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THE TIMES.

Matters at Ottawa are almost without interest. There was some show of fight over the Budget, but not much in reality. Also some splutter over the Hon. Peter Mitchell's motion anent the journeys of the Governor-General—over which the Premier lost his temper. But, generally speaking, the Parliament may be said to be quietly and sweetly earning its salary. Even the principal organs of the party are dull about it. The *Mail* attacks Government in a dull, old-maidish sort of way, and the *Toronto Globe* defends it in a dull, old-manish sort of way. Nor is there promise of change in Parliament or papers. The Reform party are afraid of the work of reform; the Conservative party can find nothing but their own personal interests to conserve. So each is embracing the great opportunity for doing well unto itself. It seems strange to ordinary onlookers that in a young country like Canada, and with such boundless resources at command, Parliament should be so short of real work to do. But the reason of it is to be found in the existence of our miserable Provincial Governments, which play at legislation, and drain the country of its money.

The Oracle has spoken. The Finance Minister has presented his statement, and whilst giving the Hon. Mr. Cartwright due credit for a faithful account, "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," we may well stand appalled at the deficit which has accrued during the past two years amounting to over $3\frac{1}{4}$ millions of dollars. We are reminded of the old fable in which the waggoner called on Hercules to help him to raise his vehicle out of the rut, but worse than this, the Hon. Finance Minister proposes to do nothing at all, but rather folds his arms and looks on; we are willing to make allowance for an unfortunate legacy bequeathed to the present Ministry by their predecessors, in the shape of extravagant expenditure to which the country stood pledged, and we do not in any way regard the Ministry as responsible for the unprecedented depression which has existed during the past three years, but it seems that Mr. Cartwright has shown a want of courage in grappling with the position. In mythological story we are told that at the opening of Pandora's box "there issued from it a multitude of evils, which dispersed themselves over the world, and have never ceased to afflict mankind. Hope alone remained at the bottom of the box, having the wonderful power of easing the labours of man, and lessening the sorrows of life." Well, hope may remain at the bottom of Mr. Cartwright's budget, and if not *hope*, in a lower depth, there may be, peradventure, *resignation*.

The Quebec Legislature makes considerable progress backward. It has no funds, and but little credit anywhere; and yet calmly subsidises railways as if it were rich and increasing in goods. Legislation is not for the whole, but for a part of the people; that part—the French Canadian. In the matter of the Q. M. O. & O. Railway, it seems certain that justice will receive small consideration, and fair play scarcely a thought. Defrauded municipalities will be compelled to pay the subsidies promised when a different route was decided on. And then, to make affairs look cheerful, the brokers of Quebec and Montreal are to be driven to Toronto, or into the United States, by the proposed new taxation.

The 17th falling on a Sunday this year, the Catholic Societies of Hamilton have very sensibly decided to have no procession. Their commemoration of St. Patrick's Day will consist simply of a special service at the Cathedral. However, their co-religionists at Toronto are no way inclined to let the day pass in so peaceful a fashion. In this city there will be, on the following day, the usual demonstrations in

honour of the great missionary that Scotland sent forth to evangelize the sister Isle over fourteen hundred years ago. Monday evening will be devoted to a concert at the Grand Opera House, under the patronage of the Roman Catholic Societies and Clergy. The "Young Irishmen" and "Hibernian" Societies have, however, resolved to spend the evening in a more pronounced demonstration. They accordingly announce a lecture at the Royal Opera by the notorious Fenian, O'Donovan Rossa, by way of testifying their sympathy with that individual's scheme for destroying the cities of Britain by the use of dynamite and petroleum, after the manner of the Parisian Communists. The local Romanist dignitaries look upon this scheme with small favour. They have very little to complain of, and perfectly recognize that fact. Their influence is supreme in politics as in social matters; and they have nothing to gain by any possible change. Self-interest, if nothing else, keeps the Ontario hierarchy loyal to the *status quo*. To use the common vulgarism, Archbishop Lynch knows well enough which side his bread is buttered. The "Young Irishmen" need expect no sympathy from that quarter. Whether archiepiscopal authority will be invoked to suppress the promised display of disloyal sympathies is as yet uncertain. Dr. Lynch is quite capable of vigorous and decisive action when necessary. St. Patrick's day six years ago bore testimony to this. On that occasion the worthy Archbishop took fire at some slight manifestation of impatience among the immense crowd that thronged St. Michael's Cathedral, caused by the tedious length of the sermon, which was being delivered by an ardent young Irishman; suddenly springing to his feet, Dr. Lynch administered a rebuke to the unfortunate priest that completely extinguished him, then turning to the vast congregation he metaphorically shook his fist at them in a style worthy of Hildebrand; and in an instant there was a dead calm.

The treaty of peace between Russia and Turkey awaits signature, and diplomacy in earnest will take hold of the Eastern question. Notwithstanding the conflicting and alarming nature of late telegrams, we believe that the war is at an end. If rumour is correct, the Russian terms are not only hard but impossible. The Conference will soon discover that, and Russia doubtless expects to be convinced of it. Russia does not desire to prolong the war; her interest lies in peace. We would place little confidence in her honesty or honour, but a great deal of confidence in her foresight and prudence. So when the Conference meets, the demands, if too exacting, will be modified, and the terms altered; and England may preserve a warlike attitude for some time longer, but there, we think, it will end. It is difficult to see how occasion for a general European war can arise. Nations do not fight for nothing in these days; they are not as regardful of glory as in the olden times; and what in the whole situation, as it now appears, can offer occasion for war, not even Lord Beaconsfield can tell. The English Tory mobs have howled, and broken some panes of glass, and they are not likely to have much further fighting; none will be more pleased than themselves.

The new Pope promises to be as great a disappointment, and consequently as great a failure as the last. Cardinal Pecci was understood to be liberal, and not at all inclined to what we know as Ultramontane. But Pecci has greatened into Leo, and appears to have felt the change. He will not be liberal at all, as it seems, but will walk in the ways of Pius IX., that is, as to following a policy marked out by the Jesuits. And that means the speedy coming of further disaster on the Catholic Church. For Jesuitism is opposed to the world's progress, and the world will beat it down and pass on. Jesuitism is a thing the light and truth of life do hate, and whatever form it may assume it is the deadly foe of mankind. Only in Lower Canada is the foul thing tolerated, and there it governs the Parliament body, being the very soul of it, cripples trade, keeps back education, and favours only Romish Ecclesiasticism. Perhaps the better for the world in general if the Pope should become a violent Ultramontane; the conflict and the conclusion would come all the sooner. One thing seems certain that the new Pope does not adopt the method of working pursued by his predecessor in office. He is inaugurating changes both as to work and ways of working. And yet Pius Nono was infallible and Leo is infallible. A strange thing that infallibility. Its ways are not our ways, and its thought must be peculiar.