

the thing he believes in. If defeated to-day, he must have faith in the right and continue to struggle until the clearer judgment of to-morrow secures a juster verdict. The man who, for any selfish motive, deserts his cause in such a struggle, is a traitor to the cause, and merits public contempt. The man who leaves a party because he is not nominated to office in it, or because office is offered him by the other side has all the qualities which would betray an army on the field of battle. But that is very different from the man who leaves his ordinary party affiliations because he believes the policy of his party is wrong, or the leaders of his party unworthy or corrupt. An attempt is often made by the party machines to drag on and intimidate men into adherence to their party alliances, under the head of being branded as traitors because they act independently. This is one of the conspicuous evils of the party system, and no idea needs more to be thoroughly stamped out.

To sum up, therefore, we may safely agree that party government as a system is good, and works to good ends in the state.

That all the evils which grow out of it are not necessary evils but simply the abuse of it namely, party feeling run mad.

That the ideal condition of things would be to have, as now, two great opposing organizations each bidding for popular support and power. But to have, as we certainly now have not, an independent electorate which, when election day came, would vote absolutely free from party bias, and in strict accordance with the merits of the issues and parties.

As such an ideal state cannot be reached at once or soon, because the mass of the electorate cannot rise to such elevation of thought and purpose, the immediate remedy for the evils of party, is the creation and constant augmentation of an independent class of voters in every constituency who will not bow the knee to the party machine, but exercise fearlessly the right to vote as they think the interest of the country requires. Such men Canada has had in small numbers in the past, in larger numbers, thank fortune, to-day, and will have in much greater numbers, let us hope, in the future. The independent or Mugwump vote of the United States is the greatest safeguard now existing in their political institutions. It compels the nomination of worthy men, and it turns the scale against the corrupt and low-minded boss. It is the one rock of safety amid the perils which surround a pure Democracy. The same thing may be said of Canada. We have a splendid form of government, in the abstract, but under the party system it would be possible for a government to hold power forever, and violate innumerable principles of justice if there were no independent men to go to the polls. The salvation, the hope of our institutions, rests not with the two great bodies who, in the name of party, go blindly to the polls and vote by tradition, but with a small body independent of both, who, with minds too large to be the slaves of a machine, and hearts too big to sacrifice country to a shibboleth, go to the polls and vote according to the dictates of an enlightened conscience.

If this class will multiply, no one need fear that we shall be overwhelmed with the evils of party. Two or three hundred independent men in each constituency would keep the body politic in good order and perfect safety. Third party candidates

are not necessary. As a rule they do not afford the true means of advancing public virtue or genuine reform. The safeguard upon which our political institutions rest is a sound and healthy public opinion. This is the bedrock upon which popular government rests. If the heart of the people is not sound, then comes wickedness; next, anarchy or despotism—evils between which there is scarcely a choice. This public opinion, under existing conditions, must manifest itself through the agency of the independent voter. If every man is to be a partizan, and no man is to leave his party, it is quite plain that no change could ever be made. If a bad government is to be got rid of, it must be by independent votes. It obtained power by the will of a majority of the people, and it can only lose power by some of those who supported it reversing their action—that is, leaving the party.

At this time there is a tendency to glorify party action. Services to the party are made the basis of political promotion. The man who ventures to criticise the action of the party leaders is believed to have sacrificed all chances of office if his party is in power, and all prospects of office if his party shall afterwards come into power. Such a sentiment should be discouraged. In the United States there is an enormous section of the people who are prepared to stand by the principle that merit and fitness is the sole and discriminating test for public office, and not party services. Personally, I am not an admirer of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, but I do hail with satisfaction the independent stand he has taken. I do recognize it as a good thing—a splendid thing that public men of acknowledged merit should have the courage to say what they think, whether it suits the machine or not, and all good and patriotic men should take care that the independent man is not overwhelmed by the party bosses, but is so far sustained by public opinion as to secure his influence and assert his power. It will be a useful object lesson to public men of the right stamp.

I am quite aware that these views will not be appreciated by the mass of men in Canada. It is fashionable to be a party man. Perhaps I am a party man myself. Doubtless most persons think so. This much, however, I will say, that if I am a victim of prejudice, I shall strive to rise above it, and shake it off. If I am afflicted with the party blindness of the world about me, I shall aim to get light. At all events, I hope I shall never esteem it a matter of glory to proclaim myself a blindman. In so far as I can do so, I shall honestly strive to promote a spirit of independence in Canadian politics.

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PARIS LETTER.

Society must be excused if it be a little off its head just now. The abominable crime of the anarchists has but deepened the fear, the dread, their merciless atrocities, engender. What next, and who next? When a man's life is threatened, he seeks whatever is within reach to defend himself; when society is attacked, it defends its existence by all means civilization places at its disposal, including measures the most repressive, and laws inspired perhaps by the spirit of Draco. The first duty is to live, and the Ten Commandments were only framed against evil-doers. The laws may not prove effective, but society can do no more. Those who voluntarily place them-

selves outside the pale of civilization, must be prepared for extermination. Though vermin multiply, they have not the less to be destroyed.

Vaillant, who committed the horrible crime in the Chamber of Deputies, is only the natural product of the unhinged and licentious times that society is passing through. He kills without knowing why, attacking with indifference those who never injured him, sparing neither age, sex, nor nationality in common massacre. And he would try and escape to chuckle over the ruin he caused, the pain and torture he inflicted, and the tears of anguish he forced to flow. Immediate suppression for him and his tribe is the final weapon society can wield. The terrible fad of an anarchist is to pose, to feel he fills the public eye, and that he will go down to posterity like Herostatus who set fire to the temple of Artemis at Ephesus. Born in 1862, Vaillant at 16 years of age underwent his first imprisonment for thieving, and he constantly contributed to that chapter of his biography. He is a mechanic and possesses a fair education; he was a spouter at all the advanced socialistic meetings, and wrote for the wild and penny awfuls. Married, he emigrated to the United States, and doubtless was initiated into the mysteries of the brutal terrorist school of Chicago Most. He abandoned his wife in the States, returned to Paris, and became a jack-of-all-trades. One Marchal, a glass engraver, pitying his poverty, shared his home with him. Result, he seduced his wife, who later became his mistress and took charge of his (Vaillant's) daughter, aged six years. He appropriated all Marchal's clothing, and gutted the house of the furniture and then left for the suburb of Choisy-le-Roi, where he founded a "philosophical society," and was nominated its president. Marchal had a dread of Vaillant, knowing him to be an anarchist. A few days ago he expressed the pleasure he would feel in going to see him decapitated. These were perhaps imprudent words, as Marchal has disappeared, to escape the apprehended vengeance of the sect.

The French Chamber of Deputies comprises 581 members; the *Salle* is an amphitheatre, with gradually rising seats, from the presidential tribune and rostrum, backwards. There are two galleries, with boxes or *loges*, to accommodate various classes of visitors and functionaries. In the second or upper tier, is a *loge* to accommodate about 15 members of the sovereign people, who do not require any ticket of admission; they represent the free public, and enter, following priority of arrival. It was in this group of 15 that Vaillant wriggled into the Chamber, and from their box cast down the home-made shell into the pit or amphitheatre where the deputies sit. The *bombe*—an old sardine box filled with explosives and shoe nails, and fired by the meeting of two timed antagonistic acids—awkwardly thrown, struck a pillar in starting, and burst in the air, instead of, as was expected, on the ground; hence, why chiefly the occupants of the galleries, 76 persons at least, were wounded.

When the flash and smash followed, then "shrieked the timid and stood still the brave!" The Speaker, M. Dupuy, by his sang-froid and presence of mind, though struck by a splinter, calmly rang his bell to retain the attention of the deputies, as if only an ordinary interruption had occurred, and quietly announced "Gentlemen, the discussion continues," and the debate on