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THE TIMES.

All Canada is looking toward Halifax for the coming of our new Governor-General. Prayers have been made in all the churches for their safety in crossing the ocean: a Y. M. C. A. even went so far as to advertise the fact that prayer of that kind would be made; sermons have been preached about it—in one of which the startling announcement was made that “the Princess is also a woman.” Many of our magnates, political and social, are at Halifax, some representing the country, and some representing nobody in particular, themselves included; the cars are gorgeously got up; the dinners decided upon, and the *menu* published in the *Witness* from soup to dessert —, (that dash must be taken as representing the wine which the *Witness* will not name), so that we are to have the felicity of knowing what such exalted personages live upon for two whole days. That is all just as it should be. A holiday and a bit of excitement will do no harm in these dull times if we keep ourselves well in hand.

But really Montreal is likely to cut a poor figure unless some of our leading citizens stir themselves, and in some practical way take the matter out of the hands of the Mayor, who has neither mind nor manners for the work. To have a reception at Bonaventure Street Station is imbecile, when the train might as well run to Jacques Cartier Square. Mr. Hickson could practically take this reception into his own hands, and save us from the humiliation of being represented at a small, grimy station by our Mayor and a select band of his brethren.

The Scotch are in ecstasies for “The Campbells are coming”—at least one of them will soon be here—and there is to be a grand ball to celebrate the event, and general rejoicing will be indulged in. They are right in it all. But might not the English find a crumb of comfort if they tried? This time the wife is indeed “the better half.” The Marquis is the head, but the Princess is the neck, good friends. It would do the English no harm to assert themselves a little now and then. We hear of French, Scotch and Irish, but who ever hears of an Englishman in Canada? The Irish have a party—two of them in fact; the Scotch are able to get up great enthusiastic meetings, and charitable societies are well sustained, but the English scarcely make so much as a chalk mark on the general blackboard.

I would suggest that we embrace the present opportunity for stirring up the zeal of the English on behalf of their benevolent societies. Poor people come to the country and find themselves destitute; there are no provisions for them by law, and the societies do a most excellent work in caring for the needy of their own nationality. The St. George's Society, of Montreal, makes a most urgent appeal for help. In a circular sent forth it says: “The numbers of deserving English in whose behalf this Society appeals are very large. The amount received from members is insignificant, considering their influence in this city”; and it goes on to state that after making every possible effort by way of concerts, &c., “the funds are exhausted and the Society is in debt.” Englishmen will respond to this appeal, I am sure, and help the Society to perform its benevolent work in a generous way.

I confess to a feeling of reassurance as the result of reading the farewell speeches of the Marquis of Lorne in England and Ireland. His response to the address of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce was couched in a vein that denoted thoughtfulness and some considerable understanding of the relation which England bears to Canada. But the speech at Merville was still happier, for it manifested the

Marquis's acquaintance with the constituent elements of this country, and his allusion to the Earl of Dufferin was graceful and good. There is ground for great hope, if not for confidence, that our young Governor General shall prove able to bear the burden laid upon him, and maintain the popularity achieved by the Earl who has just left us.

Alderman Clendinneng has not yet brought forward his charges in a specific form—which he is bound to do, and that soon. Words such as he used in the Council should only be used when substantial and definite reasons can be given. The Alderman is under obligation in honour and justice to follow this matter to the end. Mr. Clendinneng has not done his duty when he has “cleared his own skirts”: he was sent to the Council not simply to act honestly toward the city, but to see that others did the same. If they have not done so, we demand the report of it.

The *Montreal Post* has taken me to task for suggesting that the Irish Obstructionists should cultivate “common sense and ordinary honesty,” and says: “Does the SPECTATOR know what is good for the Irish people better than those people know themselves?” And again: “In the opinion of most journalists the men on the spot are the best judges of their own business.” Now, as a matter of fact, the *Post* is incorrect, for “most journalists” think themselves the best judges of all matters, home and foreign. “Those on the spot”—well, Dr. Butt and a great many of Ireland's wisest sons are opposed to the Obstructionists, and they too are “on the spot.” The *Post* sides with “Home Rule” and “Obstruction,” but it is not “on the spot.” I once went through Hanwell Lunatic Asylum and came away convinced that “those on the spot” did not know their own business. It is not a question of distance at all, but of that same “common sense.”

The Rev. Mr. Craig of Montreal has hit upon a new line of study which I hope he will carry out and make known. He is reported to have said the other evening that “the history of the Church of England could be traced back to the Apostles, and was older than the Church of Rome,” and adduced evidence in support of his theory that the Church of England existed in the time of the Apostles. Of course the Rev. historian will remember that the Church of Rome dates back to the same point in history, and that if the Church of England is older than that it must have existed before the Apostles did; and then, perhaps, he will tell us what the Church of England was in that remote period—meaning in the matter of creed—and what changes it may go through, and yet remain the Church of England. I am interested in ecclesiastical history, and shall rejoice in a new and competent teacher.

And now, to complicate matters still more, we are to have Orange-women—that is, a society of them. If the names had not been published, and no denial given, I should have held that the whole thing was a joke. But evidently it is to be taken seriously. And what is it going to lead to? In the first place ridicule will be poured in upon us from all quarters. Women forming themselves into a semi-political, semi-religious society! The thing is ludicrous. We shall have a female Irish Catholic Union, of course—and then, the men will hand the whole business over to the women, and they will conduct it in their own peculiar way.

But here is a difficulty:—The Orange sisterhood will march on the next 12th of July, without doubt, and the Irish Catholic Union sisterhood will just as certainly oppose the procession; and our gallant volunteers will hardly feel that their position is dignified by being called out to stop a squabble among ladies of the Orange and Green—and the Mayor would hardly like to shut them in a hall—and our distinguished “Specials” would not be disposed to break with all their sentiments of gallantry, and use their batons on the members of the fair sex. What shall we do to meet the difficulty?

They have started an agitation over in the States to get rid of the three-cent pieces. The *N. Y. Evening Post* says of the coin: “It not only bears no decimal relation to the dollar, it is not even an aliquot part of the dollar, and hence its creation was an absurdity in the first place,