

The Week.

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THE PREMIER OF ONTARIO has gone on a trip to California, which, it is to be hoped, will repair his energies after the toils of the recent Session. On his road he has, like a thrifty politician, embraced an opportunity afforded him of making a little political capital. He has been talking to the Nationalists of Chicago, and has assured them not only of his own sympathy, but of that of all the Liberals of Ontario in their beneficent design of dismembering the United Kingdom. His words will no doubt be set down to his credit by the Nationalist journals here, and will secure to him, more than ever, the affectionate alliance of Archbishop Lynch and the support of the Catholic Vote. For himself he has a right to speak, nor do we question his sincere devotion to Disunion; but we venture, with all due deference, to question his right to commit all the Liberals of Ontario to a declaration of sympathy with the Fenianism of Chicago. At the meeting held in this city to protest against the dissolution of the Union, the chair was taken by a Liberal, and Liberalism was fully represented among the speakers. We are much mistaken if there are not thousands of Liberals here who, like Lord Hartington, Mr. Trevelyan, and Mr. Chamberlain, are firmly attached to the Union, and would protest against any identification of the Liberal party with Home Rule. The example of Canadian Home Rule, to which Mr. Mowat points, has been shown a score of times to be utterly irrelevant. An independent Canada never can be a thorn in the side of Great Britain; while there could be no worse thorn in the side of Great Britain than an independent Ireland under the influence of Mr. Mowat's friends at Chicago.

In a letter to the *Mail* of Friday last, Mr. H. T. Cloran, of Montreal, attempted to cast doubt upon the current version of the speech made by General Bourke at the great meeting of Irish Nationalists. The verbatim report, furnished to the *Sentinel* by a professional reporter, with which the summary given by the *Mail* at the time substantially agreed, runs as follows:—

The landlord has complete control of his estate, he can do as he pleases, and we are told that we have no right to attempt to reason with that man, and if that man dies suddenly, we are told that we are murderers. Now, the part of Ireland that I came from is down in Tipperary (loud applause), and sometimes men do die suddenly down there, and in nearly every instance where a man dies suddenly he is a landlord. (Loud and prolonged applause and cheers.) Now, is there any particular reason why a landlord should not sometimes die suddenly? (Laughter, and cries of "No.") But there is reason to suppose that a man who does die suddenly should, by his previous life, give his family and relations some hope that his soul was well prepared for the next world. (Immense applause and cheers.) We are told that is murder. Where is the murder? On which side is the murder? Surely if there be anything in the human heart that would excite a man to pity—if a man has any claim to feelings of humanity, he should surely protect and foster the lives of those near and dear to him, and of those who brought him into the world, his own flesh and blood. (Applause.) It is hard for a man with a Milesian heart to see his mother thrown out of her humble home, to see that home torn down by the hands of the crowbar brigade, because the landlord wishes to extend his lawn or make room for Durham cattle. Is it to be wondered at that under these circumstances a man may for a moment lose his temper and act according to the dictates of his humanity? (Loud applause.) Supposing he does it, does he do a wrong? Would you do it? Would I do it? I would call that man a coward who would not do it. (Tremendous applause and cheers.) I have no desire to be considered bloodthirsty. I seek not to have the blood of any man on my hands, but there are times when even this frail, passionate nature of ours cannot be controlled. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

If this report is fictitious, as Mr. Cloran pretends, it is certainly a fiction of the most circumstantial kind. The true version Mr. Cloran does not attempt to give. We should be very glad to see it. For the meeting by which General Bourke's sentiments were received with prolonged applause, and formally endorsed by an enthusiastic vote of thanks, was thoroughly representative of the Irish of Montreal, was presided over by the officers of the Nationalist League, and was attended by at least one priest. Its manifestations, therefore, are highly indicative of the treatment which landlords and other persons obnoxious to General Bourke and his friends are likely to receive at the hands of Tyrconnell's Parliament when it shall have been resuscitated by Mr. Gladstone. The

Bishop of Montreal, who, when an Opera Bouffe comes to the city, launches against it his ecclesiastical thunder, would not fail to denounce, with at least equal solemnity, the open glorification of murder. It is true that one of his saintly colleagues at an early stage of this conflict spoke of the murder of landlords in a tone little less at variance with Protestant sentiment than that of General Bourke. In the sympathy evinced by the Irish with political or agrarian crime, and the failure of the hierarchy and clergy seriously to exert their power for its repression, far more than in the number or atrocity of the individual outrages, great as both are, consists the gravity of this series of events. The world has received a lesson on the relations between the Church of Rome and morality which it will not easily forget. It is notable that though a number of political or agrarian murderers in Ireland have been convicted on evidence which could leave no shadow of doubt as to their guilt, not one of them, we believe, has atoned to the community by a public confession, though they must all have confessed to the priests. The prospect opened is alarming. With individual crime we can deal in the ordinary way, but if society is confronted by a whole race which deems murder lawful, and a priesthood which tacitly condones it, the result some day will be a general war of self-defence against the race and the priesthood.

THE more the Beatty-Woodworth scandal is stirred the greater is the stench; and the worst of it is that the line taken in defence implies that a generally low standard prevails among members of Parliament on these subjects. This we greatly fear is the fact, and the matter calls urgently for the attention of the country. It has been said that such things as have been done by the actors in this affair could not have been done with impunity in England; certainly they could not before the recent degradation of the House of Commons. What is more, they could not have been done with impunity in the United States, low as we are in the habit of believing the standard of political morality there to be. A not very gross act of corruption sufficed to banish Mr. Colfax from public life, nor do we believe that any man who had been distinctly convicted of being a party to a corrupt transaction would be able to keep his place in Congress. What is wanted, though in the present condition of the Legislature it would not be easily obtained, is a way of bringing malefactors of this class to justice. A poor ignorant tramp who has committed a petty theft, perhaps to satisfy the cravings of hunger, expiates his offence in the penitentiary. The holder of a high public trust who, though already opulent, has inexcusably abused his position for the purpose of illicit gain, and has defrauded the public of a great sum, is sheltered beneath the buckler of his party, and escapes with no penalty beyond some denunciatory editorials in the journals of the other party, at which he laughs and which are forgotten before the next election. He has only to brazen out his infamy with the callous assurance in which none of his tribe are deficient. Political corruption is just as capable of being defined and made the subject of an indictment as any other offence, and assuredly there are few offences more heinous or more dangerous to the community. Impeachment is obsolete; probably it would be impracticable; at all events there is no provision for it in the constitution. But there ought to be a regular tribunal—perhaps the Supreme Court would be the best—and proper facilities for public-spirited citizens, especially the constituents of the offender, who may desire to bring a case before it. Expulsion from Parliament and exclusion from it for the future ought always to be a part of the penalty. A strict and inflexible law should prevent Members of Parliament from meddling with anything which is before the House and in which they have a pecuniary interest. The glimpses which on such occasions as the present we get into the condition of public life warn us that the need of safeguards has become pressing. Our politics are in danger of being saturated with corruption, while the ideas of our people will be debauched at the same time. Mr. Blake has a character above suspicion, and if he will take up the question bravely he may render an inestimable service to the country.

Just as the Scott Act election is coming off in St. John, N. B., authentic intelligence reaches us through the *Calgary Herald* of the failure of Prohibition in the North-West. A meeting was held at Calgary on the burning question of the North-West Liquor Laws. The hall was packed, and resolutions were passed to the effect that in spite of the laws liquor was being constantly imported; that nearly as much was consumed as under a license law; that the system was entirely unsatisfactory, and that a change was urgently demanded. The various speakers showed that the result of the existing system was an illicit traffic of a most objectionable kind. All the liquor smuggled, of course, is whiskey, to the exclusion of beer; and the whiskey, we may be sure, is of the worst sort. Opinion in the North-West, as elsewhere, is evidently settling down to the adoption of