

# The Canadian Spectator.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1879.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. II.—No. 28.

**ZION CHURCH, MONTREAL.**  
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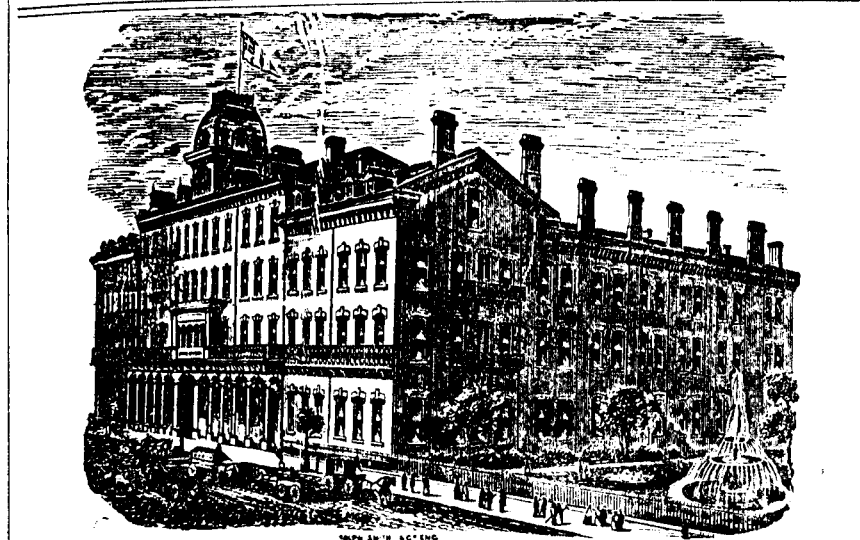
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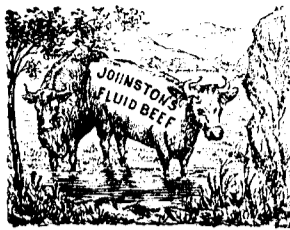
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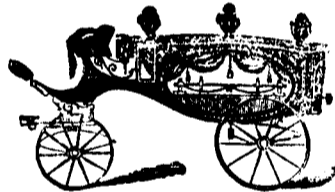
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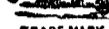
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It is pleasurable to report that our circulation increases steadily and surely, and we believe we are not over sanguine in anticipating that before the completion of Vol. II. the circulation with which we commenced the volume will have been doubled. Nor is it alone in Montreal and vicinity that the paper has a growing *clientèle*; we have readers in every section of the Dominion, for whose flattering encomiums we are indeed grateful. Being so widely read in the family, and circulating chiefly amongst householders of means, our columns offer a medium for advertisers which cannot be excelled, and of which they will doubtless be prompt to take advantage.

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MANAGER.

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*N.B.*—During the summer months the SPECTATOR will be delivered free to subscribers residing in the country, who, as well as city subscribers who have changed their residence, are requested to send their new address to the Office, No. 162 St. James Street, to prevent irregularity in delivery.

### THE TIMES.

M. JOLY was certainly not well advised when he decided to bring forward the Letellier case again. To say that everybody is heartily sick of the whole thing is to put it mildly; it was a pleasant bit of excitement at the time—something quite new and interesting—the frenzied way in which the Quebec *Bleus* rushed about, talking as they went, was a sight for the gods; the discussions on the nature and quality of the British Constitution were educational in matters of colonial law; but, really, gentlemen of the Quebec Government, we do not want to waste any more money over the thing. If any more talking has to be done, we should be glad to have it when the session is over, for then gentlemen can spend their own time and money over it.

It is bad taste, if not bad policy, for M. Joly to so much as suggest that the Governor-General should resist the advice of his responsible Government and maintain M. Letellier in his position. That is to ask the Marquis to throw over the Dominion Premier for the Premier of the Province of Quebec. The resolutions carried by M. Joly are more likely to hinder than to help their cause; for they assume that the Marquis has yet to make up his mind as to the course he will pursue, and if he should decide not to dismiss M. Letellier he will appear to have been influenced by M. Joly’s resolutions and arguments.

As it seems to me, the very fact that this matter is referred back to Canada is proof that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council consider that the British Constitution is in no way affected by it. If the Dominion Government proposed to dismiss the Governor-General, or in any way interfere with his Imperial functions, we should soon hear from the Home Office about it. But Lieut.-Governors are appointed by the Governor in Council, and they represent the Dominion Government, and are responsible to that Government. What should we say if the Home Office began to interfere with our Provincial Governors? But what *could* we say if the Marquis of Lorne were to be recalled to-morrow? The Governor-General is under the control of the Imperial Government; a Lieut.-Governor is under the control of the Dominion Government, and M. Letellier must go if Sir John still so advise.

It is nonsense to talk of the dismissal as an interference with the autonomy of the Provinces. If the Dominion Premier were to attempt to dismiss or coerce a Provincial Premier through the Governor-General, it would interfere with the autonomy of the Provinces, but whatever may happen to M. Letellier, the relations of the Provinces to the Dominion Government will remain precisely the same. M. Joly can go on without M. Letellier—if it must be—and I hope he will

keep his majority and increase it. He deserves the confidence of the electors for his integrity and ability, although I do not agree with him in these resolutions.

A FAR better argument for him would have been this:—The case has been tried and decided by the Dominion Parliament—the Prime Minister at the time declined to remove M. Letellier for his dismissal of the De Boucherville Government—and it is inexpedient, and dangerous as a precedent, for Ministers to reverse the judgment of their predecessors in the Cabinet.

BUT what did M. Chapleau mean by asserting that the question was raised as an issue at the last September elections? I cannot remember a single election which was made to turn upon it. The thing was considered dead and buried at the time, and the only issues were Sir John and the N. P. vs. Mr. Mackenzie and the fly on the wheel.

IT may appear to the reason of the *Star* reporter that he is "minding his own business" when he is forcing himself and his queries and advice upon a prisoner under arrest on a charge of murder; but it appears to the minds of some others that such a proceeding is disgraceful to the last degree. The man Flanagan was lodged in jail to await trial; he was under the care of Sergeant Clancy; No. 40 of "Rules and Regulations" for the Police reads: "Members of the Force will on no occasion whatever hold any intercourse with prisoners brought to the different Stations, nor shall they laugh, jeer or joke at or with them; this rule will be strictly enforced;" but, in violation of that rule, a reporter is allowed to have an interview with the prisoner and put a string of questions to him that he may publish what he said to the prisoner, and what the prisoner said in answer. The injustice of the proceeding is so plain that even the *Star* reporter must see it. The man Flanagan is poor, is uneducated, was greatly excited at the time—there was no one by to tell him when to speak or when to be silent, yet a reporter and a policeman fall upon upon him and do their best to extort from him all he may know, and then publish it, that the Coroner's jury or anybody else may read it.

A REPORTER may consider it his "business" to make his paper popular that it may sell; but it is undoubtedly the business of the police to protect their prisoners from all interviewers. Sergeant Clancy is not so much to blame, perhaps, from the fact that the law in this matter has been very loosely administered for a long time past. When Costafioraz was under arrest for murder, a *Star* reporter got admitted to his cell and asked if he had ever committed any other murders, and such like delicate questions, and next day published the whole interview. Other reporters were offered the privilege of a talk with Flanagan; but it is time to put a stop to these illegal and dangerous proceedings. Chief Paradis should require his men—and especially Sergeant Clancy—to read and abide by the Police Regulations.

I am inclined to think that much of what passes for Coroner's inquest *law* is nothing more than *custom*, which would be more honoured in the breach than the observance. I notice that whenever there is a hitch in the administration of justice in any case, nobody is to blame, and the plea of antiquity comes in to save the system from a well-merited condemnation. Notably, have not the inquests in the last two murder cases furnished several illustrations of a laxity against which the public has a right to protest? The inquiry into the Quenneville murder still "drags its slow length along," and like the ghost of Dr. Johnson's mother, nothing seems to come of it. The grim farce of taking the dying man to the police station in charge and permitting him to remain there for some time before conveying him to the hospital, in a sinking condition, and so low as to be unable to answer any questions, is so grave a mistake as to be unpardonable, and the Coroner's inquiry has not served to place the whole case in a much better light. With regard to the more recent case in William street, matters are as bad, if not even worse.

CAN anyone tell why coroner's inquests are held in the evening and continued up to an hour when most well-disposed persons are thinking of going to their beds? I am told that probably it is to

permit workmen to serve on such juries, and I am bound to accept this as a reason, seeing that one of the jurors on the last-named inquest complained of the frequent adjournments, saying that if they went on "he should lose his work on the canal." I am aware that many a workingman can form as good an opinion on such inquiries as the coroner himself, but this brings us to the question, What is the status of a coroner's juror? and one feels nervous in contemplating what a scratch-pack he frequently gets together. How came it that a juror in the case of the boy Crowley, who was drowned last week, was drunk? He could not possibly have obtained the drink after the inquiry had commenced, hence he must have been drunk when he was sworn. I have known instances of newspaper reporters, who were present to report the case, being sworn to serve as jurors when an emergency arose; and *apropos* of the William Street murder the following dialogue comes to me:—

CORONER—Now, let us have a nice, respectable jury.

OFFICER—Well, Mr. Coroner, you must take them according to locality; you know we're not in Beaver Hall.

And so the system jogs on, the coroner being one of the most imperturbable of men; perhaps custom makes these inquests to him "a property of easiness," so that he always takes a nonchalant view of murder in its most horrible forms—

Combining and uniting in an eminent degree  
The *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

"SIR,—It is a matter of congratulation that we have one paper that fills so efficiently as the SPECTATOR does a great want in our country, viz., the courage to publish anything the public ought to know.

I observe by the Parliamentary reports an award of \$150,000 to Mr. Duncan Macdonald for extra work and damages under his contract for the construction of the M., O. & O. R. R., besides \$59,000 to be paid to Mr. Abbott, his late partner, making with the large receipts he is known to have taken during his control of the road (over \$50,000) the handsome sum of about \$250,000. And all this, notwithstanding his having exceeded the time specified by over a year, used the Government property for his own profit, and left the work unfinished to so great an extent that the Government had to pay \$600,000 to complete it. These are only a few of the facts connected with the history of this affair, begun under the De Boucherville Government, and seemingly, not yet ended under the Joly Administration.

From the fact of both Governments being mixed up in the matter, it will be difficult to draw out a real history of the case in Parliament, and if the Press fail to demand an investigation, it will be smoothed over and soon forgotten among the many transactions which disgrace our country. I sincerely hope, Mr. Editor, that you will lead public opinion to demand a scrutiny of this most outrageous proceeding. I venture to say that the history of this road will astonish the nation.

Yours, &c."

When the above statement was put into my hands I had some enquiries made, and found that it was correct. Yes, a complete history of the M., O. & O. R. R. would certainly astonish the nation. Here it is in brief. When the line was determined upon, and the contract given to Mr. Duncan Macdonald, the De Boucherville Government appointed three commissioners, viz.:—The Hon. George Irvine, advocate; Hon. E. Chinic, Senator, (a hardware merchant, father-in-law to the Hon. Mr. Angers), and the Hon. G. Malhiot, a lawyer at Three Rivers. So that this precious railway commission had not a railway man on it.

MESSRS. IRVINE AND CHINIC were well "posted" in the fact that they were ignorant in railway matters, so they discreetly did nothing at all; for which service they drew a salary of from \$3,000 to \$4,000 each per year. Mr. Malhiot had it all to do, and he blundered with remarkable energy and patience. The terms of the original contract were not much thought of by Mr. Malhiot, and changes were made regardless of expense. When Mr. Joly undertook the Government of the Province, his first step in the railway matter was to dismiss the commission and appoint Mr. Walter Shanly sole Government umpire. Mr. Shanly understood the building and working of railways, and Mr. Joly—being as certain that he himself knew nothing about railway working as was Mr. Irvine when appointed Commissioner—left the whole case of award to Mr. Macdonald in the hands of the umpire. That award may or may not be excessive—only one conversant with the case from beginning to end could decide that; but whatever blame

attaches, it is not to Mr. Joly. The De Boucherville Government and the Commissioners cannot escape condemnation, and Mr. Shanly's award is quite open to criticism.

WHEN I ventured awhile ago to speak of the panic under which our soldiers were slaughtered at Isandula, I was met with a storm of abuse from many outraged Englishmen who were silly enough to talk of my want of patriotism and such like nonsense. One gentleman in Toronto—a lawyer—used some very violent language to an old man about it; but I would call the attention of those irate correspondents to what the *Globe* says about the matter, and ask them to transfer their wrath from the Editor of the *SPECTATOR* to the Editor of the *Globe*. Here it is:—

“The day at Isandula was lost by a panic; if the men had stood their ground they would have saved themselves or died close together on the field; they were slaughtered instead over nine miles of country. The Zulu formation was such as to surround them, but they broke up before the arms of the savage army had been closed around them, and were killed in the attempt to escape. Competent authorities consider it probable that the maintenance of battle order, the formation of a square, would have kept the Zulus at bay.”

BUT when the *Globe* talks of the Prince Imperial having lost his life “in consequence of the cowardice of his escort,” the *Globe* talks absolute nonsense. The Prince Imperial had no escort; he was simply one of a party told off to reconnoitre the enemy. There the blunder came in; but after that he could not be the object of his comrades' particular care. The rule in a reconnoitring party is “each for himself.” They have not to attack, but simply to get all the information they can, and having got that, it is their business to take to their heels when the enemy appears in sight. The *Globe* says, in the same article I have quoted: “A rally of five seconds' duration would have enabled the Prince to mount, but the troopers and their officer seem to have been lost to every sense of what was due to a comrade, though in this case the comrade was a guest.” Worse nonsense than that can hardly be uttered by even the *Globe* itself. Ignorance has run off into angry and unjust accusation against an officer who did his duty.

I CONFESS to a desperate longing to have this Zulu War brought to an end. I am Englishman enough to have the fullest confidence in our soldiers and in their ultimate victory; but the odds are so terribly against them that one can but be sorry for them. The fighting they have to do is so utterly unlike all they have seen or heard of in war that it is no wonder they show a lack of steadiness now and then. Cetewayo now has a large army strongly entrenched at Umlassi, and it looks as if he will give Lord Chelmsford more than he is capable of doing there. For that reason it is to be hoped that peace will soon be concluded.

I am still the happy recipient of letters anent the remark “annexation is a popular and foregone conclusion,” which I gave as the sentiment of our political leaders when talking in private circles, and which my correspondents insist upon regarding as my own sentiment. Again, let me state that I did not speak for myself, nor for this journal, but only what I hear from day to day. It would be worth while publishing the letters if they had been written with less evidence of bad temper; but couldn't we have a fair, calm discussion of the question which was put the other day to some gentlemen and got no answer:—“If the N. P. fail, what then?” The British loyalists can surely afford to be patient when talking of British connection. I am loyal enough to keep cool under such a discussion.

THE champions of Free Trade in England are getting considerably alarmed at the evident change which is taking place in public opinion. Free Trade has not made the rapid and resistless progress Mr. Cobden predicted it would make. Early in the Corn Law struggle it was demonstrated that Free Trade would be best for all parties; that it was the true ideal after which nations should strive, and, as “Eusebius” shows on another page of this journal, is promotive of a real and religious brotherhood. Those theorists were right in the abstract. But the world has not advanced far toward the abstract right; and while the United States and Germany, and even the British

Colonies, are bent upon maintaining Protection, it must be hard for English traders to persuade themselves that they ought to starve themselves in the support of a beautiful abstract theory.

THERE is a very serious schism in the camp of the English Liberals, which threatens to imperil the future of the party. The Radicals have been kept well in hand during the last five years, and have been content to give the form of obedience to Lord Hartington and the reality of it to Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Chamberlain has assumed the offensive at last and declared in the House of Commons that a number of the Liberal party have broken away from the leadership of Lord Hartington. It is a disaster, happening just now; for if the Liberals could have gone to the elections united under a leader, and in a policy for the better administration of home affairs, they would have carried the country with them. But this division will reduce their chances of success greatly, unless meantime Mr. Gladstone should again assume his right place as leader of the party. That is the only possible chance for the Liberals.

THIS reasoning in the *World* is so good and sound that I give it in full:—

“If Free-trade be so excellent a thing that we benefit humanity by applying it, irrespective of the measure other countries mete to us in its regard, how can it be justifiable to resent the short-sighted folly of which others are guilty by refusing in a spirit of revenge to grant them what might otherwise be given? Here is the Right Hon. W. E. Baxter, at the very moment he is deep in the universal aspect of things, putting in a paltry threat of a selfish order. Our Canadian fellow-subjects are sending over a deputation to solicit from England her guarantee of a loan to pay for the construction of the Pacific Railway. It may be a good or bad thing to grant their petition; but it is not made either the one or the other by what Canada has done regarding her tariff, unless we have a right to expect a certain kind of tariff from her, which we have not, according to modern ideas. Yet Mr. Baxter allows himself so utterly to forget his sublime principles that he would meet the Canadian deputation with a peremptory order to return whence they came to revise their tariff before he would listen to their prayer. What is this but a demand for Reciprocity, which the Cobdenites are so eager to scout? They decline to consider a proposal on its merits, because as to something altogether different Canada has taken up a hostile attitude towards our trade. Let her first change her attitude to one of friendliness, and then we will see whether or not we can do her the friendly turn she requires at our hands. This is common sense, though it be neither Cobdenism nor Internationalism. And if we have still statesmen who look beyond their noses, advantage may be taken of the opportunity which such an application affords for a readjustment of the relations as to trade and commerce between the mother country and her spoiled pet, the Dominion of Canada. By throwing the reins of authority on the necks of our Canadian fellow-subjects, and telling them to do as they pleased without dread or interference from us, we encouraged them to leave our interests wholly out of account in their tariff arrangements. They have acted accordingly, and we find their action hurtful. We do wisely, then, to try whether we cannot resume some influence over them. We have the opportunity of doing it through this proposed guarantee of a new loan—a proposal that may be made the starting-point for a return to a better system, in which Reciprocity will have acknowledged sway, and steps may be taken towards founding something like a Colonial and Imperial Customs' Union that would be infinitely advantageous to all its members.”

LONDON is the easiest place in the world to gather a mob—a staring, unmanageable, good-natured mob. Talmage has long had an English reputation for being more eccentric than any other ecclesiastical eccentricity heard of in this age, and now he is reaping his reward. They have thronged the streets to see him, and the big Agricultural Hall to hear him. But while he is the prince of sensationalists, he is undoubtedly an earnest man, and so we may well hope that some real and lasting good will come of it.

*Sic transit gloria*—but one is sorry to see it happening in the case of Prince Bismarck. He has made of Germany a great nation, among the first, if not *the* first of European Powers; but now Germany is slipping away from the Chancellor. The Empress has always disliked him, but never ventured to show it openly until a few days ago, which may be taken as an indication that his popularity is on the wane. The strange thing about it is that the Emperor, who has done nothing but obey Bismarck, is gaining public favour as Bismarck is losing it. The men who follow are usually better treated than they who work for society.

EDITOR.

## THE CONSOLIDATED BANK.

We lately took a glance in these columns at the position of the Bank of Montreal as shown to the shareholders and the public at its last annual general meeting. Our readers probably agreed with the tenor of our observations that whilst the prevailing commercial depression was mirrored with an unpleasant truthfulness in the statement of that institution, as evidenced by the fact of the "Rest" having been drawn upon to provide for anticipated losses, still the issues were upon the whole squarely faced, a discerning and clearheaded management was apparent, and that bank has not gone down one iota in the esteem and confidence of the public.

We cannot to-day speak so favourably of the affairs of the Consolidated Bank of Canada; for whilst the annual general meeting held last month exposed to the full the havoc made in its books by the inevitable and all-pervading action of the "hard times," the evil in this case by no means stops with a patient application of the adage, "What can't be cured must be endured." For bad management in the affairs of a bank should be unendurable by those whose pockets suffer. So long as reform is attainable, every means should be used in order to effect such a desirable object. And when confusion is worse confounded by meaningless circumlocution, by obscure and hidden "explanations," or, still worse, a glaring suppression of details which a shareholder has a right to know, there must be something radically wrong—a rotten plank in the ship's timbers, which must be brought to the surface and condemned, to ensure the future safety of the vessel. The sooner the better. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, and we cannot help thinking that the simplest and least revolutionary course to adopt with a view to ameliorating the standing of the Consolidated Bank would be a change in the government of that institution.

A previously issued report had its natural effect in elongating the faces of the assembled audience, who were unfortunately well prepared for Sir Francis Hincks's statement, showing as it did that the known losses had actually exceeded the entire "Rest," and that no means existed for the payment of a dividend.

Without entering into any detail of the bank's assets and liabilities, we may venture an opinion, that although the value of the real estate and mortgages has been reduced, there is still a considerable over-estimate of assets. The somewhat heated remarks of Mr. Henry Yates, who is evidently no respecter of persons, as to the disposition to keep back information from the shareholders, were a healthy ebullition of feeling in the right direction. As to the Ontario agencies, some of which have been suppressed, no wonder, with the rumours which appear to have been afloat, that shareholders should expect a detailed statement of their respective losses. There is a tendency just now amongst the men who handle the money of the public, to make the bad times the scapegoat of their own financial errors; and Mr. J. H. Joseph aptly remarked that no curtailment of agencies could affect the ratio of profits, though it would the volume of business.

Probably the best lesson to be drawn from the reports of this meeting as given in the papers is, that it is a weak and false policy to bewilder the public mind with general groanings over the fearful condition of commercial affairs. Here, for instance, in the Consolidated Bank, some new departure is urgently needed; some remedy, if any can be found, has to be applied. That is the question on which the individual shareholders might not unprofitably have expended a little of their superfluous eloquence. The uncompromising reticence of the Chairman effectually stopped the current of searching inquiry, and his subsequent professed willingness to concede shareholders' rights in this respect was only visible when the laudable efforts of a few had frittered themselves away in empty wind.

We cannot refrain from contrasting Mr. John Crawford's mild acquiescence in the statement of the Consolidated Bank with the hostile attitude assumed by the same gentleman at a previous bank meeting, where, with far less cause for anger, he attempted to turn the world upside down. They say a man sometimes gets out of bed on the wrong side, and we know that an injudicious repast may produce remarkable mental, as well as physical effects. One or other of these causes may or may not have operated in Mr. Crawford's case, but he has certainly assumed contradictory positions in his attendance on bank meetings.

It appears to rest pretty fully with the Government of the Bank to make such changes in the *personnel* of the Directorate as shall give the shareholders complete confidence that the best which vigilant oversight can do is being done. Already Mr. Renny has resigned his position as Manager—a position which has been rendered difficult by the hardness of the times, and the powers he has had to please. The appointment of Mr. A. Saunders to investigate the affairs of the bank, and to permanently coöperate with the Manager, is eminently satisfactory, for he has just the ability needed to do such work. The result of his investigation should be fairly and fully stated to the shareholders, and it would be better if the President would adopt a less reticent policy in his dealings with the shareholders and the public. The utmost care should be taken to avoid lopping off any agency which has already been and is still paying. We merely mention this, as from the Chairman's statement, it would seem that very

sweeping changes in this respect were intended. One thing is certain, the difficulties and complications with which the Consolidated Bank of Canada is surrounded will only increase, instead of diminishing, by the perpetuation of a policy which tends to gloss over the true condition of affairs and avoids straightforward enquiry when made by those who have a right to make it.

## BRITISH CONNECTION AND CANADIAN POLICY.

A statement has been made that a visitor to Canada, could he pass from public assemblies to private life and induce our leaders to speak their real sentiments, would find annexation to the United States a foregone conclusion with the great majority. Further, that many, if not most of our public men, find it necessary to have two sets of opinions—one for public and the other for private life—and that already it is being asked: "If the N. P. should fail, what then?" The Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR thus, in substance, reaffirms these statements, and says:—

"My correspondent [the present writer] has fallen into the error of crediting me with sentiments which I simply quoted as being the opinions of our political leaders when they talk of the future of Canada in the confidence of private life. Whatever those of us who in public and private life are British and loyal to Britain may say to the contrary, annexation is a popular and foregone conclusion. I hope the N. P. will succeed, and that the 'what then' will not have to be discussed; but the desperation which drove the electors to vote N. P. *en masse* last September will break out again in another direction, and to try another expedient if that N. P. should fail."

I do not attempt to prove the negative in a question of fact, nor will I hazard the foolish assertion that such utterances as those above indicated have *not* been made in private conversation. The public will, of course, take the Editor's word for the fact; and, so far from disputing it, I will say that I consider it highly probable that just such opinions have been freely enough expressed in private. But a further probability is that these remarks upon annexation as an impending crisis for Canada have come, not from the friends of the National Policy, but from its enemies. We can scarcely conceive any prominent citizen of the Dominion, who, either in or out of Parliament, or in both ways, has for months or years past zealously fought for a National Policy, now suddenly turning round, ere the thing is four months' old, and saying that the consequences are to be—first, its failure, and next, annexation. Even opponents of the measure might fairly be asked to wait until it has had a fair trial ere pronouncing that its first fruit is to be so grave and so deplorable an event as the separation of Britain's greatest colony from the Empire. Much more, surely, should we expect to see promoters of the N. P. standing by what they have helped to create, and promising good instead of evil from its operation. It may be said, however, that there are those who support the N. P. precisely *because* they think it will lead to annexation, which they regard, not as an evil to be dreaded, but a good to be desired. But it is evident that in any case no true friend of National Policy can have given utterance to the opinions in question, which on the face of the matter are to this effect—that annexation will be sought as a remedy for the evils which it is to bring upon the country.

Now I believe, on the contrary, that the National Policy, so far from being a step towards annexation, is a decided step away from it; nay, such a bar to that much-talked-of contingency as will ere long place it visibly, before the eyes of the world, high up among the improbabilities. Let us look back a little over Canadian history for the last half century or so, and inquire what have been the two or three most important events on the record. We should answer: The Rebellion of forty years ago, with the concession of Responsible Government to the Provinces as the result; Confederation; and the National Policy of 1879. The importance of the former two events will not be disputed; and those with whom I am here specially at issue must admit that on their own showing the latter would certainly prove a *great* event, however much to be regretted or the reverse, should it have the result they profess to foresee. Perhaps a little reflection on the purposes served or expected to be served by the first and second of the events named may help us to an understanding of what the drift of the third is likely to be. We may note, then, this characteristic of all these changes—that they were designed to remove dissatisfaction existing because of the want in Canada of something which the people of the United States possessed, and which was considered desirable here. Forty or fifty years ago Canadians saw their Republican neighbours in the full enjoyment of popular parliamentary government and religious equality before the law, with much material prosperity as a consequence, or partly a consequence, and desired to have these blessings for themselves. They held it monstrous that an Englishman, Irishman or Scotchman should by emigration to Canada forfeit those rights which as a British subject he had enjoyed at home; and they demanded Responsible Government for the colony as well as for the mother country. There were those, to be sure, who held that the blessings referred to were not such at all, but the reverse, for Canada, and that self-government for a colony was an attack upon the British constitution. The popular view prevailed, however, not only in Canada but with the Imperial authorities, and Responsible Government was conceded, principally because it was seen that either that or the loss of these colonies was the alternative. This truth came home to the mind of Lord Durham, and through him to the magnates of Downing Street,—that Canadians must see nothing to envy in the condition of

their neighbours over the border, nothing which the latter possessed but which themselves desired and could not obtain, if British connection was to be preserved. And it was to prevent annexation that Responsible Government was conceded to Canada.

The same thing may be affirmed, though not quite so strongly, of Confederation. We had no rebellion in 1864, nor could it be said that the thing was "in sight," but the situation was sufficiently alarming for all that. The situation of old Canada was not merely unsatisfactory, it was rapidly becoming dangerous, and men on both sides of politics saw that the time had come when *something* had to be done. An American Union existed, why not also a Canadian one? True, the Great Republic was even then in the throes of civil war, but from a cause which had no place in our community; and it was recognized that the evil accident of slavery, the downfall of which had then already become certain, was no argument at all against a union of free States, or free Provinces either. In confederating these Provinces we simply followed the American pattern, with, of course, British modifications. Why did our leading public men propose this, and why did the Home Government so eagerly assent to it? I answer: because it was seen that otherwise things would "go to the dogs" with us, and that dissatisfaction in Canada, if allowed to spread unchecked, would inevitably make us "look to Washington" for an escape out of the perplexities into which we had fallen. As Responsible Government had been conceded, so likewise was Confederation devised and adopted—to prevent annexation, and to make these Provinces safer for the Empire than before.

By this time it will be seen whither my argument is drifting. The National Policy of 1879 has at bottom the same purpose, and will go towards accomplishing the same desirable end already noticed in connection with the two great changes preceding it in Canadian history. There has been deep dissatisfaction among our people, and why? Because they have seen, while suffering five years of extraordinary commercial depression, a system perpetuated under which all the advantages of international trade were given to our nearest neighbours, and all the disadvantages laid upon ourselves. Crying to be relieved from this weighty oppression of commercial injustice, they were sternly told by our late rulers that no relief could be given them—by Government—and all that remained for them to do was to suffer and to wait until things changed for the better, of themselves. They saw a neighbouring people in the enjoyment of Protection; they desired the same thing for themselves, but were refused it, though it was the thing that above all others they thought they needed. The popular feeling found expression last September, and the popular wish has since then been made law; but suppose that this easy, constitutional escape from the trouble had not been available? Why then, I say, we *would* have had an annexation movement, sure enough. Our people had rebelled against the injustice of Free Trade on one side only, they were determined to have Protection, or fair trade for both sides, and to content them without this had passed beyond the power of rulers. Determined to have commercial justice, if they could not have obtained it as citizens of the Dominion, they would ere long have sought it as citizens of the United States. Once again it has come to pass that something which they had not, though they saw their American neighbours in the enjoyment of it, and fretted at the sight, has been conceded to them. I ask, which is the more reasonable view, that granting the desired concession will go to content the people under the old flag, or that it will provoke them to seek refuge under a new one? If the National Policy is to be counted a provocative to annexation, why not arraign both Responsible Government and Confederation on the same ground? One was the creation of several little provincial republics, almost as much so as they could be and still profess allegiance to the crown; the other was the erection of these provinces into one united Canadian republic with monarchical attachments. None the less, however, has it been held that in both cases the making of Canada more republican and more independent than it was before has had the effect of more firmly binding it to the Empire. Why, if resistance to popular measures is to be counted the salvation of the British Constitution, then must we believe that Catholic Emancipation, the first and second British Reform Bills, and all Canadian reforms besides, were blunders. Are Canadian Reformers prepared to go this length, and so confess themselves veritable Tories? Just as in time past British Reform has saved our mother-country from Revolution when the red spectre swept over the continent of Europe, so in our time does Colonial Reform—first political and then commercial—render Canadians a satisfied instead of a discontented people, and defeat annexation by taking away the motive for it. One annexationist motive of great power—a political one—was obliterated forty years ago by the concession of Responsible Government; another was done away with when Confederation was adopted; and now the commercial motive for annexation—the only one remaining, shall we say?—is annihilated by the adoption of Protection and the National Policy.

It is no argument at all to say that by copying anything from the United States we are thereby necessarily working towards annexation. Say that farmer A, through bad management, is getting behind and likely to have to sell his farm, while farmer B, through good management of his, is laying up money and preparing to buy another. Then imagine A, on being urged to copy B's superior industry and good farming, replying that he would not, because to

do so would be a step towards surrendering his farm to B. In very truth the copying of B's good system is the only way by which he can recover lost ground, save his farm for himself, and prevent B from ever getting it all. The old Latin proverb about the wisdom of learning from our enemies is too harsh for use in this connection; let us vary it by saying that it is wise to learn from our commercial competitors. Especially, let it be added, from our *closest* competitors—from those whose lines of production most nearly resemble our own. The question whether the lesson indicated be economically a true one or a false one still remains. Of this anon.

*Argus.*

## OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

### No. I.

Then came *hot* July, boiling like fire,  
That all his garments he had cast away;  
Upon a lion raging yet with ire  
He boldly rode, and made him to obey.—*Spenser.*

I would echo the saying of the author of the "Book of Days," and, during this hot month sigh while perusing the ancient ballad lore, and wish I could recall the past, were it only to enjoy a week with Robin Hood and his merry men in the green old forests

"All under the greenwood tree."

Amid the fever and the fret of the busy city, I pine to get away to some place where I can hear the murmur of the sea and the rustle of the summer leaves.

To those who are able to spare both time and money to leave behind them for a month or more the cares of business and the restless anxiety of stocks and shares, and the air of the City of Montreal, which is to some extent necessarily contaminated with the products of combustion, and with the effluvia of animal exhalation and decomposition, I would recommend a trip down the Lower St. Lawrence by either the Saguenay or Gulf Port steamers. How delightful it is upon a summer evening when the full orb'd moon, and the few bright stars which are not dimmed by her lustre, are shining in the dark blue sky, to sit on the fore deck of the steamer "Quebec" or "Montreal," especially if there is a slight breeze, and gaze upon the river between Varennes and Lake St. Peter, with the pretty villages and their tinned steeples which line right and left the banks. Again, to rise in the morning, about Port Neuf, it is a grand sight to pass through the Richelieu Rapid and the shoals of Point-aux-Trembles into the magnificent reach, which extends as far as the eye can see, where the river expands to a width of about two to two and a-half miles, with its high and steep banks on either side, forming occasionally precipitous headlands suited to the grandeur of the stream; while the fields and houses of the peasantry, and the villages, with their churches, often situated on the projecting points and headlands, form altogether scenery of considerable beauty. These passed, we come to Cap Rouge, where the river gets narrower, and is flanked by steep, high, and partially wooded banks, composed of gréywacke and slate rocks, and of great beauty. Then we come to the Plains of Abraham, on which fell Wolfe and Montcalm, with its Martello towers, and the frowning Citadel, upon which floats the British Ensign, but now while we write, the Royal Standard of England, consequent upon the Citadel being the temporary residence of H. R. Highness the Princess Louise and her husband the Governor-General of Canada. Beneath the Citadel is the spot where "Montgomery and his soldiers all fell, swept by the grape shot of a single gun, pointed by a Canadian artilleryman. This ancient fortress is at present garrisoned by Canadian artillerymen, there being no British soldiers in the Dominion, save at Halifax, N.S.

As Quebec possesses interest of no ordinary character for the tourist, I shall pause and rest in what Henry Ward Beecher calls "this small bit of mediæval Europe perched upon a rock, and dried for keeping, in this north-east corner of America, a curiosity that has not its equal on this side of the ocean": "this," as another American describes it, "seat of ancient dominion—now hoary with the lapse of two centuries—formerly the seat of a French Empire in the West—lost and won by the blood of gallant armies, and of illustrious commanders—throned on a rock and defended by all the proud defiance of war!"

I do not wonder at the Princess and His Excellency making Quebec, for a time, their summer residence. Apart from its historic interest, the city and neighbourhood must have a peculiar charm for H. R. Highness from the beauties of the landscape which everywhere abound—mountains, impetuous rivers, like the Montmorenci and the Chaudière, with their cascades; woods, rocks, valleys, and meandering streams, bays and promontories,—everything that the admirer of the beautiful and sublime in landscape can imagine. Added to these natural objects there are antique and quaint churches, convents and houses, old ramparts and forts, narrow tortuous streets, grim looking old guns, dilapidated embrasures and historic monuments. Every half mile is like turning over the leaves of a picture book. To the archæologist and historian, Quebec is a host in itself. To use the words of the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, the President of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society: "History

is everywhere—around us, beneath us; from the depths of yonder valleys, from the top of that mountain, history rises up and presents itself to our notice, exclaiming: Behold me!" . . . "History is everywhere around us. She rises as well from these ramparts, replete with daring deeds, as from those illustrious plains equally celebrated for feats of arms, and she again exclaims: Here I am!"

To the Christian traveller the River St. Charles, which flows to the north of the Citadel, will possess an interest, for on its banks Jacques Cartier first planted the Cross, and held his first conference with *Seigneur Donacoma*. I have not space to allude to the "memorials and the things of fame that do renown" the ancient city of "Stadacona," but I recommend every visitor curious in such matters to find out Mr. J. M. LeMoine, a very walking, and we may say talking, encyclopædia of things connected with "Quebec, past and present." It is presumed that tourists will take up their quarters at the St. Louis Hotel, whose proprietor, Willis Russell, is second to none on the continent of America as a liberal and genial host; near to the hotel are the rooms of the Historical Society of Quebec, of which Mr. J. M. LeMoine is the President, and I advise them before they start on their tour down the Lower St. Lawrence to get a copy of "The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," if they want to know anything, beyond the monotonous, stereotyped information meted to them in the guide books, of the legends and history of the places which embrace both banks of the St. Lawrence (nearly 1,000 miles) between Quebec and Gaspé.

*Thos. D. King.*

P.S.—The best note-book relative to the ancient city of Stadacona is that edited by Mr. J. M. LeMoine, and published by F. X. Garant, Fabrique Street, near the Seminary.

### THE RELIGION OF FREE TRADE.

It would be strange indeed were truth to triumph without opposition either in this or any other age. But the feeling which prompts "Argus" to unite "Scripture Teaching" with the "National Policy" shows at least a desire for truth pure from the source of *all* truth, which it is to be regretted is not more prevalent. To seek there and thence is to find, if only the will be pure, or willing to be purified in carrying out truth into life. For religion that is *not* life is not religion.

If freedom to think, to form opinion and to carry out the honest and benevolent conclusions arrived at into a life of godliness in trade, manufactures, law and politics, be *not* the boast of Protestantism all the world over, then, of course, Protestantism must have but poorly carried out her mission in just so far as she has failed to prompt Protestants to adopt mediæval restrictions on personal freedom to act and to trade.

The term "National Policy" is extremely objectionable, because in itself it means nothing distinctive—it expresses no idea. Under a constitution like that of our Dominion, where the nation is all too amply represented by seven Provincial Governments and a central eighth of extra magnitude, *any* policy adopted by the country is pretty certain to be *the* national policy for the time being. One can only, therefore, speak of the National Policy *as it is*—a protectionist policy. It may—and prophets assert it will—be a free trade policy within twelve months.

"Argus" evidently feels opposed to the phrase "the devil of selfishness." If love of self—self-love, selfishness—is not the root and origin of every crime in the calendar, as well as the primary cause of the transgression of every one of the ten commandments, then it is difficult to know who or what is the devil—that great opposing force to the two commandments of our Lord: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God (not self) with all thy heart, &c., and thy neighbour as thyself, and on these two commandments, our Lord says, "hang *all* the law and the prophets."

"Argus" seems to argue very much from the same standpoint as did the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher in his sermon recently preached in Montreal, viz., that by taking care of "No. 1" first, with a strong and ever deepening love, a man *really* loves his neighbour, because he thus keeps himself from being a burden on society, and by and bye gets to be able to *afford* to love others—a wife and children for example, and keep them too. But neither "Argus" nor the distinguished preacher explains at whose expense this is to be done, or how love of *others*, which is diametrically opposite to love of *self*, is to be evolved out of this preliminary self-love, which only enlarges and strengthens itself if wife and children are loved simply because they are a part of self. Viewed in this light the thing is certainly a puzzle to the subtlest mind if the aim held in view be love of the neighbour.

The starting point of such an argument is false. The fruit must be false sentiment and evil life. And it is. It is the root of all evils and miseries from which we suffer. Our Lord taught us very plainly "Love of the neighbour," and labour and life for others' good—taught that we should let the reward for honest, kindly labour spring spontaneously from a sense of the benefit conferred; and, if it did not come, learn to do without. This seems a harsh law, perhaps, but it is really but a part of "that yoke which is easy, and that

burden which is light." Unselfish love and service *does* bring forth kindness and help from others to a degree which none knows who has not, more or less, laid down self and tried the experiment. It was not ever so, but since our God Himself assumed the human nature and restored the avenues of entrance to our being, so that His Love and Wisdom can once more find expanse, this has been, and is an actual fact of life. More than that, it is actually the law of trade of all enlightened nations to-day. Nations now who claim any advancement of view have given up as unwise the effort to conquer and compel, by force of arms, other nations to buy their commodities. They have seen that the only road to genuine trade or exchange is to make their goods so good, so useful, so beneficial, or attractive, that the service they can render a neighbouring nation will, by freedom of desire or will, tend to an exchange advantageous to both parties. This is the basis of all really productive modern trade—a trade which is the natural outcome of freedom on both sides—a trade which is based on *uses*. Trade based on compulsion is as dangerous and as fleeting as obedience based on compulsion where the will to be free produces endless revolutions. Freedom and voluntary conjunction with God from love towards Him whose very Being is Love, is the source of all true religion. Freedom and voluntary conjunction with each other from love of usefulness each to each is the source of all genuine trade of man with man and nation with nation. Therefore, Free Trade is on the natural plane exactly what religion is on the spiritual plane. And just in so far as spirit is the cause of matter—not matter of spirit—so religion, pure religion and undefiled, is the cause of that purity of motive and act in trade which leads inevitably to freedom, and consideration for others. A nation that has lost this desire for freedom so to trade, has lost it because it has lost the knowledge of God.

Let "Argus" ask himself if these are, or are not, the principles which our Lord—his Lord and mine—distinctly taught. If either of us is inclined to doubt it, an attentive perusal of the "Sermon on the Mount" will prove it.

St. Paul, Christian, noble man as he was, is only a follower of his Lord and Master, as "Argus" and others are, or may be to-day, and is *not* the authority we must seek for that highest form of wisdom which is the Being of God. Yet, St. Paul saw clearly on this point. In his tent-making, he "worked with his hands the thing which was *good*," that its goodness or usefulness might make him "chargeable to no man." "Argus" puts a good many words into St. Paul's mouth, which may or may not be correct. Into that question it is needless to enter, for we have no record that he used them.

The most daring flight which "Argus" takes is his parallel of Joseph as "Finance Minister" of Egypt with, say, the inventor of the "National Policy." Of course he sticks to the letter of Scripture, and does not venture out of his depth into the spiritual meaning which underlies it. Still, if he did venture wisely, there would be no need for his apology: "Let it not be said that this reference to events recorded in the Book of Genesis is out of place in our present disputes"; for *all* Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for correction, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness of life.

But on the ground of the letter of the narrative only, how would "Argus" like it if our Finance Minister took him at his word and copied the "Finance Minister of Egypt"? Foreseeing a certain dearth of lumber, for instance, in the near future, he might absolutely prohibit, by fire, imprisonment, or even the death penalty (as was the manner of Eastern potentates), all exportation of timber, lest we should as a nation run short of supplies. He might apply the principle equally to grain, for there might come a bad harvest or two; and any manufactures we do indulge in might as well be prohibited from export also, that there might be abundance and cheapness within our borders. This would only be carrying out boldly and completely the principle of protection to ourselves, which is at present our National Policy. To do this would be equivalent to repudiation of our national and personal debts; but what are honesty and good faith compared to the literal following of the literal example of so great a Patriarch as Joseph? It is right—is it?—to tithe mint and annise and cummin, and to leave the weightier matters of the law (the spirit of it) undone, in spite of our Lord's verdict: "These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone."

"Argus" will excuse our treating his theory thus by the *reductio ad absurdum* method, for our aim and his is truth. And just by this appears the difference. Protection carried out to its legitimate and logical conclusion puts an end to all trade, while freedom of trade, like personal freedom, is capable of unlimited extension, one step in advance leading the sojourner to another, till the whole world is explored and set working in harmonious order. None are injured. All are benefitted. Industry may have to seek new directions, but is never crushed or destroyed. Newer and vaster fields are opened in place of those on which labour is found to have been wasted. A man who desires to labour profitably to others, regardless of self, will never lack opportunity.

It is, in short, *impossible* to show that the theory of Free Trade is absurd, and it is equally impossible to show that it is hurtful to any nation that practises it. None has yet carried it out in its fulness, but Canada may if she will, and gladden many a heart.

*Eusebius.*



## RELIGIOUS PROCESSIONS.

M. Lepère's circular to the prefects, reminding them of an old law about religious processions, and forbidding them to attend such demonstrations in uniform is one of those measures which show how ill French Liberals understand the true idea of liberty, and how little acquainted they are with the temper of a large section of the people over whom they rule. The Minister of the Interior should have been warned by the commotion which was caused last year when the prefect of the Bouches du Rhône took it upon himself to suppress the annual procession on Corpus Christi Day at Marseilles. The Marseillais are Radicals, but superstitious, and they strongly incline to the pomps of the Church. Their irreligiousness goes no further than this—that they are impatient of the ecclesiastical yoke under which they long lived, and rather grudge the money paid by the State and the communes to the Church; but if the "Budget des Cultes" were suppressed they would probably pay far more individually to the priests of their own free will than they do now. In this they—and one may say all the people of Provence—differ from the populations of Normandy, Picardy, Champagne and Burgundy, who are sceptics of the old sort, quite ready to disendow the Church and to let it shift for itself afterwards, without giving a centime towards its support. I know a Norman landowner who is a strong Conservative, and, outwardly at least, a zealous Churchman. Talking with him the other day about the policy of the present Government, he said that if the Republican party remained in power ten years there would be a separation between Church and State; and, as a result, three-fourths of the churches in France would be closed. As to the church in his own country parish, that would probably be shut up too, he added; and he for his own part would not subscribe to maintain it, because he was not going to contribute towards keeping open a place of worship for peasants who were too stingy or too faithless to pay their own shares. All he would do would be to join with other Catholics in supporting at Rouen a church to which only paying members would be admitted—a sort of club. If a Conservative talks in this style one can imagine the sentiments of the Liberals who make open profession of their unbelief. In the northern provinces—not including Brittany and French Flanders, which remain Catholic—and in those of the East, the Church seems to have fallen into a sufficiently distinct kind of contempt. The peasants, square-headed thrifty fellows, have noticed that the clergy do not deal equally with the poor and rich in the manner of dispensing sacraments. The fees for weddings, christenings, and mortuary masses have been steadily increased to rates which sometimes look extortionate; and, although a pretence is still made of performing ceremonies cheap for those who cannot afford to pay, yet the slap-dash fashion in which rites are galloped through for the poor is shocking to men who like equality, as most Frenchmen do. To take marriages, for instance—in which the female part of the community are so interested: a wedding with choral music at the high altar of a Parisian church costs about £60, and even in country towns the charge is about £12; while weddings for the lower classes in lateral-chapels cost from 3s. to 6s. But these lateral-chapel weddings are the dreariest things conceivable, solemnized as they are by clergymen who go through the service in less than ten minutes, and dismiss the married pair without a word of blessing or compliment in the mother tongue.

In the south of France the kindly feeling of the lower orders for the Church and its rites is a sentiment quite apart from the respect or want of respect entertained towards the clergy. The Provençaux cannot live without their crucifixes, scapularies, open-air Madonnas, and occasional religious pageants. In Normandy you will hardly meet with a religious procession once in the course of the year, except in the sea-coast fishing towns, where the sailors now and then call upon the clergy to bless their smacks or to inaugurate some new Calvary perched high on a cliff; but in Provence religious processions are constantly taking place, and those held on Corpus Day are often grandiose. Marseilles is especially renowned for the splendour of its Fête Dieu, the streets of the city being on that day filled with *reposoirs*, or altars loaded with flowers, with banners, garlands, and so forth. These displays speak to the imagination of this people, and in the enjoyment of them rich and poor take part alike. Therefore it is quite natural that they should desire to see them graced by officials in uniform. When the priests with their candles and banners are escorted by military bands, troops of cavalry, generals with their staffs, prefects in their coaches, and mayors with their sashes, the show becomes a very brave one indeed. But if official personages withdraw their countenance from religious demonstrations they virtually place a stigma on these things, appearing to imply that they are foolish superstitions, and the people are consequently put out of conceit with themselves if they attend to them. It may be said that M. Lepère has merely enjoined his subordinates to avoid appearing at processions in uniform, leaving them free to attend in private dress if they please. But this makes the matter worse: for a prefect who figured in a procession with his cocked hat and silver-laced coat on seemed only to be rendering a proper official homage to the Church; whereas a functionary who attends a procession in plain clothes must seem to be giving a personal allegiance to religion, and under the circumstances he risks being dubbed as a "Clerical,"

and loathed by the Extreme Republicans. This will be a bad change, therefore, for prefects of conciliatory mood, who liked to please all parties without self-compromise. On the whole, M. Lepère would have done better to allow his prefects to conform to the custom of their districts, which would have been the surest way of offending nobody. By yielding to that eternal French ministerial mania for regulating things he has converted religious processions into elements of discord, obliging some to keep aloof from them, and others to attend them, on purely political grounds; and thus he has added one more question to the long list of those on which his countrymen are so miserably divided.—*Pall Mall Budget*.

## THE SALVATION ARMY.

Religious revivals follow each other in quick succession, and are all much alike. The midland counties are at present occupied by a strange organization which calls itself the "Salvation Army." The leaders tread consciously in the footsteps of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and (perhaps without knowing it) are imitators of Savonarola. The commander-in-chief of the Salvation Army is a Mr. W. Booth, formerly a minister of the New Methodist Connexion. His campaigns have been described in a very interesting letter by a correspondent of the *Daily News*, who witnessed the capture of Coventry by the Hallelujah forces. In reading this description it is impossible not to be struck by the uniformity of motive, aim, and method which marks all popular religious movements. No one can deny that the aim is an excellent one, or that the means employed are powerful—and, indeed, perhaps the only efficacious means. It is when we ask for permanence of results that it becomes difficult to get an answer. Some of the consequences of every popular "awakening" are manifest enough. They are exactly the same as those which notoriously follow hiring fairs, and they add to the population rather than to the respectability of the country. But when we wish to learn whether many lives are permanently changed for the better, elevated, purified, and made more truly human, the evidence becomes intangible. The results of revivals are like those of "Spiritualism"; they somehow vanish and defy analysis.

Mr. Booth and his captains, colonels, and knights in psalmody of the Salvation Army have been stirred by the brutal aspect of too much English life. Labour, blasphemy, beer, wife-beating, rabbit-coursing, and dog-fighting really seem to make the sum of existence among millions of English people. There is no one so callous but he has occasionally asked himself if this must go on for ever, if hosts of honest enough people are to live their length of days in a kind of hell. The remedies of social busybodies seem hopeless enough. Museums, education, tracts, working-men's clubs, and mechanics' institutes do not go deep enough; they do not reach what is called the residuum. People brutalized by descent from many generations of ignorant labourers need excitement in their hours of leisure. Now a museum, even if one is an educated archaeologist, or what not, is the reverse of exciting. It interests the skilled and intelligent mechanic, just as it interests any other educated man; but how can it appeal to the Mr. Jackson who was widely known as "the Coventry Bear," and is now a leader in the Salvation Army? Coventry Bears and Nottingham Lambs want something more stirring than, for example, the very creditable museum and picture gallery which the Nottingham people have lately established. Their old and habitual excitements scarcely need description. They are all connected with drink, and all are viewed through a mellow medium of beer or gin. There are betting, dog-fighting, and criminal assaults with violence, none of which conduce to the health of the social organism. All these pastimes are enjoyed in society—in the society of "brother roughs," and they answer (at Coventry) to the pleasures of the London season. Any one who wishes to wean the Bears and Lambs from these enjoyments must provide some substitute equally exciting and gregarious. This is what Mr. Booth and his officers propose to do.

There is one form of spiritual excitement to which the Bears and Lambs are amenable. Like Dr. Johnson, they are "afraid of eternal damnation." Though the idea is familiar to them as a mere decorative form of speech, and "a grand off-set to conversation," it has also its reality. All religious revivalists simply make the people face this reality, then throw out the hope of escape, indicate the means, and set up a chorus. The process is perfectly simple; it is the process of the flagellants (bar the flogging, which is un-Protestant and un-English, except in the army) and of the *Piagnoni*. You produce alarm, reaction, hope, and all this in a crowd of friends and to a lyric accompaniment. There can be no doubt that the thing is exciting—as exciting as dog-fighting, and a good substitute for rough and tumble pugilism. The Salvation Army, then, has had recourse to these simple tactics.

The Army has some ideas of military method. According to the correspondent of the *Daily News*, when the capture of a town is determined on, skirmishers are first thrown out and a base is secured. A small band of brethren and two or more sisters, or "Hallelujah lasses," as they are called, are detached on service. At the same time, or earlier, the general borrows or hires any large empty building, which he calls a Salvation Factory. The skirmishers start early on a Sunday morning, and occupy one of the squalid

open spaces where our countrymen pass the holy day in watching dog-fights and in heaving bricks. As soon as the lists are cleared for battle, the skirmishers begin their hymns. In the old Brehon laws of Ireland special clauses regulated what should happen if a dog-fight were interrupted by a woman, a child, or an idiot. The sportsmen of Coventry and district seem to be less well prepared to deal with Hallelujah lasses. Music has charms. They listen for a moment to the hymn, "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord," and soon find themselves joining in the chorus. Then very brief volleys of warning about their future state are fired into them; and by the time a crowd has collected (and a crowd soon gathers on a wet Sunday morning) the leader is ready to guide every one to the Salvation Factory. Umbrellas are unfurled and brandished, and blue and red banners, inscribed "blood and fire" (a quotation, perhaps, from Mr. Swinburne), are waved above the eager multitude.

When the congregation has been swept into the Salvation Factory, it is found that the members are "young men and women between the ages of fifteen and thirty." These are indeed the ages when persons of both sexes are most easily induced to come together in crowds, and routs, and kettle-drums, and congregations. Here, no doubt, is part of the strength of revivalism. It brings together young people who might not otherwise meet. The example of the "Holy Fair," celebrated by Burns, is to the point. When Messrs. Moody and Sankey were sowing the good seed in Scotland, the farm-servants of both sexes insisted on going long journeys to hear them, journeys "o'er the moor and through the heather." It cannot be denied that flirtation is one of the charms of popular religious meetings. There is something sweet in the expansion of two souls which have had the same refreshing spiritual experiences. But before coming to that part of the function, the neophytes are all asked "whether they are saved." No half measures, no dubious replies are permitted. You must be perfectly certain that you are saved, or the Salvation Army will cashier you. So weak is mere human logic, that the next step seems inconsistent. The convert is required to give up beer and blasphemy. Now, if he is saved already, and if the only motive to virtue is the desire to secure salvation (a common doctrine among popular preachers), why should the convert not have his fling? This seems logical, but these men's hearts are better than their reason, which, to tell the truth, cannot be very highly developed. It is a fact, apparently, that the Salvation Army, working among the drunken and debased, has caused "a gratifying diminution of crime." "Their mission in Coventry, like the more recent venture in Nottingham, has been very successful in reducing the percentage of ruffianism." Ruffianism is the moral plague of the large English towns, the pestilence which law can only punish, and which society strives vainly to reform. The Salvation Army finds that new converts are the best proselytizers. It uses their zeal, their intimacy with other profligates, and their conceit. Happy Bill, the Converted Basket-maker, is not proud. He likes nothing so much as to tell a sympathetic audience the story of his old sprees, to assure them that they are babes in vice compared to himself, and to urge them to share a happiness which, though spree-less, is permanent and tranquil. In the Salvation Army assurance of grace is pressed on recruits by good-natured violence, and certain hope is the result of an Evangelical bear-fight. The shibboleth is the positive answer to "Are you saved?" Any indecision brings down earnest remonstrance, appeal, and exhortation, not from the officiating minister, but from the men and women around the hesitating one. At this work the Coventry Bear shone above all others. "Mr. Jackson, late the Coventry Bear, is externally, if the comparison may be made without offence, not unlike Mr. Spurgeon seen through a magnifying glass." We do not see why there should be any offence. Mr. Spurgeon is only Mr. Jackson caught young, and put into theological training. To him, as to Slender, no doubt it would be "meat and drink now, to see the bear loose." In Coventry women do not, as in Windsor, seem to find the animals "very ill-favoured rough things."

What is to be the end of the operations of the Army? For the moment, according to a leader, the people, moved by the hymns and flags, give up drink, and get "a new enjoyment by the awakening of their intelligence." Perhaps intelligence is hardly the right word, and yet there must be some trace of spiritual and sentimental exaltation in the new Coventry mysteries. The difficulty, as we said before, is to know what results will be left at the end of a year's time. It is said that American revivalists are never so hard and close in bargaining as they are when a camp-meeting is just over. If any evangelist really wishes to prove that these excitements are useful, he should visit the fields at harvest as well as at seed-time. But we know not where to look for the moral statistics that could demonstrate the value of this religious enthusiasm.—*Saturday Review.*

Any one is liable to be Scalded, and every one may find relief from the agony, by simply binding on some of BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA and Family Liniment. As the Liniment walks on, the pain walks off. If any one doubts, try it on and see how it works; but be sure to keep a bottle in the house.

We have frequently heard mothers say they would not be without Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, from the birth of the child until it had finished with the teething siege, on any consideration whatever. It gives an infant, troubled with colic pains, quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest at night.

## THINGS IN GENERAL.

### THE ART OF SWIMMING.

The editor of the London *Truth*, after observing that probably not one in twenty of the persons who indulge in boating on a holiday can swim, proceeds to tell his readers how to acquire this accomplishment. "Nothing," he says, "is more easy. When the air is out of a body its owner sinks; when the air draws back his legs and pushes forward his arms, retain it while he is preparing for the stroke which is to propel him, and slowly allow it to go through his lips stretched out. The action of the stroke should not be quite horizontal, but should be made on a slight incline downward. The real reason why people take weeks to learn how to swim is because swimming professors either do not know, or do not choose to teach, the philosophy of breathing, so as to render the body buoyant. I would engage to make any one a tolerable swimmer in an hour, unless he be a congenital idiot."

### GREAT WISDOM.

The world has altered little these twenty-five centuries. The same answer as Cheilon's might yet be made to the question, "What is difficult? To keep silence upon secrets and to dispose well of leisure, and to be able to bear unjust treatment." When Cheilon saw the corpse of a miser being carried forth, he said: "This fellow lived a lifeless life and has left behind his life for others." How easy it seems, but how difficult it is, to conform in spirit and in truth to the following maxim of Cheilon: "To the banquets of friends come slowly, but to their misfortune with speed." Cheilon was evidently a man of foresight, consideration and patience. His ideal was of virtue, and was a sound one. Many a lofty profession of religion, if bared to its real basis, would show a less worthy range of motives. Cheilon taught "To prefer punishment to disgraceful gain; for the one is painful but once, but the other for one's whole life." "Not to laugh at a person in misfortune." "If one is strong, to be also merciful, so that one's neighbours may respect one rather than fear one." "Not to dislike divination." "To obey the laws." "To love quiet."

### FLOGGING IN THE ARMY.

The contemptible weakness of our "strong Government" was curiously exhibited during the four hours' debate that took place in the Commons over the Flogging Clause of the Army Discipline Bill, and during the yet longer sequel to it on the following day. Mr. Hopwood's proposal to do away with flogging altogether having been defeated before Whitsuntide, he now moved that the number of lashes by which a gentlemanly spirit might be thrashed into our soldiers should be limited to six, instead of fifty, seeing, as he urged, that six applications of the cat-o-nine-tails could produce fifty-four weals. At first Colonel Stanley, speaking for the whole Cabinet, did not think it "right or consistent with the position he held" to surrender so much as one out of the fifty lashes. Gradually, however, the unanswerable arguments of Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, and others, tardily supported by Lord Hartington, induced the Secretary for War to find it both right and consistent with his position not only to reduce the maximum number of cuts from fifty to twenty-five, but also to consent to great restrictions in the list of offences to which the lash shall be applied. The principle, or anti-principle, of flogging in the army still remains, but Thursday's experience shows that by degrees thrashing may be altogether thrashed out. An Ethiopian cannot change his skin, nor can you make a silk Christian—we use the term in its real, not its conventional sense—in spite of himself.—*English paper.*

### ADVANTAGES OF A BOOK.

Of all the amusements which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining book—supposing him to have a taste for it, and supposing him to have a book to read. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough or too much. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness which, and his family's. It transports him to a livelier and gayer and more diversified and interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment fully as much as if he were ever so drunk, with the great advantage of finding himself next day with his money in his pocket, or at least laid out in real necessities and comforts for himself and his family, and without a headache. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading be anything above the very idlest and lightest, gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every-day occupation—something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward with pleasure to return to. But supposing him to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have alighted upon one really good and of a good class, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! what a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or make his wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl, or pass it round from hand to hand. All have the benefit of it, all

contribute to the gratification of the rest, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. Nothing unites people like companionship in intellectual enjoyment. It does more—it gives them mutual respect, and to each among them self-respect, that corner-stone of all virtue. It furnishes to each the master-key by which he may avail himself of his privilege as an intellectual being to

“Enter the sacred temple of his breast  
And gaze and wander there a ravished guest—  
Wander through all the glories of the mind,  
Gaze upon all the treasures he shall find.”

And while thus leading him to look within his own bosom for the ultimate source of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples.—*Sir John Herschel.*

#### DIRTY RAGS.

No words of ours can express our detestation of the foul and profligate sheets which, framed on the model of so-called Society journals, are being hawked about the streets; and we cannot regret that the subject of journalistic licentiousness should have been mooted in the House. But, while thus delivering our candid judgment on these literary prostitutes, we must also deprecate any interference with the liberty of the Press. It would be very easy, were the thin end of the wedge once introduced, to establish a Press censorship which would choke the expression of honest thought and help forward the cause of Imperialism. Such a weapon we dare not trust in the hand of any administration, nor, as a matter of fact, is it necessary to employ brickbats to crush black-beetles. Curiosity of the morbid sort induces yokels and maidens of the more adventurous variety to buy a species of literature which appeals to their prurient imaginations. Curiosity, too, and the love of the marvellous will prompt people who ought to know better to invest their pennies in downright dirt. Both classes, however, will soon weary of such miserable excitement as is afforded by photographs of cesspools. This style of garbage soon satiates, and then it becomes nauseating. We may take it for granted that if these sheets are left alone they will cease to find purchasers, in spite of flaring contents-bills and the yells of importunate boys in the chief thoroughfares. It is indeed difficult to stamp out vicious literature. There is a society in existence which has been essaying to effect this result for many long years, yet although it has expended capital and energy its success has been decidedly limited. There exists in this country, happily a strong current of moral sense, and we may reckon with certainty that men and women who will not condescend to sensual obliquity in the face of their fellows will not care to debauch their minds by depraved reading. The remedy, therefore, need not come from a paternal Government; and, above all, we cannot, because a few thousand disreputable sheets are artificially circulated in the metropolis, permit the fourth estate to be bitten and curbed. Dr. Magee well said that if he had to choose between a free people and a sober people he should select the former alternative; and on parallel lines, if we are to have the liberty of our publicists infringed upon because, forsooth, there is a little impropriety in certain little papers, we shall buy our Pecksniffianism in too dear a market.—*London Weekly Dispatch.*

#### “THE WATCH-DOG OF KNOWLEDGE.”

I have a sort of valet and factotum, an excellent respectable servant, whose spelling is so unvitiated by nonphonetic superfluities that he writes *night* as *nit*. One day, looking over his accounts, I said to him jocosely, “You are in the latest fashion with your spelling, Pummel: most people spell ‘night’ with a *gh* between the *i* and the *t*; but the greatest scholars now spell it as you do.” “So I suppose, Sir,” says Pummel; “I’ve see it with a *gh*, but I’ve no ways given into that myself.” You would never catch Pummel in an interjection of surprise. I have sometimes laid traps for his astonishment, but he has escaped them all, either by a respectful neutrality, as of one who would not appear to notice that his master had been taking too much wine, or else by that strong persuasion of his all-knowingness which makes it simply impossible for him to feel himself newly informed. If I tell him that the world is spinning round and along like a top, and that he is spinning with it, he says, “Yes, I’ve heard a deal of that in my time, Sir,” and lifts the horizontal lines of his brow a little higher, balancing his head from side to side as if it were too painfully full. Whether I tell him that they cook puppies in China, that there are ducks with fur coats in Australia, or that in some parts of the world it is the pink of politeness to put your tongue out on introduction to a respectable stranger, Pummel replies, “So I suppose, Sir,” with an air of resignation to hearing my poor version of well known things, such as elders show in listening to lively boys lately presented with an anecdote book. His utmost concession is, that what you state is what he would have supplied if you had given him *carte blanche* instead of your needless instruction; and in this sense his favourite answer is, “I should say.” “Pummel,” I observed, a little irritated at not getting my coffee, “if you were to carry your kettle and spirits of wine up a mountain of a morning your water would boil there sooner.” “I should say, Sir.” Or, “there are boiling springs in Iceland. Better go to Iceland.” “That’s what I’ve been thinking, Sir.” I have taken to asking him hard questions, and, as I expected,

he never admits his own inability to answer them without representing it as common to the human race. “What is the cause of the tides, Pummel?” “Well, Sir, nobody rightly knows. Many gives their opinion; but if I was to give mine, it ‘ud be different.” But while he is never surprised himself he is constantly imagining situations of surprise by others. His own consciousness is that of one so thoroughly soaked in knowledge that further absorption is impossible; but his neighbours appear to him to be in the state of thirsty sponges which it is a charity to besprinkle. His great interest in thinking of foreigners is, that they must be surprised at what they see in England, and especially at the beef. He is often occupied with the surprise Adam must have felt at the sight of the assembled animals; “for he was not like us, Sir, used from a b’y to Wombwell’s shows.” He is fond of discoursing to the lad who acts as shoe-black and general subaltern, and I have overheard him saying to that small upstart, with some severity, “Now don’t you pretend to know, because the more you pretend the more I see your ignorance,”—a lucidity on his part which has confirmed my impression that the thoroughly self-satisfied person is the only one fully to appreciate the charm of humility in others.—“*Theophrastus Such*,” by *George Eliot.*

#### WHO ARE THE FREE ?

Who are the free ?

They who have scorned the tyrant and his rod,  
And bowed in worship unto none but God;  
They who have made the conqueror’s glory dim,  
Unchained in soul, though manacled in limb;  
Unwarped by prejudice, unawed by wrong—  
Friends to the weak, and fearless of the strong;  
They who would change not with the changing hour,  
The self-same men in peril and in power;  
True to the law of right—as warmly prone  
To grant another’s as maintain their own—  
Foes of oppression wheresoe’er it be :—  
These are the proudly free !

Who are the great ?

They who have boldly ventured to explore  
Unsounded seas, and lands unknown before;  
Soared on the wings of science, wide and far,  
Measured the sun and weighed each distant star;  
Pierced the dark depths of Ocean and of Earth,  
And brought uncounted wonders into birth;  
Repelled the pestilence—restrained the storm,  
And given new beauty to the human form;  
Wakened the voice of reason, and unfurled  
The page of truthful knowledge to the world;  
They who have toiled and studied for mankind,  
Aroused each slumbering faculty of mind,  
Taught us a thousand blessings to create :—  
These are the nobly great !

Who are the wise ?

They who have governed with a self-control,  
Each wild and baneful passion of the soul;  
Curbed the strong impulse of all fierce desires,  
But kept alive affection’s purer fires;  
They who have pass’d the labyrinth of life,  
With scarce one hour of weakness or of strife;  
Prepared each change of fortune to endure,  
Humble though rich, and dignified though poor;  
Skilled in the latent movements of the heart—  
Learned in that lore which nature can impart;  
Teaching that sweet philosophy aloud  
Which sees the “silver lining” of the cloud;  
Looking for good in all beneath the skies :—  
These are the truly wise !

Who are the blest ?

They who have kept their sympathies awake,  
And scattered good for more than custom’s sake;  
Steadfast and tender in the hour of need,  
Gentle in thought—benevolent in deed;  
Whose looks have power to make dissension cease—  
Whose smiles are pleasant, and whose words are peace :—  
They who have lived as harmless as the dove,  
Teachers of truth, and ministers of love,—  
Love for all moral power, all mental grace,  
Love for the humblest of the human race,—  
Love for the tranquil joy which virtue brings,—  
Love for the Giver of all goodly things;  
True followers of that soul-exalting plan  
Which Christ laid down to bless and govern man;  
They who can calmly linger at the last,  
Survey the future and recall the past;  
And with that hope which triumphs over pain,  
Feel well assured they have not lived in vain,  
Then wait in peace their hour of final rest :—  
These are the only blest !

—*J. Critchley Prince.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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.

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.

HIAWATHA SECUNDUS.

(After Longfellow—a long way.)

A friend sends the following hitherto unpublished fragment, supposed to have been picked up by the sweeper after a meeting of our City Fathers:—

Should you ask me whence these stories,  
Whence these very queer traditions,  
Of the chattering and the gossip,  
Of the chattering and the nonsense,  
Of the scribbling of reporters,  
And the quarreling of members,  
And the very petty twaddling,  
I should answer, I should tell you:—  
From the City of Mount Royal,  
From the Road Committee's pow-wow.

\* \* \* \* \*  
In the big chair sat the Chieftain,  
Very old and eke sententious,  
Very suave, too, in his manner;  
But, when members waxed unruly,  
Very stern and dignified he.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Round their Chieftain sat the Sachems,  
Very foolish, addle-pated;  
Very wise, though, in their own eyes,  
Sat the ancient, twaddling baldheads,  
Talking much and much discussing,  
Dropping many of their H's,  
Pondering deeply and contriving  
How Mount Royal might be prospered,  
How the drains should be constructed,  
How the salaries might be paid, too.

[The remainder of the MS. is, unfortunately, illegible.]

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

SIR,—Anticipating that you will cheerfully say a word of encouragement to the energetic ladies of this city who have established "The Montreal Society of Decorative Art," I write to state that the object of this Society is briefly:—To enable the poor home-toiler to sell her work; to teach her how to improve her taste and style; and to encourage "home manufactures." About one hundred and twenty ladies, who pay a small annual subscription, have been enrolled, and the Society charges a commission of ten per cent. on the proceeds of sales to cover the cost of maintenance. A Hall has been opened in the "Art Gallery" building, and the management is (under the direction of a Board) specially intrusted to the lady who proposed this organization here, and whose heart and energies are evidently in the work. Classes for instruction in Decorative Art are being formed, application for an Act of Incorporation is being made, and from this central institution it is anticipated that branches will spring up throughout the Province of Quebec.

You will at once appreciate the advantages which may be secured under this system, which, although unpretending, may become a powerful agent, economically and socially, in this Province.

Similar Societies have lately been established in some of the large cities of the United States, which have proved successful in affording a market for articles of use and beauty, made by accomplished and willing toilers, who are thereby saved the loss of time and the unpleasantness of personal interviews and solicitation to effect sales; have afforded instruction in Art decoration, and have further realized in the aggregate large returns on the sales. No branch of trade or industry is interfered with, no rivalry is raised with other benevolent or industrial societies; but a gap is filled by these Societies. This work of philanthropy and education is peculiarly fitted for woman. Adopting the lines of Scott, truly is it said of her:

"When pain and anguish rack the brow  
A ministering angel thou."

Without saying more of the philanthropic aspect of the case than to solicit the sympathy and support of all whose hearts and purses respond, allow me to suggest a few considerations as to the industrial effect of this system, were it extended throughout the Province and generally adopted. We are striving to encourage "home manufactures"; our Government has wisely established "Art Schools" in the chief centres in this Province to teach "industrial drawing." These Art Schools are working admirably. The American States

are making "industrial drawing" an obligatory course in their Normal and State Schools. The British Government has also established "Art Schools" with money prizes as life pensions paid during residence in Britain; and did space permit it would be instructive and interesting to give the testimony of the Directors of the American State Schools of Art who have adopted the system introduced by Professor Walter Smith of Kensington. However, the necessity of instruction in Art decoration has been forced on the great manufacturing nations who are competing for supremacy in commercial manufactures. This is no time to lag behind in the commercial struggle which is the characteristic of this age. It is one of peculiar importance to all nations, but for Britain it is a necessity, and Canada has her national policy and interests to further. In Switzerland, France, Prussia, Austria, and Italy one of the main factors in their national wealth is the industrial handicraft of the people, who with their natural taste for colour and design, mainly the effect of Art culture among the masses of the people, have forced this issue on the Saxon race. Our people are wanting in training or education, but not in capacity or industry, and this is the very point which should be borne in mind. As an instance of the effect of encouragement and training on a small scale among our own countrywomen, I may mention a case which I observed a few years since at Riviere du Loup *en haut*. There all the girls were busy and had full purses as the manufacturers of so called "Indian work," which finds a ready sale in the shops of Montreal and Quebec. All these girls were French Canadians, and a more tasteful and industrious set of lasses it would be hard to find. Some art educator (possibly a native) had set them the example. That the Canadian women are industrious is evidenced by their making all the clothing and stuffs used by the household. They have the taste for colour and design of their French ancestors, and during our winter season the whole population might imitate the Swiss in home industries. The social and religious characteristics of our people favour the introduction of this course; and ever obedient to their clergy, and working under their municipal heads, both of whom would willingly encourage this system, the peasantry of the Province of Quebec might be easily trained to home industries.

The effect of want of education is evident here, but should any one visit Nova Scotia and Cape Breton he will find in the outlying districts among the English, Scotch and Dutch settlements a much greater backwardness than among our own French Canadian peasantry, and from a like cause.

I would gladly see in every village an Art School, and in every household an industrial home where peace, occupation and competency would make the fireside cheerful and Canada prosperous. Although machinery can in many cases be only utilized in buildings specially adapted to it, still the factory system has many objectionable features, particularly on the morality of the operatives, and the cost of labour. Certainly labour strikes are peculiar to large manufacturing centres, and should the great labour question be solvable by the distribution of labour and the transfer of it to the fireside of the manufacturer, as is both possible and probable, then will there be great relief to States and people.

But I shall stop, having made these few suggestions, as the subject is one worthy of careful consideration and study, and cannot be fairly treated in a cursory manner, remarking that our sweet Princess, emulating the example of her noble mother, and of her wise and benevolent father, is the head and front of this Institution as its patron, and I trust that from this first offering of her bounty may spring all and more of the blessings on this Province which I believe and hope the Montreal Society of Decorative Art has initiated in Canada.

Yours truly,

Wimbel.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

Sir,—With reference to "Touchstone's" article on "Good wine needs no bush," I would say that I do not see how the phrase "yet to good wine they do use good bushes" can be said to mean or refer to the use of sprigs of rosemary, fennel, or rue, with the wine. The meaning I take from it is, that good wine will become known without the aid of bushes (as a tavern-sign), and yet good wine is to be found in places where they do show the bush: just as Shakespere says good plays need no epilogues, yet prove the better by the help of good epilogues; in like manner, good wine will be the better known by the aid of bushes. "Touchstone" says that Shakespere does not use the word bush in the sense of bunch or sprig or spray: is it to be inferred from that statement that other writers have so used it? I would like "Touchstone" to give an example. I would suggest that the different force given to quotation by the use of the preposition *to* in preference to *with*, be studied. The following lines are to the point as to the use of bushes by taverns:

"What needeth a garland which is made of ivie  
Shewe a taverne winelesse?"

—Hackluyt Voyages.

"Twenty to one you find him at the bush."

—Beaumont and Fletcher.

"Touchstone" speaks of additional light being thrown upon this comedy; does he think it obscure? If he would state in what particulars, perhaps some aid might be rendered by

Marik.

Musical.

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.

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

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

CAN'T MONTREAL KEEP HER MUSICIANS?

Under this heading the Witness calls attention to the fact that our musicians are one by one seeking new fields for the exercise of their talents, and want to know why it is that we cannot retain the few educated men who have for some time been the only exponents of art in the city.

We have had in Montreal as good organists as can be heard anywhere, and many of them at present hold high positions in the great musical centres. Where are they now? Mr. S. P. Warren is organist of Grace Church, New York; Mr. G. Lejeune is organist of St. John's Chapel, New York; Mr. Barnes is organist of Trinity Church, New York; Mr. Torrington is organist of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto; Mr. Harrison is organist of Christ Church, Ottawa; and Dr. Davies goes to St. George's Cathedral, Kingston.

THE annual examination of the Quebec (Provincial) Academy of Music was held on the 3rd instant in the Mechanics' Hall, Montreal, when diplomas in the different branches of musical education were granted to a number of candidates.

THE second of the series of Orchestral Promenade Concerts will be given in the Victoria Skating Rink on Thursday the 17th instant. Miss Gertrude Franklin has been re-engaged, and an excellent programme of orchestral music has been prepared.

"PINAFORE" is being performed by church choirs all over New England, but the expression "Damme," as uttered by Captain Corcoran, is changed to "Hang it," and in the last act, instead of vowing that he will hardly ever be "untrue" to Little Buttercup, he says "unkind." In this form the piece is considered safe.

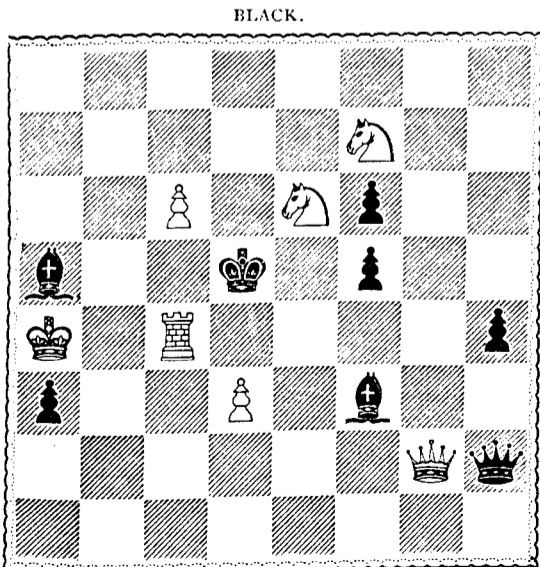
Chess.

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

Montreal, July 12th, 1879.

PROBLEM NO. XXIX.

By Messrs. J. P. Taylor and W. T. Pierce. From the Brighton Herald.



White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. XXVI.—Q to R 6.

Correct solution received from J.W.S.—"No duals; a very subtle problem"; Pax.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

MARCUS HIERONYMUS VIDA, the author of the following poem, was born in Cremona in the year 1480, and died at Alba, in Piedmont, in 1566. To encourage his poetic talent, Pope Leo X. gave him the priory of San Silvestro at Frascati, and Clement VII. made him Bishop of Alba. He wrote the "Life of Christ" in verse, after the style of Virgil, which gained him the name of the "Christian Virgil," also a poem on "The Silkworm," and some Eclogues. He is, however, better known by the poem on "The Game of Chess," which was written in the year 1540. It was at once translated into Italian by Mutoni, 1544; and Giambattista Verci, in his "Letters on Chess," says was turned into English verse by James Rowbottom in 1562. The writer is not aware that any copy of that translation is extant. It was translated by W. Erskine in 1736, who dedicated it to the Duke of Marlborough, and in the same year by George Jeffreys. In 1750 the Rev. Sam. Pullen made an excellent translation, and in 1786 Arthur Murphy, a no less beautiful one. Several other translations have been made, but these are the best known. It is believed that Pope was largely indebted to this classical production for the embellishments which adorn his description of a game of cards in his "Rape of the Lock," and in his "Essay on Criticism" his admiration of Vida is evinced by the couplet:

"Immortal Vida! on whose honoured brow  
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow."

Warton, in his "Essay on Pope," writes: "It was a happy chance to write a poem on Chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to describe in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and eloquence; so that, perhaps, the game might be learned from this description." The poem consisted originally of 760 lines and is divided into five cantos.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.—The subject proposed; a mimic war between two imaginary nations. The kings contend for glory. Invocation to the nymphs of the river Serio. Origin of the game of chess. Neptune's marriage. Jupiter, with the other deities, attends the nuptial feast. Neptune, after dinner, to amuse the company, produces a chessboard. Description of a chessboard. Neptune makes a speech. He produces the chessmen. Description of the men, their number, their colour, and their several functions. The two armies are drawn up in order of battle. The several stations of the combatants assigned. The kings, the queens, the archers, the cavalry, the elephants and the infantry are all described. The laws of war are explained, and the various movements of the combatants set forth with precision. Jupiter recollects the consequences of party and faction among the gods, and how Olympus had been shaken by the animosity of the leaders. He enjoins a strict neutrality. Apollo and Mercury are appointed to play the game. The choice of their different sides is left to themselves, and, to excite their ardour, ample gifts are promised as a reward to the victor.

Fantastic scenes of mimic war I sing,  
Contending heroes, and a routed king;  
How to mock realms, their glory to maintain,  
Mar hal their squadrons on the chequer'd plain;  
Ye blue ey'd nymphs, that haunt the flow'ry meads,  
Where his soft stream the silver Serio leads,  
And knit in dance along the margin green,  
Charm with melodious airs the sylvan scene;  
Celestial maids, attend; the theme display,  
The mighty theme, unknown to poet's lay.  
Old Ocean burn'd of yore with warm desire,  
Not all his sea could quench the ardent fire:  
The nymph he woo'd, and to his arms for life  
At length receiv'd a constant, virtuous wife,  
Fair Amphitrite her name; to grace the feast,  
Jove deign'd to visit him, a humble guest.  
Adown he march'd to Ethiopia's plain;  
The lesser deities attend his train.  
With genial mirth the sprightly jest went round;  
With genial mirth the wide stretch'd shores resound.  
Soon as the banquet ceas'd, the hours to kill,  
The bridegroom meditates with eager skill,  
A board he brings, whose well contrasted dye  
Presents a chequer'd object to the eye.  
Sixty and four small squares, in equal rows,  
Rank'd eight by eight, a larger square compose;  
Of equal size each small quadrangle's seen,  
But colours differing variegate the scene:  
A milky white succeeds to jetty black,  
Like tints that vary on the tortoise' back.  
Then Ocean thus—th' attentive gods give ear:  
"Behold the seat of desolation drear:  
The hostile field, where oft, with dire alarms,  
Contending nations meet in adverse arms.  
The war's whole art, if e'er the watery plains  
In calms subside, and grateful stillness reign,  
In their cool grots the herds, pleas'd, survey,  
While unperceiv'd the minutes glide away."  
He said, and straight from his inverted urn  
Th' imprison'd heroes on the tables turn.  
Sup'rior strength on neither side they boast;  
But sixteen combatants in either host.  
Here the white troops their glittering falchions wield;  
There the black legions darken all the field.  
By different paths they urge their way to fame,  
Nor differ more in feature than in name.  
In regal state two monarchs first appear;  
With these, their queens rush on, devoid of fear.  
On foot, some boldly to th' attack advance,  
And some on horseback shake the glittering lance.  
Amidst the charging hosts some boast the art  
From the bent bow to aim the missive dart;  
Ev'n elephants attend the martial train,  
Add horror to the war, and tow'r along the plain.  
And now, from either camp, in just array,  
Pour forth the nations, eager for the fray.  
Deep in the rear, far as the utmost line,  
From dangers safe the way monarchs shine;  
On the fourth tract, six squares between they stand;  
The Moor on white, the foe on sable land.  
Not so the queens; to please the female mind,  
Congenial colours are to these assigned;  
With their complexions such as just agree,  
And woman's vanity e'en here we see.  
Around their lords with anxious care they cling,  
One leads the right, and one the adverse wing.  
Next, two white archers boldly take their post;  
Intrepid warriors all! to danger train'd,  
And fam'd for laurels in the combat gained.  
The troopers next in radiant vest appear,  
Their haughty crests high curling in the air;  
Two on each side bound o'er the chequer'd board,  
And brave the fury of the slaughter'ring sword.  
In either wing, far as the verge o' th' field,  
The warlike elephants their castles wield.  
Amidst the ranks they move in martial state,  
And the earth labours with the cumbersome weight.  
Next, eight foot-combatants their strength combine,  
And form their phalanx on the second line;  
One half the king's own regiment compose.  
And half, a virgin train, their queens enclose.  
'Tis theirs, 'midst scenes of death, in armour bright,  
To march, and foremost to provoke the fight.  
The troops thus rang'd, again the god proceeds;  
"Now, see, immortals, what heroic deeds,  
What wars I promis'd, and what dire alarms,  
And learn what rules control each nation's arms.  
First, then, the monarchs, with alternate sway,  
Detach some chosen hero to the fray;  
And, if a warrior of the sable host,  
Straight a white champion issues from his post.  
Ne'er in whole squadrons are they known to advance,  
But man by man they brave the hostile lance.  
One gen'ral aim each private soldier knows;  
One common purpose in each bosom glows—  
The adverse monarch to encompass round,  
And seize each apt advantage of the ground,  
To bar his passage with their monarch's life  
The conquer'd nation ends the doubtful strife.  
"But ere to fate the king beleagu'er'd yield,  
An Iliad rises on the chequer'd field  
O'er the wide plain rage, death, and terror fly:  
By turns the heroes conquer, or they die.

The ranks are thin'd by the wide-wasting sword,  
And carnage desolates the painted board;  
Each hapless combatant, that falls in fight,  
Meets in the hostile camp sepulchral rote;  
While the brave youth, who gave the deadly blow,  
Seizes the station of the slaughter'd foe;  
There, if for once no mortal stroke he meet,  
The hero then may seek a safe retreat.  
"But the foot soldiers, an ignoble race,  
The laws forbid their footsteps to retrace;  
The war's whole art against their wily foe,  
By different modes, the rival nations show.  
In a straight line the infantry advance  
From square to square, and stand the doubtful chance;  
But when to war their first approach they make,  
A double space they bravely then may take;  
And if enrag'd they aim the deathful wound,  
Sidelong they walk, the party-colour'd ground—  
Across the angle of each square they tread,  
And heap the plain with mountains of the dead.  
The elephants right onward move, and to and fro  
Their castles bear against the trembling foe.  
Far as the limits of the plain you spy,  
On ev'ry side without control they fly.  
O'er all the ranks the ruthless monster bounds;  
The groaning earth beneath his hoofs resounds.  
But never angrier they move along,  
With pace unwieldy, through the combat'd throng.  
That way the archers scour along the field,  
And bid their arrows pierce the sev'nfold shield.  
On a white line one ever tries his force,  
Through a black track the other drives his course.  
Ne'er from this movement are they known to change,  
But, thus impell'd, the paths of war they range.  
"The neighing steed, indignant of the rein,  
Paws and insults the party-colour'd plain.  
In a straight line the horse ne'er rush to arms,  
But prance and curvet 'midst the dire alarms;  
Forming a semicircle, spring with pride  
Over two squares, and through the battle ride;  
And if on sable land they wait the foe,  
On a white station next they aim the blow.  
By these fix'd laws the cavalry is bound,  
And thus they change the colour of their ground.  
"With soul all up in arms, with martial rage  
Inflamed, the queens a dreadful combat wage;  
From right to left, through the thick war they fly,  
And where they rush the vanquish'd legions die.  
Back on the rear with martial rage they turn,  
Or in the van with tenfold fury burn.  
Sometimes obliquely 'cross each square they go;  
Nor bound nor limit doth their course know;  
Through ev'ry path they seek the trembling foe;  
Unless some warrior, raging in the fray,  
Prevent the heroine, and obstruct her way.  
But o'er the ranks to bound they ne'er prepare;  
The cavalry alone thus wage the war.  
"In the fierce shock, with less impetuous rage,  
The scepter'd rulers of each realm engage;  
The father of his people each! on him the fate  
Of war depends, and glory of the state.  
While he survives, they meet the raging strife,  
Firm patriots all, and prodigal of life.  
But if their monarch fall, in battle slain,  
They sheath the sword, and, drooping, quit the plain.  
If the foe near him stand, by honour sway'd,  
He sends him headlong to the Stygian shade;  
On ev'ry side inflicts his rage at will:  
His high prerogative is sacred still.  
His first step knows no bound. That motion o'er,  
A free career—the laws allow no more.  
From square to square with caution he proceeds,  
The public weal inspiring all his deeds,  
Whether unstain'd with blood he walk the plain,  
Or hurl the foe to Pluto's gloomy reign.  
"These are their manners, these their ancient laws;  
Now, view them warring in the public cause."  
Thus Ocean spake—the cloud-compelling sire,  
In his capacious mind, the revolving how the ire  
Of adverse nations sets all heav'n in arms,  
Till high Olympus shake with dire alarms,  
The heav'nly synod from his seat address'd,  
And spoke the thoughts deep rolling in his breast,  
He wails that unimpassion'd all forbear  
To aid the strife, or mingle in the war;  
On ev'ry mind strikes reverential awe,  
And gives his will the sanction of a law.  
Then he selects to guide the mimic fray,  
Unshorn Apollo, and the son of May,  
Fair blooming Mercury; not yet the god  
Had wav'd the wonders of the magic rod;  
Nor yet his golden pinions dar'd to try,  
Through worlds and worlds, along the liquid sky;—  
Nor yet Apollo, through the heav'nly way,  
Guided the chariot of the garish day;  
Distinguish'd only by his graceful air,  
The well stor'd quiver, and the golden hair,  
Jove to their skill commits the martial train,  
And all the labours of the vast campaign;  
He adds the pow'r to choose their different sides,  
As fancy dictates, or as judgment guides;  
With bright reward each gen'rous chief inspires,  
And their young breasts with love of glory fires.  
(To be continued.)



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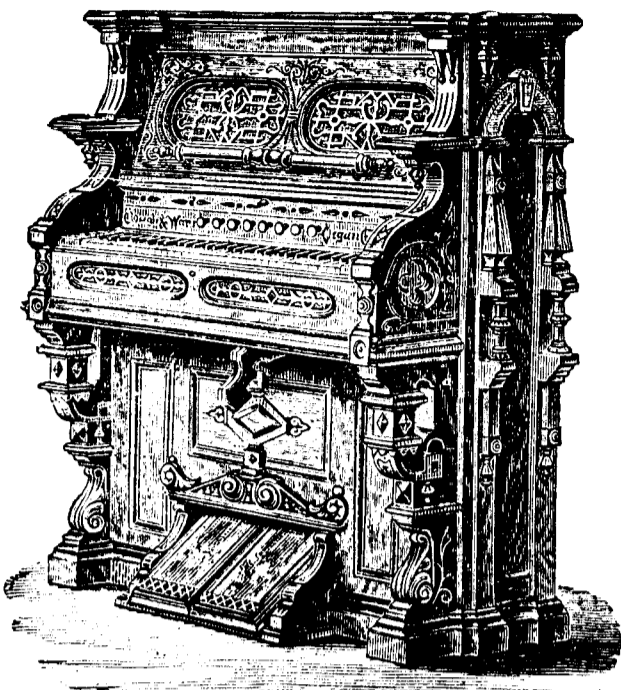
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