

disperse that crowd. It increased, and was allowed to increase during the day—the Mayor concentrating his attention, and the force of the ordinary and special police, on the caged two hundred Orangemen. One regiment of soldiers would have cleared any street at any time in the day—but the Mayor refused all help from them. The Orangemen were not threatened with arrest if they attempted to walk with regalia, they were prevented by the brute force of the specials. And all this the Mayor not only permitted, but was accessory to. And yet Judge Ramsay says the conduct of the Mayor was discreet and wise.

I hope the Orangemen will prosecute Mayor Beaudry for false arrest, for it is time to teach that gentleman a little law and a good deal of manners; but I am afraid they will hardly get much by their case in Montreal. Judge Ramsay has whitewashed the Mayor; and I remember that in his charge to the Grand Jury the same Judge went out of his way to speak against Orange processions, and ridiculed the idea of putting them on a level with the Fete Dieu processions. It would be hard to make him unsay it all.

But when will the Orange weekly organ, *The Sentinel*, learn to be honest in criticism? It is just as I said it would be. My arguments against Orangeism were taken as being aimed against Protestantism. When I expostulated, the *Sentinel* said: Oh, I didn't mean that. But now it is going upon its own assumption as though it had spoken truth. Here is a sentence from the *Sentinel*: "To those who believe with the SPECTATOR that Protestants should be very tame in the presence of Romanism, for fear of offending the *always tolerant* and *ever conciliatory* Mother Church, we will presume to say that Protestant liberty, as it exists to-day, owes them nothing." Now I challenge the *Sentinel* to point to a single sentence of mine, spoken or written, that can warrant the use of such language. When have I been "very tame in the presence of Romanism"? On the contrary, I have spoken against it, and written against it over my own name, and in Montreal. Has the editor of the *Sentinel* done either the one or the other? Embosomed in the midst of an overwhelming Protestant majority in Ontario, he is safe, and can say what he likes; but will he come to Montreal and tell us his mind in the matter? He is a brave man, no doubt, and will come to explain and defend Orangeism. Come along, dear brother, you have no idea what good you can do. You at least will not be "tame in the presence of Romanism."

The *Presbyterian* is a representative and religious paper, and winding up a brief article on "High Class Journalism," in which it shows an unmistakeable objection to the criticisms on the Toronto pulpit by "Quien Sabe," it says: "The editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR has a peculiar taste, and does not seem to be troubled when the popularity of his paper is concerned. Might he not engage 'Quien Sabe' to write a thrilling idyl on the Romance of the Lower Lachine Road?" Now, I lived on the "Lower Lachine Road" for a month, and have enquired what the "romance" could be, but no one can give me, answer. The nearest approach I can get to it is that a poor man drowned himself in the river there. But the editor of the *Presbyterian* means to insinuate something, and other papers have copied it, rolling the little thing under their tongue as a sweet morsel. Highly moral, of course, in the *Presbyterian*; although I have not the ghost of an idea as to what it means. But it is an insinuation, and the knowing are pleased. Well, although I do not know whether the editor of the *Presbyterian* is a man, or a woman, or a child, I could insinuate something about him, or her, or it, which would convey the impression to many that a little at least is wrong in that quarter. But the game is a very mean one, and I will not join the editor of the *Presbyterian* in playing it. He is welcome to have a monopoly of the trade.

No wonder that the City of Glasgow Bank failed, if reports are true that the Directors got advances made to them after this fashion:—To Mr. Director Wright, £500,000; Mr. Director Potter, £180,000; Mr. Director Salmond, £100,000; and Mr. Director Taylor, £170,000. Is there any lesson in this for the shareholders of bank stock in Canada. As far as I can hear it is a common thing for Directors to have advances from their banks, and an uncommon thing to have anything more than a general statement presented at the shareholder's half-yearly meetings. Surely the shareholders should plainly and distinctly know at each meeting what is the exact position of the bank. The Directors know, or ought to know, what bad paper they have got and the value of the discounted paper; but the shareholders never get informed on those points. They should seek and demand that information—also how their money is invested—or some morning they will find themselves in the position of the trustful shareholders of the Metropolitan and Jacques Cartier Banks.

The London *World* just to hand has an article on the Marquis of Lorne and his appointment as Governor-General of Canada, which is the truth told in much bitterness. It says of him that he is courteous,

not devoid of ambition, but endowed with a feeble order of mental talents, and regards his last appointment as likely to prove disastrous to the future policy and prosperity of Canada. The *World* may be, and probably is, right in its estimate of the position and ability of Lord Lorne; but it is wrong altogether in its calculation of the results of his rule here. The *World* thinks a Governor-General here has to guide, when in truth he has but to follow. Earl Dufferin gained his immense popularity by being pleasant to all parties. He never interfered with the working of our political machinery; not even attempting to decide the constitutional question raised and debated so eagerly when M. Letellier dismissed the Quebec Ministry. All that we want in a Governor-General is that he shall figure well and follow. If the Marquis of Lorne can consent to be the first and do the second, he will be popular.

I see from the English papers that our change of Government and commercial policy are taken as indicating a desire for closer union with the United States, if not for annexation; but nothing can be farther from the truth. Canada is intensely loyal to Great Britain, and only an insignificant minority—counting heads—in Canada ever indulge in the dream of being annexed. The National Policy became popular and carried the country at the election because it was held to be in opposition to the United States. There is less of the leaven of Republicanism in Canada than may be found in England to-day. We may, and do, discuss the readjustment of the commercial relations of the Dominion and the United States; we may even talk of the advisability of establishing a Zollverein for fair and mutual protection; but Canada is not in love with the political institutions of the United States, and will not at all, I think, ask for a share of the good things they have to give.

Some English magistrates appear to be no better informed as to matters of law than some of our own J. P.s; for a Mr. Rayner Wood, of Manchester, being a magistrate, thought it his duty to arrest two ladies dressed as Sisters of Mercy who importuned for alms at his door. He is strangely ignorant, and stupid withal. To imagine that the Vagrant Act was even intended to apply to such cases is a freak of the fancy not easily accounted for. But then magistrates there, as in this country, are not chosen for their legal knowledge, but for the service they have rendered the party.

Many of Mr. Ruskin's friends and admirers will be glad to learn that he has got well again, and has resolved to write no more on political economy, but to confine all his efforts to the promotion of the art he so much loves and so well understands. Mr. Ruskin has not been a success as a political economist; the subject nearly drove him mad, and he nearly drove the British public mad. They may look and hope for peace now.

The London *World*, speaking of the Glasgow failure, says:—

"If we escape a panic as by the skin of our teeth, it will be partly due to the promptitude with which the Scotch banks intimated simultaneously with the announcement of the collapse of the weaker member of their fraternity that they would go on taking the notes of the Glasgow Bank now in circulation in the ordinary way of business. Had they declined them, as they did the notes of the Western Bank of Scotland when that institution closed its doors in 1857, nothing could have prevented a panic run upon the Scotch banks, which would, in all likelihood, have made its way South. If the Scotch banks can also see their way to paying the depositors in the Glasgow Bank part of their deposits, they will not only confer an inestimable boon upon thousands, but will take a long step in assuring us against greater disasters. They may do this without dread of ultimate loss, seeing that the liability of the unhappy shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank is unlimited. Upon them, or those of the 1,249 who make up their number who have the wherewithal to meet the coming calls, must fall the full weight of this calamity; and the note-holders and depositors are secured at the cost of the ruin of hundreds of their countrymen—not a very brilliant result of the much-vaunted Scotch system of banking. As the £100 shares were selling at £236 the day before the disaster was made known, and are now far worse than worthless, in view of the liability of the holders, it may be safely averred that a nominal capital of from two to three millions has vanished literally in a night. The suddenness of the calamity is indeed its most impressive feature. A week ago we spoke of 'rumours of a scandalous nature with reference to a Scotch bank, for which no substantial ground could be discovered'; and though the stoppage announced on the very day our remarks appeared, and they were literally accurate when written. The stoppage was announced on Wednesday, and the rumours in question were (we quote the *Economist*) 'emphatically contradicted on Monday and Tuesday,' and were so utterly discredited that the bank shares were selling on the Tuesday—as we have noted—at a premium of £136! The 'categorical, precise, and authoritative' contradictions that were returned to all inquiries up to the last would have been full warrant for even a stronger statement than that 'no substantial ground could be discovered' for them. It is difficult to avoid being misled by what the *Spectator* is quite justified in designating as 'deliberate lying.' All the more heavy, however, must now be the burden of responsibility upon those who were guilty of the 'lying.' The record of the City of Glasgow Bank has not yet been fully brought to light; but what has been disclosed regarding its most culpable way of doing business is bad almost beyond credibility. The Directors sanctioned a dividend of 12 per cent. on the shares within two months of the stoppage. They boasted at the last annual meeting