Washington, D.C.,
Dec. 10, 1882.

My Dear Billy:

None written by the date at the head of this page, Jan. 2, technically one day behind this time with my letter, though it is practically the same thing as though had written last night for, my Saturday night letter are now mailed until Monday anyway.

The reason for not writing last night is that I was succeeded in a dash at the National Theatre to witness the production of "Foolish Sleight" by Madame M. de Jules, and did not get in until a quarter of 12 o'clock, which was too near upon the hour of midnight.
For me to write a little, I had heard so much of the name Modjeska as being a great actress, that I sat down in the National last night expecting great things. I realized very small things, however, as she is, the notion, a very middling actress. She is gangly in movement, reminding me of an overgrown child, you know, what awkwardness that brought. She has not mastered the quieter, nor even the straightforward order of English pronunciation, and hence much that she delivered her mouth of during the evening was for this reason lost to my ears. And, even if she had conquered the English language, her voice...
was not strong enough to make what she said intelligible being auricular organs (which is a good expression).

Besides, I do not much like the play of "Tempest" when upon the boards. Like all of Shakespeare's plays, as far as I am acquainted with them, it appears to much to the advantage on the first page when one is seated in a cozy room with her to read it, than it does in the months of actors whether they be at the top or the bottom of their profession.

Mr. Gisburn is very highly rated by those who ought to be able to speak authoritatively.
upon the question of histrionic talent, but and I am not one
suffering in the face of all the prestige which she has
won, to set up what I say
as a criticism. But say the
critics what they may, I know
what please, and in the
way of acting, I am now
writing down my own line
presumptions.

By the way I don't think
I have told you that I went
show it a little, on our own
way with the Chelsea this
year. curly, who prints the
journal, has always the
disposition of several free
tickets, and I'm an Manag-
erg of the journal gets two
t_tickets for performances that
we can go to. Quite a
consideration isn't it?

On last Tuesday night we went to hear Richey lecture on "Evolution vs Revolution"—I very much recoiled that the managerial prerogatives doesn't at all tally with the code. Hall. I was very much pleased. He came up in all respects to what I had read of him as the great orator. His eloquence is of the massive kind, altogether unexpressed by what Janiceon, you will remember, calls metricalising adornments; it is of the "Talk-right-on" style. I know of no better way to describe it. As far as the winning of his audience is concerned the honors are easy between the manner & the matter.
his speech.

You have read in the papers that in the course of his progressive system of theology—and progressiveness, you know, is his boast—hell, very other style of eternal punishment has been eliminated from the terrors that cluster about the grave. Any man who preach es this doctrine to a human audience is of course encouraged to hope for success by all that is implied in the maxim—"The wish is father to the thought." I don't suppose that there is a single individual of us all to whom has been given a due share of human nature, who does not wish that after death there was no possibility of
ternal punishment. A large rate (not that I would mean an other people's corn by my half bushel) and so boundedly supplied with this commodity known as human nature, that I confess to a very clearly defined willing

In the course of his lecture he took occasion to refer to this matter, or if assertion were argument or proof. I should be a boundedly blessed in the assurance that whatever may or may not be true, with regard to man's real estate, it is absolutely new.
true it seemed to rank it among the possible that man's "last estate may be worse than the first." But Bucha didn't try to prove his position at all. "Then said it & it is so" was his only argument to establish a doctrine that knocks the underpinning from long system of Christianity. Mr. Bucha's opinion may be good, but it dwindles somewhat when set side by side by proved and proven facts. Some few decades older than his opinion, to which were accepted respected by as great men as he, before he ever had one of the first batches of which Longfellow to dawn upon his mind—much more before he ever
had an opinion.

He proceeded to the work of demolishing the fire-work by denying the doctrine of original sin — of course he omitted to disprove it, he just denied it with that of rotundity which has made him famous as the great pulpit orator. You in a previous portion of his lecture he referred to the fact that he was bring in certain quarters read out of the ranks of Christianity, with very considerable warmth, or the menace he denounced to the men who deny that he is a Christian, as being slanderers, assassins of his character. Nor if Mr. Bache is a Christian can he must acknowledge the coming to the
divinity of Christ. For on the basis principles of etymology it would be difficult to conceive of Christ-sanity without Christ. But if there was no original sin, then for what purpose did Christ come to suffer all those torments for? Everybody who admits, as Buxtorf does, the coming of the divinity of Christ must admit that he came to patch up the rent made in our eternal fortunes by that little pastoral episode in which the man, the woman & the serpent, & the fruit of that forbidden tree" figured with some degree of consciousness prominence. It seems then that Bob Longmell's aide-de-camp is at war
to the Picture, with himself.

I then turn to another in the old adage, "When doctors disagree, who shall decide?" Then this adage which I return to formulate must be a Samson: "When Bucephalus disagrees with himself who is to settle the dispute as between the two parties?"

Bucephalus pounded the mob who persecuted the Saviour when he was on earth.

He said on one occasion, you remember: "The birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Bucephalus pounded that. He admits that Christ came to them deniers him when to trust ever his feet, for if there was no original sin
divinity of Christ. For on the vanishing principle of etymology it would be difficult to conceive of Christ-sanity without Christ. But if there was no original sin, then for what purpose did Christ come to suffer all those tortures for? Everybody who admits, as Bucer does, the coming & the divinity of Christ must admit that he came to patch up the rent made in our eternal fortune by that little pastoral episode in which the man, the woman & the serpent, the fruit of that forbidden tree figured with some degree of sidereal prominence. It seems that Rob Ingersoll's aide-de-camp is at war
to the Nrips, with himself.
If there be any force in
the old adage, "When
doctors disagree, who shall
decide?" Then this adage,
which I return to formulate
must be: a Samson: "When
Buchin disagrees with himself
who is to settle the dispute
as between the two parties?"
Buchin, on the side
the mob who persecuted the
Savior when he was on earth.
He said on one occasion, you
remember: "The beasts of the
air have nests, the fowls han
robes, but the Son of Man hath
not when He lay his head.
Buchin, on that, He
admits that Christ came
then denies him when He
just tram his foot, for if
there was no original sin
then, or what is it to stand as being the God-Man? I think that if I could be persuaded, or could persuade myself that there was no hell (flying or otherwise) I should live much happier than I do, as I am sure I should die much happier than I am going to die. With such a load off my mind the thought of God and all would be perfectly easy, or not that I mean to intimate that even now or ever was existing here, if ever not—but I should bear a more striking resemblance to the other.

Cath's style of anatomy than can now be discovered upon a casual comparative glance. But much as that all the possibility of hell, my mind
more than Mr. Buchan's speculations will be needed to enable me to think of angels robed in white 
worshiping palaces in their hands without the companion thought 
thrusting itself upon my mind of infernal imps robed in sulphurous smoke and bearing pitchforks in their hands.

But I only started out to tell you that Buchan accepted in full the theory of evolution, and that the purpose 
of his lecture was to show that the thing did not at all collide with the truth of Christianity.

I went off on a tangent, though, if it being Sunday 
sharply considerable lecture 
on my hands, and of course did not stop within reasonable limits. May be this letter
isn't long enough?

The Star Route trials are under way. The jury has not yet been drawn, and there have been some preliminary questions before the court as to the number of potential challenges to which the defendants are entitled in impanelling the jury. The work of filling the jury will probably begin Tuesday.

I ran up to Hatton downtown the other day to get those views for you, but he told me that there were none left. The only views obtainable were those in the circular of the Alumnic Society. They are as good as could be desired.
except for purposes of framing, and to present you one of the circulars which will I hope reach you safely. I am not sure that I would only prejudice your cause by my presence at court, anyway. So I had better keep away.

Had a letter from Holby the other day. He did not give any reason for his delay in answering of he is on his ear. I guess it will crop out in due time. I shall not put myself about it if the fact does crop out.

Ehew! pain rats!

With when you can,
particular letters don't forget to apply the principle of aroland for another other tho' I don't want you to abash on first to that principle in answering any letters.
My regards to your father and mother.
Yours truly,
A. Night.

P.S.
What distinction shall I make of that $125 that was left over from the last payment of that child's? William, you said $15.00. William, you don't? Shall I give it to Dan or return it to whatever I do with it?
M. W. L. M. Kauphin
Drummond
C. I. U. M. Kauphin
W. T.