

THE BYSTANDER.

JUNE, 1880.

THE close of the session at Ottawa was marked by an incident equal in importance to the debate on the Pacific Railway, and not unconnected with that question. Mr. Mackenzie announced his resignation of the leadership of the Opposition, and Mr. Blake was at once installed in the vacant place. When last Mr. Blake stepped forwards, in response to a call from the country even clearer and louder than the present, he saw a giant armed in the path, and turned aside. This time, though the same form seemed to bar the way, he did not turn aside; and the huge scarecrow at once came crashing and lumbering to the ground, with all its seeming bulk of lath and its swelling spread of sheet, with all its rag-market and tin-shop accoutrements of terror. Never again, we may hope, will it frighten a Canadian statesman from his duty to his cause, his friends, and himself. A journal ably conducted and just, or anything like just, in its criticisms will have its share of influence; but newspaper tyranny can be exercised only over a nation miserably prone to servitude; and Canada will be inexcusable if, having seen such a despotism laid flat in the mire by a slight exertion of courage, she again bows to the ignominious domination. From the very manner in which the *Globe* made its attacks on Mr. Blake, not directly, but obliquely, by stabbing at him through another person, he might have learned that there was nothing insuperable in front of him; and a single straight blow from his arm would have cleared the road long since. Better late than never; but