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THE TIMES.

Ottawa is dull. Mr. Mitchell's motion for particulars of vice regal expenses "is not dead, but sleepeth." The debate on supply has exhausted itself. The talking brigade have addressed their constituents at the public expense—through the medium of Hansard, which is never read. Divers small brochures containing the "great speeches" of the would-be representatives will inundate the "free and independent electors" during the ante electoral months, outvying in numbers the hordes of the potato bug! Will all these disinterested (?) appeals be read? We fear not. Life is too short for the effort. We sigh for the years of Methuselah—if we are to keep pace with the reported verbiage of the great law-making machine at Ottawa. When will men learn to say what they have to say in a few plain words? When will innocent figures in indignant protest, refuse to lie at the bidding of each incipient statesman? The electors control the answers. Let us have honest, intelligent, truthful men, wedded to the public weal, before party wiles. Look down from the Speaker's gallery on that holy hatted crowd called the Canadian Commons! No Nestor holds the floor. Be content that A's say "yea," and B's would say "nay," for unless there is a "row on," the scene is as tame as an ordinary sermon. Whatever is said is gainsaid, and truth is crushed between. Do not attempt to listen. The brain might not stand the effort. Nothing for hours enlivens the scene but the ingenuous cough and the vicarious slamming of desks. Then comes the division, and just before it the members are called in from the corridors and the restaurant. The scene bristles up a little when a chieftain takes up the talk, for there is little speech-making in the true sense. Shall our representatives rise out of this slough? Let us have a little sharp incisive argument and reason, at times. It is said an opportunity for such will arise when an amendment will be made to the motion to go into Committee of Supply, involving the constitutionality of the sack of the DeBoucherville Ministry and the responsibility of the Dominion executive therefor. Meanwhile the days come and the days go, and the opposing camps keep vigils at the public expense. But is it all monotony? No, there is an occasional brush between the leaders who mildly insinuate "you're another," after which the faithful henchmen take up the strain and exhume the countless jobs that stain the pages of legislative history.

The Hon. Peter Mitchell had a case, when all is counted, as to the matters of Rideau Hall and Earl Dufferin's journeys through the remote provinces of the Dominion. It was difficult for him, as it would be difficult for any one to speak of it fully. For His Excellency is deservedly popular. It has rarely fallen to the lot of a Governor-General to do such service for the country as the Earl has done for Canada. He has spoken well on all occasions; has been genial in demeanour, adapting himself to our social customs and modes of living, in a way that has charmed all Canadians; has been liberal in purse as in sentiment; a splendid representative of Her Gracious Majesty, the Queen. The attack of the Hon. Peter Mitchell was not on the Governor-General at all, but on the present administration. Be it remembered; the Conservative party proposed that the salary of the Governor-General should be \$50,000. In amendment, Mr. Mackenzie proposed, Mr. Holton seconded, that it should be \$35,000—which amendment was carried in the House. This the British Government looked upon as a breach of faith under the British North American Act; the House yielded, and the salary was fixed at \$50,000. Mr. Mackenzie and his party made it a special stipulation that that amount should cover all expenses in connection with Rideau Hall, and as a matter of fact and history, objected, some two years afterward, to a charge of \$15 for seeds and flower-pots for Rideau Hall, exacting a promise from the Ministry

in the Senate that it should not occur again. The Reform party got into power, pledged to carry out all possible retrenchment, but the Governor-General has cost the country, over and above his salary, \$250,000. Some of the items in the expenditure are strangely and unaccountably extravagant—unaccountably, that is, until we remember that the owners of horses and vehicles in Manitoba, and other remote places, found His Excellency's visit a fine opportunity to make money. Without saying a word that could detract from the worth of the Governor-General, it seems as if Mr. Mitchell had some reason for his enquiries.

As was to be expected, the late difficulty between His Honor and his advisers at Quebec has created a great deal of interest, and much discussion throughout the whole Dominion. Before the explanations that were made on behalf of the new administration by Mr. Laframboise, the public, apart from all partizanship or factions in the House, were quite prepared to suspend their judgment upon the high-handed act of the Lieutenant-Governor. In fact, the people seemed stunned. The thing was new. Nothing like it had ever happened before. How did it come about? It was not done in a moment of irritation, but must have been carefully premeditated and planned. The Lieutenant-Governor must have sought the best possible advice. It can scarcely be imagined that he did not consult the Governor-General of the Dominion before proceeding to such unprecedented measures. That constitutional right was on his side there can be no doubt; and if constitutional usage was against him, that is no proof that he was wrong. Without doubt, the De Boucherville Government had no positive warranty for introducing measures, affecting so great rights as were touched by their Railway and Tax Bills, without the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. That he had the right to dismiss his Government there can be no question. But his action since has complicated matters. He withheld his sanction to the Railway Bill from the old administration, and has not yet vetoed the Bill under the new Government. That should have been done at once. Since it was not, it looks like timidity on the part of the prime mover in the coup d'etat. The movement may be found to lack brains; if so, it will be a calamity. Meantime M. Joly should make his appeal to the country at once, for now his opponents can play the role of martyrs, and utter a cry ad misericordiam. We do not see the end of this yet. If the De Boucherville party is to remain unchanged, then no man caring for the province can vote for it; if it is going to change the tout ensemble, and to depart from the old methods of working, let them tell us what their plans and purposes are. At present the interests of the province are depending upon M. Joly and his party. We know what the De Boucherville Government have done, and are glad they are turned out of office. The Joly Government promise retrenchment in matters of expenditure. What do the others promise? This is no mere question of politics, and can in no way affect the relation of voters to the Dominion Parliament. We are concerned to save the province. De Boucherville has almost ruined it. Can M. Joly save it from Ultramontanism, that is to say, bankruptcy—fanaticism—chaos?

The epidemic of rowdyism has spread to the west. Toronto had a touch of the disease last Monday evening; and the next morning half a mile of Queen street west looked as if an invading army had passed that way in the night. But Toronto is somewhat intolerant of the rowdy; and by this time some score samples of the lawless fraternity are effectually disqualified for any breach of the peace for at least a few weeks to come. The charge of a column of muscular men in blue, ninety strong, staff in hand, was a demonstration sufficiently forcible to vindicate the claims of law order in the space of a very few minutes, when it was once seen that the mob meant mischief. Lawlessness has been effectually checkmated in the capital of Ontario, for the time being. The foolish people who invited O'Donovan Rossa to lecture have not gained much by their motion. The Fenian agitation has contributed several tolerably ridiculous episodes to modern history; but none, heretofore, one-half so ludicrous as the spectacle of the "Secretary of the Skirmishing Fund" alighting head first in a mud hole when attempting to evade imaginary foes by throwing himself from the train some hundred yards short of the Toronto station.