

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

Strange how very easily imposed upon our usually astute American cousins are when political failures from Canada go amongst them preaching annexation. All the world over the human family is somewhat alike; "the public is the most credulous animal in existence," said an American political philosopher. Only the other day ex-Premier Mercier, the erratic count and wonderful patriot, went forth from the Province that once lay at his feet, but which he almost ruined beyond repair, and undertook to accomplish a self-imposed mission amongst his expatriated fellow-countrymen in New England. Having lost the grandest opportunity that ever a man had to do a lasting good to his country, having failed most ignominiously at home, having brought his own political career to a suicidal close and his province to bankruptcy, having found out that "no man (who has disregarded every promise made and has shattered every hope and confidence that was reposed in him) is a prophet in his own country," he determined upon the role of Don Quixote, and proceeded to New England to secure an unenviable notoriety in lieu of the fame that escaped him. Comparing himself to Washington, Gracchus and Marius, he thundered his unpatriotic orations into the ears of a very gullible set of audiences—for gullable must be the men, who knowing Mr. Mercier's career of failures and his fire-rocket history in the sky of politics, could put trust in his protestations and even imagine for a moment that he represents Canadian sentiment.

While the fallen hero of a small political faction is playing Marius, amidst the Cathagenian ruins of his own opportunities, behold a whole Republic "taking stock" in his assertions, and a handful of Canadians at home, attempting to make political capital out of the jugglery of this national merryandrew. Standing in all the sublime dignity of an attempted imitation of Mirabeau, Mr. Mercier points with one hand to the great exodus of Canadians, the thousands that have left his native land to pitch their tents upon the more hospitable fields of America and to enjoy the freedom and prosperity of another constitution, and with the other hand he indicates the dark clouds of commercial depression—effects of bad government of course—that hang upon the Canadian horizon; just beyond the sunlight of industrial and commercial prosperity that renders glorious the land of the Stars and Stripes. This is a beautiful picture, one worthy the pencil of an historical artist; a framework consisting of the limits of the great Republic and the central figure on the canvas a stupendous orator—a very Demosthenes—pouring into the ears of his willing hearers a story of Canada's ruin under her present constitution, and of Canada's salvation in her future annexation. But while Mr. Mercier is pouring forth his floods of more or less exact expressions and more or less sane ideas, while his both hands are employed as before mentioned and his whole mind is absorbed in the contemplation of his own importance, there are scenes of another kind being enacted upon the theatre of active and living events.

While the fallen politician is telling of the Canadian exodus, in reality families upon families are flocking back into Canada, flying from starvation that is abroad through the United States and seeking food, shelter and work in the very land that they once abandoned. While political mountebanks are entertaining their audiences with pictures of our Canadian misery, the streets of New York are alive with thousands of starving creatures calling for bread or work and

unable to secure either. While committees are drawing up resolutions in favor of Canadian annexation, or Canadian independence, and are laying plans whereby to rescue this country from the famine of industry and the famine of food that menace her future, there are other and more significant committees in the Empire State, committees of that class called the people, of that mighty ruling power at whose breath thrones have rocked, and under whose tide governments and kingdoms have been submerged, and these committees are passing resolutions such as follows:

"We, the unemployed workmen of New York, of different trades, in a hunger demonstration assembled, which is caused by the present conditions of labor, do adopt the following resolutions:—

Whereas, first that the monopolists of this city, London and Paris are responsible for the present miserable condition of the working masses;

Resolved, that we ask every hungry man, woman and child to assemble in a mass meeting and appeal to the public for bread; and

Resolved, that we call on all hungry workmen not to pay any rent until the present conditions are improved."

While our country is being misrepresented and self-seeking political knights-errant are abroad preaching treason to the constitution that in the days of their expectancy they clung to with all their might, while the world is being told that Canada is rushing headlong to ruin financial, commercial and political, while Goldwin Smith joins hands with Count Mercier to guide the Dominion into a haven of salvation beyond the line forty-five, we hear the reverberations of the Australian crash sounding over the Pacific and dying away before it has crossed the Rockies, we hear the roar of the great silver-crested breakers that tell of the trouble-lashed sea of American affairs, as they strike against our shores and strike to recede from the solid barrier of our financial stability. Yes, while Canada is being painted in the very blackest of hues, she sees her banks solid, her currency secure, her people contented, and above all her laborers fed; and all this time; the *el dorado* of the Reciprocity-Commercial-Union-Annexationist-Independence-hydra-headed faction, is a prey to the most starting panics and the most dangerous insecurity. Hence to Canada the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the trader, the speculator, all are coming, flying from either the loss of property or falling value of their land, from the uncertainty of pay, from the unreliability of trade from the spectre of gaunt famine that stalks through the country, from the crash of banks that in their falling crush so many unfortunates and bury them beneath their debris.

There is no doubt but eventually Canada must feel a slight shock after the commercial and financial earthquake that is convulsing the neighboring Republic; but that can in no way change the facts that we are safer and more prosperous, with our future better secured as five millions living under our own constitution, with our solid banks, our model banking system, our reliable currency and our countless acres awaiting the plough of the colonist to return a hundred-fold, than to be bound hand and foot to a giant country of seventy millions, with its unwieldy financial machinery, its insecure banks, its shaky banking system, its commercial crises, its financial panics, its unsettled currency and its spasmodic booms and corresponding collapses. Never before, in the history of this continent, were the false prophecies of an anti-Canadian set of public speakers, writers and politicians more splendidly contradicted by living facts; never before were the efforts of

the men, whose sole object seems to be to ruin the fair name and credit of the country, more tellingly turned against themselves. It is in vain that the learned national acrobat, Goldwin Smith, has written, in vain that the personification of political failure, Count Mercier, has spoken; there are the facts, the results of the systems, each seen in the light of its own creation. They cry out emigration, while the people are immigrating; they shout depopulation, while the incoming trains whistle repopulation; they sing "blue ruin in Canada, salvation in the States," while American financial institutions are rocking and Canadian ones are immutable; they point to prosperity, where the masses are starving, and they talk of home sufferings while the hundreds come back, like the Prodigal, to ask even what he was willing to take rather than feed upon husks in a foreign land.

Much as we admire the American constitution and respect their institutions, we must confess that we love, honor, and have confidence in our own to a degree away beyond comparison. Therefore we feel indignant when we find disappointed politicians, both at home and abroad, seeking to attain some object of pretty ambition, be it fame, power, notoriety or emolument, by misrepresenting our country, belittling her institutions, despising her prospects, ignoring her prosperity, and making a laughing-stock of themselves and their followers in the eyes of all serious and reputable men. How long this American crisis may last is more than we can say, but this we do know, that it is the strongest and most convincing argument that could possibly be used against the advocates of all these recently invented theories that cluster around the annexation idea. There is many a man to-night who, when he kneels down to say his evening prayer, will thank God that he is back safely again in his humble but happy Canadian home, where if luxury does not decorate at least the wolf of hunger does not ravage. Before closing we desire to point out one peculiar feature in the aspect of present affairs in the United States. While the Western States are demanding secession of Trade between their new country and the older or Eastern States, we find a set of Canadians asking for Reciprocity of Trade between young Canada and those same members of the American Union; while the portion of the Republic that more nearly corresponds in its mineral, forest and other prospects, to our Dominion, is seeking Commercial Separation from the more greatly populated States, a few of our would-be statesmen are squandering their energies in the hopeless task of bringing about Commercial Union with our friends at Washington. Not one reputable Canadian Statesman is or ever has been with these advocates; literary and political failures, bohemians and knights-errant alone amuse themselves with the little game.

SCHOOL INSPECTORSHIP.

By this time our readers may have grown tired of the above heading and have come to the conclusion that about all necessary to be said upon this subject has been stated and that it is time to move in another direction and in an effective manner to secure the much needed appointment that we have been advocating. The articles so far published contain only a few of the principal reasons why an English speaking Inspector should be named; had we desired we could have filled our whole paper with arguments equally strong in favor of the contention. But we have given sufficient to form the basis of action, and

now the time has come to move in the matter in a more direct way. In order that our readers may know exactly what we are doing and feel that the TRUE WITNESS does not confine itself to the simple advocacy of a principle, or the mere pointing-out of a want, we can inform them that we are at present taking the requisite steps to bring the question under the eyes of the proper authorities with a view to having the appointment made as soon as is convenient.

It seems to us that, by this time, it must be pretty well known and generally conceded that we do not undertake any defence of rights or assertion of principles without having first duly weighed the *pros* and *cons* and that having found that what we seek is just and requisite, we do not stop short until, in one way or another, a final decision is secured. During the few months that the TRUE WITNESS has been under its new direction it has wrestled, and most successfully, with some social, moral, national and religious questions, that for a long while had been suffered to remain untouched and allowed to shift for themselves. In the interests of our faith we have carefully watched every attack that was made upon it, and did our utmost to repel the same; in the interests of our fellow-countrymen—collectively and individually—we put forth our every effort in favor of their cause, advocating due representation in one sphere and proper recognition in others; in the interests of public and general morality we did not hesitate to take in hand, push ahead and go to the extreme limit of our influence with a question that affected the whole Christian community; in the interests of our younger generation, and in the names of education and literature, we have carefully studied all the knotty problems regarding these matters and have insisted on fair representation in accordance with the taxes contributed and the interests at stake; and in all these cases we have met with success sufficient at least to prove that we were upon the right track each time.

This question of the School Inspectorship is only one more of the many that the necessity of the situation made imperative, and we have no hesitation in saying that years hence, others, who shall reap the benefits, will be grateful to those who had it in their power to thus promote their interests and who did so.

IF THE authorities or whoever has charge of the surroundings of the elevator to the Mountain Park would kindly have the approach to the inclined railway levelled and made more pleasant for its patrons a great favor would be conferred on the public. The pathway is most unpleasant, owing to a couple of inches of dust and all the stones that serve the purpose of shoe-makers more than that of the purchasers of their goods.

THE *Rassegna Nazionale*, a Florentine review recommends a *modus vivendi*, that is to say peace, between Italy and the Papacy. Those who suggest it for the sake of monarchical Italy dissemble their notions when they do not entirely mark them. The Universe says on the subject, what is indeed very true, that:

"Without a reconciliation with the Vatican, it is felt that the kingdom will go to absolute and universal ruin. But, seeing that the Pope has made many appeals, the initiative belongs henceforth to the State. But this initiative, the *Moniteur de Rome* maintains, should be preceded by the ample and plenary restitution of Rome to the Holy See. Rome is fatal to conquerors. The Pope should be left inviolate and unassailed there. It is well to recollect what Sir Walter Scott writes in 'Anne of Geirstein'—'They say you cannot live in Rome and strive with the Pope.'"