes," says Kitty; and then there is a pause. "I must tell you about it, Gretchen," she says, at length, a touch of desperation in her tone. "I don't mind saying it to you, but—but I think he seemed a little too sure of my answer." The hot blush that accompanies these words betrays the fact that she "doesn't mind," and betrays the fact that, but for the uncontrollable longing to open her heart to some one, the confession would never have been made.

"I think that is the most natural thing in the world," replies Gretchen, quietly. "Of course he knew you would accept him. He understood perfectly you were not the sort of girl to smile upon his attentions for so long without meaning to say yes. I myself despise a woman who leads a man to propose to her, merely for the gratification of her own vanity, and so I am sure, does he. I really think," says Gretchen, warming to her work, "he paid you a very high compliment when he showed himself sure of your consent."

"Do you, Gretchen?" asks Kitty, wistfully.

"Yes, I do,"—stoutly. "And I think, too, it was very honest of Sir John not to pretend to have doubts on the subject. I think even better of him in consequence." Then impulsively, "What beautiful eyes you have, Kitty! If I were a man I should love you for them alone."

Every good woman likes a compliment. At this allusion to her eyes Kitty smiles and brightens perceptibly for a moment, after which she relapses into her former depression.

"That is not all. There was another thing," she says, doubtfully. "He had spoken to me for quite twenty minutes, and I had accepted him, and all that, before—before he kissed me."

"Do you know, Kitty, you surprise me?" says Gretchen, with much gravity. "Would you have him kiss you just at first, all in a hurry, before you had time to collect yourself? I think he behaved most delicately. I admire him more and more. And, besides,—certainly no one has ever yet proposed to me," says Gretchen, hopefully,— "but perhaps they all behave like that."

"Charley Dyneford didn't," says Kitty, shaking her head. "You remember I told you about him. He wanted to kiss me even before he proposed."

"I always thought that Mr. Dyneford must have been a very rude young man," says Gretchen, with decision, determined to uphold her argument at all hazards.

"Well, he really wasn't," Kitty answers, with palpable regret. At this moment she would have been glad to believe Charley Dyneford "a rude young man." "He was very gentle, and always as he ought to be."

"I much prefer Jack's conduct," says Gretchen, unflinchingly.

"Perhaps you won't when I tell you more," goes on Kitty, with some nervousness. "When at last he did kiss me, he did it suddenly, and without asking my permission."

"I should think not, indeed," says Gretchen, abandoning instantly and with the most glaring audacity the support of modesty. "To ask your permission when you had just told him with your own lips you would be his wife! I never heard of such a thing, my dear Kitty; no, neither in prose nor poetry. I'm sure I hope no one will ever ask my leave to kiss me, because I should feel it my duty to say no, and I might be sorry ever afterwards."

At this they both laugh. And then Kitty says,—

"I wish I could be quite sure he loves me with all his heart."

"Then be sure," returns Gretchen, earnestly. "When had I guessed the

truth, I could not help watching you both, to see how—how things would go on, you know. And in the drawing room to-night I saw when you spoke how he grew suddenly silent, as though he should listen to your voice. When you moved, his eyes followed you; and when you laughed he looked as if he should like to get up that very moment and kiss you on the spot. Kitty," says Gretchen, solemnly, "I am absolutely certain he adores you!"

"Oh, Gretchen, what a darling you are!" exclaims Kitty, with a sudden passion of gratitude. "How shall I thank you? You have almost freed me from thoughts that worried and tormented me. Yes, they were foolish thoughts and I was wrong to doubt." Laying her head on Gretchen's shoulder, she bursts into tears, and sobs unrestrainedly for a few minutes, with Gretchen's arms around her.

"It is only—" she falters, presently, making a desperate effort to control her emotion.

"I know," says Gretchen, tenderly: "you are crying because you are so happy: is not that it? Joy can claim tears as well as sorrow. And I think it is quite the sweetest thing you could do."

Perhaps Gretchen herself hardly understands her own meaning, but Kitty accepts her sympathy and sobs on contentedly. She might, indeed, be crying now, but that a low knock at the door arouses them.

"Never mind, Cole," says Gretchen, addressing the maid outside on the landing. "You need not wait. I shall do Miss Tremaine's hair to-night, and she will do mine."

Whereupon Cole, obedient,—albeit devoured with curiosity,—departs.

"Now sit down," says Gretchen, pushing Kitty gently into a seat before a glass, "and let me brush your hair. What lovely hair! It is like silk or satin, only prettier than either."

"What a lover you would make!" returns Kitty, with a faint smile.

When the hair is brushed and rolled into a loose coil behind her head, Gretchen, sinking on her knees beside her sister, says, coaxingly,—

"And when is it to be, Kitty?—I mean, when will Sir John take you away from us?"

"He spoke of the end of November, and said something about wintering in Rome."

"Only a few months; such a very few! And are you really going to be married, my dear, dear Kitty, and am I going to lose you? Do you remember, darling, how we learned our first prayers together,—and our lessons,—and how we were always praised and blamed together?"

"No, no. The blame was always mine, the praise yours. Gretchen, why do you speak to-night of the old fond memories?"

"Because they seem so close to me and yet so near their end. It may sound selfish, darling, but I can't help wondering how I shall manage to live without you."

"You sha'n't manage it,"—quickly. "You shall come to stay with me; and then you shall marry some great Duke (only he will never be great enough for you), and live always near me,"—caressing with loving fingers the soft fair hair lying on her lap. "Do you know I look forward to the time when you will come to see me as a guest in my own house with almost greater joy than I do to anything else? Now, Gretchen, if you cry I shall be angry, and I shall certainly begin all over again to myself, and then my eyes will be red to-morrow, and I shall tell Jack the cause of it, and he will give you such a scolding as you never got in all your life before."

"I think I should like to sleep with you to-night, Kitty," says Gretchen, tearfully, whereat Kitty—whose turn his now to adopt the role of comforter—laughs gayly, and giving her a heavy hug, assures her she would not part from her to-night for love or money, and presently they are both asleep, clasped in each other's arms resembling

A union in partition,
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kitty's engagement makes little difference in the household. Sir John has been coming and going incessantly for weeks that now his more frequent visits cause no change, and hardly any comment. Every one treats him as though he were a second Brandy; and Brandy treats him as though he were indeed a brother,—a considerably younger brother,—giving it as his opinion that Blunden is a "jolly good fellow all around." Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine are quite satisfied on all points. Gretchen is sympathetic, and even Flora has been graciously pleased to say a few cautious words in his favour.

"But," says the youngest Miss Tremaine, quoting her nurse, "'If you want to know me, come live with me;' and"—in a darkly mysterious tone—"we have none of us lived with Sir John yet." Whereupon Brandy says, "he hopes not," in a voice severe but significant; and Mrs. Tremaine despatches Flora on some impossible mission.

But even Flora's awful insinuation fails to damp Kitty's spirits, who is happy and content, Sir John's behaviour ever since the memorable Thursday being all that the most exacting could require. Dugdale too has, of course, been taken into confidence, and has said all the charming things one generally does say on such occasions, whether one means it or not.

It is now October,—dreary, damp, and cold.

"When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;" and now in truth the leaves are falling, and flowers are dead, and the cruel cutting wind speeds madly over barren lawns and loveless woods and colourless plains, striking terror to the hearts of shivering birds.

Dugdale has made several faint efforts to leave his present kindly quarters and go home, but the attempts have been pooh-poohed and set aside with determination by every member of the family. He has had rather a troublesome cough of late, and Mrs. Tremaine has nursed him tenderly herself, and done for him all that mother might do for son. Indeed, so much has helplessness—and perhaps his beauty—gained on all hearts at the Towers that his talk of departure has been sneered down by them with a will.

It may be that they have not found it a very difficult task to persuade him to remain. Long since he has discovered, and confessed to his inmost self

that to be where Gretchen is, to him is happiness. But keenest pleasure borders upon pain; and for all the hours of sweetness gained when in her presence he pays an exorbitant price when her absence makes itself felt.

"Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noontide night."

And when night falls, and silence reigns, and hope lies bleeding,—when all things stand out plainly as they are, and kind deception flies, and the barrenness and loneliness of his life betray themselves in all their hideous nakedness,—then it is that despair conquers him, and his heart cries aloud in its passionate vain regret.

As love has been forbidden him, why has he been permitted to love,—to centre every thought upon one object with all the fervor and intensity of a happier man? Each hour of the day he sees her, hears her voice, feels, it may be, the cool touch of her beloved hand as she arranges his pillows, and marks with greedy eyes the gentle smile that always lights her face as she draws near him.

There is another—even a deeper—grief than the knowledge that he can never be more to her than he now is, that lies hidden in his breast, and that he hardly dares to drag from its hiding-place or let his secret love dwell upon. It is a belief he shrinks from, although hour by hour it grows stronger with him. Why had she blushed yesterday when he made that little foolish speech, half fanciful, half tender? Why had that faint look of distress crossed her face last Monday when he spoke again of his return to Laxton? Can it be possible that, had fate proved less unkind, she might—might—

It is this trouble that overpowers all others,—the thought that he need not always have been indifferent to her, the intolerable fancy that he might perhaps have been allowed to win her, had he been as other men are. He has grown paler, thinner, more silent, of late, more feverishly restless in Gretchen's absence, more desperately though secretly jealous of Tom Scarlett's constant visits. Yet so strongly riveted is the chain that binds him to the Towers that he dares not break it,—to fly from a passion that threatens to wreck the little peace that still remains to him.

(To be continued.)

THE BLUSHING BONNET.

"A 'Blushing Bonnet' for the benefit of would-be bashful ladies has lately been invented. Hidden behind the strings are two tiny steel springs, which, by the wearer merely drooping the head, are brought to bear upon the temporal arteries, thus causing a charming blush at any appropriate moment."—*Fashionable Rev.*

Choose old-world bard what theme he may

For epic or for sonnet,

'Tis mine to chant a modern lay

And sing the Blushing Bonnet.

In past unscientific days

The girls would blush at random,

And glow perforce at our young praise

As through the dance we'd hand 'em.

'Twas then the heart: 'tis now the head—

Or rather what is on it,

When blushes natural were fled

Art gave the Blushing Bonnet.

The "temporals" respond you see,

Each time your sweet brow bent is.

(Did Phylliss know anatomy

When I was in my twenties?)

Away with rouge! The "tell-tale blood"

Obeys when'er you don it—

This crown of vestal maidenhood—

This bashful Blushing Bonnet!

At will unmoved you may remain,

Or feign confusion gentle,

The "eligible" to retain,

Or snub the "detrimental."

And since on bashfulness we're bent

We'll fast improve upon it,

And other coy coiffures invent

Besides the Blushing Bonnet.

We'll aid the modest demoiselle

And eke the matron frisky

Their soft embarrassment to tell

When talk or play grows "risky."

Then here's a text for all who'd gush

In epic or in sonnet—

'Twas not before we'd cause to blush

Appeared the Blushing Bonnet.

[Gordon Gun in The Graphic,

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

It is distinctly to be borne in mind that we do not by inserting letters convey any opinion favourable to their contents. We open our columns to all without leaning to any; and thus supply a channel for the publication of opinions of all shades, to be found in no other journal in Canada.

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

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—In an editorial in the SPECTATOR of the 4th inst., in regard to my remarks on history in McGill College, you thus concluded, "Those statements of correspondents which are the results of inaccurate information, we may suffer to pass unnoticed." Exactly. Any statements that I made, which are the result of inaccurate information, and are thus inaccurate and wrong in themselves, I hope shall be passed unnoticed. But when my statements are correct, and the assertion is made but not proven, that they are not so, I think I may be allowed to answer, although I may trespass on your valuable space. There is no ordinary history taught in McGill College. You answer "that some specimens of the *English examination papers* will be published to give the public some idea of the tenor and scope of the work done at our University." In the first place *English examination papers* have very little to do with *history*. Again, *English examination papers* and also *history examination papers* have been published before; but the public must remember that the greater part of the history asked in those examination papers *has never been taught in the College*, but has been acquired by the students from *outside sources*.

"It also appears that History is not a university course, raised to the dignity of Classics and Mathematics." Quite true. But I maintain that it should be. Should the study of Classics and Mathematics be considered more important and occupy a greater length of time than the study of our own Language and Literature? This is a question which has been widely discussed and the almost universal reply is, "No, they should not. If there is to be a division, let it be an equal one."

Again, you say, "there is a course of lectures on History." A magnificent course! Whilst the announcement of Classics occupies nearly a page, the announcement of History is comprised in this somewhat vague and laconic sentence. "The Professor of History will deliver a course of Lectures on some period of Modern History, of which due notice will be given." What is that course of Lectures? What period of Modern History do they embrace? and when is the due notice given? are some of the questions, which are easily asked but I am afraid not so easily answered.

"Still History forms a distant feature of the examination for the ordinary degree." All the History asked in the examinations for the ordinary degree, is a few events of English History as found in any school text-book. But no matter how many features of the examinations History may form, the point, the undisputed point, is that no ordinary History *is taught*.

You say "It is an easy matter to fill the pages of calendars with the titles of books which the students are not supposed to read, and which, in some instances, at least, are not to be found in the libraries of the universities themselves." Quite true. I agree with that statement. There are many books, mentioned in the Calendar of McGill, which the student is not supposed to read, and which cannot be found in the library of the University itself. Here again, I repeat, there is as much History taught in one year at Toronto University as there is in the whole four years at McGill. I may add, in the University of Harvard there are only six Professors of History, and others take it up incidentally.

One of my points you have not noticed and with it by your silence you seem to acquiesce. It is a very important point—the teaching of Canadian History. If all my other statements were inaccurate and wrong, which I am glad to say was not the case, at least it cannot be said that Canadian History is taught, in any form in our colleges. I say again, should it not be? Francis Parkman, the *American* historian, has spent his life in writing on Canadian History; McGill itself recognized his labours by conferring on him last year the title LL.D. Surely then Canadian History is not unimportant. It is needed in nearly all the professions and especially in the profession of law.

Permit me now to bring my statements forward once again; not inaccurate and wrong statements, but true and correct ones. There is no ordinary history taught in McGill College as is done in other universities. History is not raised to the dignity of classics and mathematics, which should be done. And there is no Canadian history taught at our universities and this especially should be looked to. When these statements are proven to be the result of inaccurate information and wrong in themselves, but not before, I hope they shall be passed unnoticed.

Yours truly

Musical.

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

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

CHURCH CONCERTS.

Anyone residing for a time in Montreal, cannot fail to be struck with the multiplicity of musical entertainments given in connection with the various churches with which our city is so bountifully supplied. Is an addition to the spire of the church contemplated, a new parsonage to be erected, or any improvement made in connection with the edifice or its appointments, the means taken to raise money is almost invariably a concert, to which all those interested are expected to go, whether or not they appreciate the performance *per se*. In vain do those importuned to purchase tickets plead that they neither understand nor care for music, or that they understand it too well to feel comfortable at the performance; the object of the entertainment is pictured vividly before their imagination, and social ostracism awaits all those who resist the pathetic appeal.

One would think that a more straightforward mode of procedure would be to ask directly for a contribution towards effecting the desired object, but somehow or another people seem to imagine that the concert ticket is a sort of *quid pro quo*, which relieves the importunate seller from assuming altogether the position of a mendicant. Many poor victims would gladly pay the price of a few tickets were they exempted from the painful duty of attending these performances; but their absence would be construed as a slur on the reputation of the performers, and so they are forced *volens nolens* to endure what is to many not only a bore, but a species of refined torture.

In Montreal we are blessed with many churches, and nearly every one of these has its annual, semi-annual, or monthly concert; yet (with the exception of the surroundings) we would defy a person attending these entertainments to distinguish any of them from another. St. Mark's Church gives a concert, and borrows the principal members of St. Mathew's and St. Luke's or St. Swithin's; St. Matthew's in turn is famous with the assistance of the members of St. Swithin's and St. Marks, Miss Jones of St. Luke's, Miss Smith of St. Mark's and Mr. Robinson of St. Swithin's being the principal soloists on every occasion. The programmes, too, vary but little, solos and choruses being in every case taken from Haydn's *Creation* or Handel's *Messiah* interspersed with "How lovely are the Messengers" and "Rocked in the cradle of the deep."

Some church choirs, more enterprising than others, engage artists to give an air of (musical) respectability to their concerts, demanding, as a matter of course, a reduction of fees in consideration of the object of the entertainment, a reduction which we are sorry to say, many artists foolishly submit to, unconscious of the fact that they are, figuratively speaking, cutting their own throats by appealing at such concerts at all, as persons who have listened to an artist repeatedly *ex officio*, are hardly to be expected to rush to hear him voluntarily again, those outsiders who pay twenty-five cents to hear an artist at a church concert, can hardly be expected to give a dollar to hear the same pieces by the same performer.

If the members of a choir feel that they have not sufficient scope for the exercise of their talents on Sunday, let them by all means perform on Monday or any other day, charging if they please a fee for admission, but let it be understood that the performance is to be judged on its merits, and that no artist is to be importuned to enter into competition with himself and his brother musicians on account of a *worthy object*, in which he is no more interested than any other citizen. The Corporation does not supply water to churches *gratis*, neither does the Gas Company supply them with gas free of charge on account of any worthy object they may further, yet a musician is supposed to play or sing at a low rate (or perhaps for nothing at all) for those who systematically and perpetually ruin his business. Shopkeepers cry out (and we think with some reason) against the bazaars and sales of merchandise carried on by church people who pay neither license nor taxes; but the baneful effect of this kind of traffic on trade is not to be compared to the effect of church concerts on the musical profession and the advancement of art, and we certainly think that when churches are used as, and come into competition with, music halls, they should cease to be exempt from taxation. How are our concert halls to pay if every one of our many churches is devoted to the music-trade? How are our musicians to earn a living if every church-choir exercises the functions of a concert-troupe?

We have no hope that our Corporation will act justly and tax all churches used as concert-halls, neither do we expect that church people will cease to inflict their ever-recurring concerts on the public; but we do hope that the members of the profession will for once unite in setting their faces against them, refusing to take part in any but purely musical entertainments. As regards amateurs, no ladies or gentlemen worthy of the name would (after reflection) wilfully work against the advancement of that art they profess to love, either by attending or taking part in any such performances.

PIANO RECITAL.

Miss Zulime Holmes gave a piano recital in the rooms of the New York Piano Co. on Saturday afternoon, which was largely attended. The programme was well selected and admirably performed, serving not only to display a finished *technique*, but also to exhibit the various excellent qualities of the *Weber "Baby Grand,"* an instrument which that enterprising firm have made a speciality.

MADAME CARRENO.

This accomplished Artist contemplates giving a series of piano recitals in the Queen's Hall early in January. The subscription list is now open, and we earnestly advise all students of piano music not to miss a single performance. Madame Carreno has few equals as a pianiste, and a recital by her is worth a host of lessons.

WE have received letters from Musicians and Amateurs concurring in the views expressed in our article of last week. We are sorry we have not space to publish them, but are glad we have awakened public interest in the matter, and hope much good may result to all.

Chess.

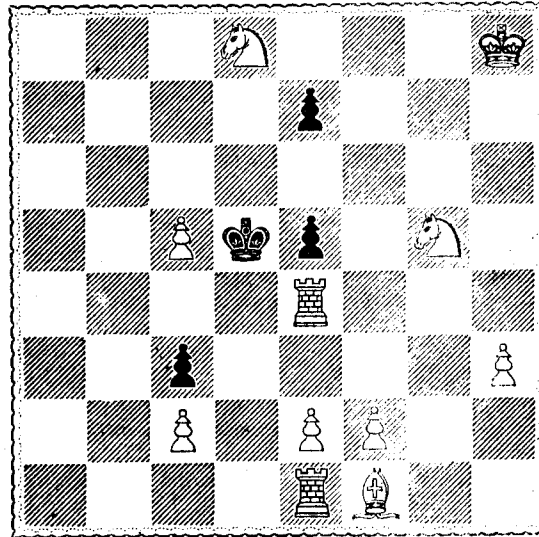
Montreal, December 25th, 1880.

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

PROBLEM NO. CXVII.

By Mr. J. Thursby, Trinity College, Cambridge. For the CANADIAN SPECTATOR.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS INTELLIGENCE.

To the Chess Editor CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—A position has been submitted to me as occurring in a game in the Hamilton Chess Correspondence Tourney, where, after the eighth move of Black, who had lost a Queen for a Knight (through incaution in transmitting a move), the Conductor of the Tourney appears to have confirmed Black's claim that White should mate in fifty moves or the game be drawn. The Tourney, as I am informed, was held under the rules laid down in Staunton's Chess Praxis.

The "counting fifty moves" rule found in the Praxis published in 1860, and in the Theory and Practice of Staunton and Wormald published in 1876, contains a clause enabling either player who considers that his adversary can "force the game," to submit the case to the Umpire, who is to decide whether the rule shall apply.

Considering the galling blunder that he had committed, one cannot be so much surprised that Black should seek to avail himself of any technical escape, and if he were unaware of the history and meaning of this rule he may have appealed to the Umpire in good faith. To my mind, however, it is astounding that the Conductor should have admitted such a claim. The Commentary of Staunton upon the law is clear with respect to the origin and intention of the rule. It is true that such Commentary is not of equal force with the rule itself, however weighty the Stauntonian observations may be.

Putting aside the Commentary, the rule must be interpreted in connection with the context, from which it is evident that the words "force the game" do not refer simply to acquirement of a winning position. The rule applies to end-games, which the case before me certainly does not fall within. The construction of the rule to be true must be based on considerations of the old law, the previous mischief and the intended remedy, and due regard being had to these, no experienced chess-player could, in my opinion, fail to perceive that the case in question was *not* one for counting.

The law should also have been regarded with respect to the usage of chess-players. My library contains thousands of recorded games fought at home and abroad. My membership of the St. George's Chess Club dates back twenty years. I have watched games at the London and Westminster Chess Clubs, The Divan, Gattis, Pursells, and at resorts now closed, such as the Philidorian, in Rathbone Place, formerly the rendezvous of Campbell, Wormald, Brien, and the first chessists of the day. I have played with (or, rather, been played with by) such men as Anderssen, Blackburne, De Vere, G. Macdonnell, Boden, Steinitz, Harrwitz, Bird, Lowe, Zytogorski, Kling, Kolisch, Lindehn, Cochrane, Zukertort, &c. &c.—witnessed tournaments in the Metropolis and in the Provinces—and had a quarter of a century's experience in the Club of Norwich, of which I am President—but never have I met with, or heard of, any such a claim as that above—nor I believe has any British or foreign player of standing ever dreamt of making such a claim.

It were easy to show by reduction to absurdity the inapplicability of the rule and the ruin of all pleasure issuing from its misapprehension. It is contrary to principle also that a rule which involves a penalty upon success should be strictly construed. And the case I now proceed to quote seems to settle what Staunton's own decision would have been. The Book of the Chess Tournament of 1851 was published by Staunton. It contains a game between Messrs. Brien and Boden, in which the latter lost his Queen for a Knight at the 11th move. Staunton appends the following note:—"After this astounding oversight White, of course, surrendered." Fancy my dear old friend Boden claiming the application of the Counting Rule! No! No! No!!!

The rules of Chess were made for gentlemen, and not for professional prize fighters, and directed neither to the punishment nor delectation of tricksters, and least of all enacted to promote chicanery instead of chivalry. Stick not to the letter of such laws, but read them in their spirit. So interpret them as to be reasonable and beneficial, and not to stab the heart of our royal recreation, by the encouragement of mean dodges and sharp practice.

The Conductor of the Tourney has, for a player of intelligence and integrity, arrived, in my humble judgment, at the most extraordinary and deplorably ridiculous decision ever brought before the Chess World.

Pine Banks Tower, Thorpe, next Norwich, England, }
29th November, 1880.

J. O. Howard Taylor.

Mr. Howard Taylor's letter seemed to place the whole of this stupid 50 move dismission in its most forcible light and we were accordingly published it. The mass of evidence against the ruling of the Conductor of the Tourney and his referee, the Chess Editor of the *Globe*, is so overwhelming that nothing but the most perverse obstinacy could prevent them from being convinced of their error, and acknowledging it. The *Globe* thinks we were abusive; we only intended to heap ridicule on their absurdity. Argument there is none in the matter. The Conductor writes that if the whole world were opposed to him he would still hold to his decision. We can only wonder and lament at such perversity.