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THE TIMES.

The death of M. Bachand is untimely and unfortunate for the present Government in the Province of Quebec. It has sustained the loss of an able and staunch supporter, who was, perhaps, the one of all the party best fitted to administer the finances of the Province. But the loss is all the greater from the fact of the two parties being so evenly balanced. The majority is gone with the death of M. Bachand, and M. Joly will find it more difficult, if not impossible, to carry on the Government. An appeal to the country would probably let in the party which calls itself Conservative, and that party would probably exercise authority after the same method as before M. Letellier laid violent hands upon it; and then the Province would soon be bankrupt.

This is a good time to suggest to our Provincial Premier that this Treasurership of the Province was established at Confederation as an English-speaking office. When the innovation was made the English-speaking Canadians said nothing by way of protest, but it is quite easy to allow precedents to grow and become established, and in this case it should be provided against. The nature and work of the office of Treasurer in this Province, as well as the original agreement, make it necessary that the office should be filled by an English-speaking man.

Mr. Cartwright has been returned by a tremendous majority, and the country generally has occasion to be satisfied with it. Mr. Cartwright failed as Minister of Finance undoubtedly, but he is a good and daring critic; not afraid of the sound of his own voice at any time, and not afraid to venture something when quoting—as is the manner of Dr. Tupper at times—so the strong Conservative Government will be the better looked after for having Mr. Cartwright in the House.

In the ballot-box case which has just been brought to a close—by a verdict of guilty against Lamarche, the owner of the house in which the voting took place; Pilon, the carpenter who lent his skill to the diabolical scheme; Forget, the Deputy Returning Officer; and Christin, Mr. Laflamme's agent—we have had a revelation of what men will do in the interests of party politics. There was nothing brought out during the trial to connect the infamous fraud with Mr. Laflamme in particular, or the Liberal party in general; and for the *Gazette* to speak of it "as an outcome of the principles which the leaders of the Reform party instilled into their followers," is a simple outrage upon all and every sense of fair criticism. Not one of the leaders of either party would teach anything that could lead up, or down, to such a gross attempt at fraud. All honest men will rejoice that Mr. Girouard has got the seat he so fairly won; and the same will be glad to see the rascals who tried to cheat him, and the country, condemned to suffer the heaviest penalty the law can inflict.

Judge Ramsay's peculiarities are very peculiar. He is constantly forgetting that he is a Judge, and not a general critic, or a Crown Prosecutor. In his charge to the jury in the ballot-stuffing case he is reported to have said:—"It is not a question of political importance at all, but whether this silly, absurd thing called the ballot-box is to be made the instrument of fraud, or whether it is to protect poor voters from the oppression of outside influence." The Judge seemed to think that the ballot-box was on its trial, and not men for fraudulently stuffing it. But Judge, if the ballot-box can be so used as "to protect poor voters from outside oppression," why do you say it is "silly and absurd," and "a disgrace to the nation"? By your own showing the ballot-box may be used to good purpose.

The concert at the Academy of Music on Hallowe'en was a great success—as everything the Scotch take in hand is. Mrs. Chatterton-

Bohrer played superbly, and Mrs. Barnes' singing deserved the same advert. Sir A. T. Galt, not having much to say, wisely tried the patience of the audience but a little. The success which Mr. Corbett achieved was remarkable, and well earned. His stories and songs were brimfull of quaint humour.

What can be the matter with the *Montreal Witness*? I pointed out the other day that it had taken to weeping and wailing because "man has but one stomach," and that "his happiness, yea, his mental and moral nature depends greatly upon it," and here it is again, of date Nov. 4th, groaning and moaning and saying:—

"The world has moved along long enough without discovering that the mind cannot develop without the body any more than one side of a horse can move forward without the other, or else remain content with the Hudibrastic method of using only one spur, and that not too tenderly."

Which side do you mean to "remain content," dear *Witness*, the side that moves or "the other"? And here again:—

"The mind is as much dependant on the stomach as the printing press is on the steam engine."

And again it tells us "that our powers of observation," "of applying knowledge to the facts around us," "alertness in noticing and dealing with circumstances" are "processes of the mind," "which are rather suppressed than otherwise by book learning, but are all drawn out by physical training." I am not so much alarmed at the mental and moral philosophy of the *Witness*, that always was a bit peculiar; but the blank materialism of the thing troubles me. The *Witness* has sent out a clergyman to teach the science of farming—and now, instead of weeping over original and other sins, it is weeping for two stomachs, and a gymnasium. *Et tu, Brute.*

A gentleman writes to make a statement and ask a question:—

"I see from some remarks of yours in the SPECTATOR that you have noticed what has long been a source of great anxiety and pain to me, viz., the false statements made by clergymen in the pulpit when dealing with the scepticism of the day. I have long been a careful student of the writings of the German, French, and English Rationalists, and I hear teachings and dogmas ascribed to them which I have nowhere found in their books. I have heard it often in the States, and I see by your criticisms that the same thing prevails in Canada. Of course it makes those clergymen appear learned, and allows them an opportunity of showing their skill at polemics, but, what is the difference between misrepresentation of the value of stock on 'Change or the price of goods in a store, and misrepresentation of facts in the pulpit?"

I can only answer that the cases are precisely alike when brought down to a question of morality, only—to follow Mark Twain—the latter is a little more so.

Apropos of this:—I have been soundly and roundly rated for what is called my "attack" upon Mr. Mackay, of Hull, England—who, at what was named a Christian Conference, declared that God had been at one time a Rationalist, and failing in that had tried Ritualism as a method of governing and saving the world. I made no attack, but simply rebuked the ignorance and profanity that were displayed.

The *Orange Sentinel* has got to speak for a certain class, and so cannot afford to be particular in matters of veracity. But one of its staff, a poor untaught and misguided youth, who writes a weakly letter from Montreal, has got off a bit of fun in its pages. Said mentioned suggests that I have attacked the Municipal Corporation of Toronto because Toronto is the head centre of Orangeism. Now, in the first place, if there has been any attack at all it has been from the Toronto people, some of them members of the Corporation; and, in the second place, I am not aware that there is a single Orangeman in that governing body. I thought that whatever was done was in the interest of the Toronto people as a whole—and if the Orangemen are the major portion of that whole, then I am working for the good of the Orangemen. Those who "run" the *Sentinel* have to live by the *Sentinel*, of course, but I would suggest to them some reflection on that passage of Scripture which reads: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world," &c.

Poor Mr. Talmage is in a chronic state of hysterics. He told the people last Sunday that he had recently "explored the slime pits of New York" in the name of the Lord, and took the devil as his advertising agent, who did the work "free gratis for nothing." Evidently

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething, and all Infantile Diseases.