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THE TIMES.

Hot weather; hot politics; hot passions. What a false idea people abroad have of Canada! They picture us clothed in furs, sleighing all the year round, and always driving to church; while we are really frizzling in the nineties, fighting day and night—Bleu against Rouge, and Protestant against Catholic, and instead of going to church, going fast to — anywhere! Against all this we join our solemn litany: "From sunstrokes and drought, from unholy religionists and profane politicians, from imbecile mayors and swinish conciliators, and from all the vexations of the weather, the flesh, and the—Orangemen, Good Lord, deliver us."

Affairs at Quebec hasten slowly. As on one side there is the feebleness of a one-man majority, and on the other the factiousness of a strong minority, it is perhaps reasonable to expect that but little progress will be made in the serious business of legislation. Meantime the spectre of the Railway question raises its head again to confront the House and the country. Mr. Walter Shanly has made his report on the rival routes, and, lo! he favours a third and new one. Will the differing advocates agree on this? or will they agree to unite in abusing it? We shall see. But it may be said that Mr. Shanly seems to have taken great pains to conciliate all interests in the plan he recommends. Even the Grand Trunk, which was previously left out in the cold, is embraced in his benevolent attempt to make things pleasant all round.

What has come to the Montreal *Star* that it should talk of "Protestant dissenters?" Who are they in this country, and from whom do they dissent? We pass the cool pretensions of the Episcopalians to call some Bishops, some Deans, some Canons, some Rectors by, as not worth much to anybody—we sincerely regret that they have imported Old World exclusiveness as to exchange of pulpits with clergymen of other denominations, &c., into the New World—but it will be a pity if newspapers shall begin to use words and phrases which may mark off different bodies of Christians from each other. The distinction of Protestant and Catholic is quite bad enough—for many of us protest against Protestants and join with Catholics. Many of the best Catholics are protesting against many things in their Church every day, and many Protestants are truly Catholic in spirit and sentiment. But "Protestant dissenter?" No, no, dear *Star*—none of us all will own to that—especially St. Andrew's Church: oh, horrors!

Many of the Orangemen are visiting the SPECTATOR with their sore displeasure because of last week's pronunciamento on Orangeism. They call the editor a "wolf in sheep's clothing," &c., &c. A little surprising, this, from the champions of freedom. They have declared themselves as the friends of all kinds of liberty—that of free, outspoken speech among the rest. But it looks as if some of the Orangemen can only tolerate free speech when directed against their enemies: as if they only enjoy criticism when in their favour. The soul of a free and independent journal can only be kept alive by being allowed to say what is, or appears to be, true of all parties. The SPECTATOR has never toadied to any party yet, and will not begin now. A few mean little men with mean little souls sending to get their dollar back will make no difference. Lovers of fair play will help where lovers of themselves alone fail.

Mayor Beaudry has been on his travels. He went first to the Dominion seat of Government; but seems to have gotten cold comfort. He rushes home again, disappointed that he is not left master of the situation, and straightway turns eastward for consolation, visiting Quebec to hurry through the much-talked-of bill to abolish party processions. But some of his friends want him to stand on his dignity and resign. If only he would!

Rowdyism is still rampant in the city of Montreal, and, as usual, both sides are blamed. A lad with a smart orange necktie is mobbed and bruised: a policeman is cruelly beaten by a gang of so-called Catholic carters: and now a batch of volunteers are arrested and fined for assaulting some innocents at the door of a saloon at midnight. As usual, there is some hard swearing on both sides. The soldiers declare that they were wantonly insulted and attacked; their opponents swear just contra. Some present swear that the saloon men were all sober, and the soldiers not so; others turn the tables right round. It is evident that in these "religious" feuds truth and honour are replaced by perjury and hatred.

By the way, it is roundly hinted that the Orangemen are being again used as a tool by the Opposition party. These are said to be stirring up the strife in order that their opponents now in power may "lose capital," as they are sure to do by any settlement of the question they may make or attempt. It is no doubt delightful for those who have no responsibility to witness the perplexity of those who, on the eve of a general election, are obliged to say or do something which is sure to lose them followers, whatever they say or do. But perhaps all is fair in love, war or politics!

The British Parliament has been plodding its way through a fog. When all the world was on the tiptoe of expectation,—waiting for the grand *coup de theatre* which should confirm the high estimate most of it had put on the great Earl of Beaconsfield as a subtle and far-seeing diplomatist, whom no German Bismarck nor Russian Schouvaloff could outwit,—the *Globe*, of London, Eng., (not of Toronto, Ont.) broke rudely in with the publication of an Anglo-Russian agreement. Some British politicians were appalled—others puzzled. The leaders of Parliament were among the others, only they were a little more so. Questioned in the House about that agreement, they could only make a feeble attempt to copy the immortal Sphinx who so long has mystified and led them—giving for answer that it presented "an incomplete and therefore inaccurate view of the policy of the Government." The replies given to the same question in both Houses were so nearly identical in phraseology as to lead to the belief that the Dictator must have telegraphed what they should say. In any case, the lesson was well learned, and well delivered, except that the mouthpieces were a little nervous—seeming to fear criticism.

And no wonder that they were nervous, for Britain seems entering upon a new phase of existence—and yet not quite new, since it is only the development of an idea introduced some little time ago,—namely, of making England a great Asiatic power. The talk is that an Asiatic railway is to be constructed, which is intended to supply an alternative route to India. Russia has undertaken to offer no opposition to the project; but it can only be successfully undertaken by England's possessing the right to establish military stations along the whole length of the line. And even such a partial occupation as that must soon develop into a special protectorate over Asia Minor. Some advantage would probably accrue to England in that case; but the opinion of men who have understanding of the matter are opposed to such a policy. For it would of necessity make England take her place as a Continental power, which position it has been her policy for half a century to avoid. It means the maintenance of a large standing army, able to protect the line at every point,—and it means that England, now invulnerable on account of the "silver strip of sea" that belts it, would offer an assailable point to any military foe. And if—as is now likely—Cyprus is to become an English garrison, commanding the Bosphorus, and so Asia Minor, the railway scheme may be taken as settled.

Another development of British resources—and this time in the way of trade—England is to be concerned with the financial administration of Turkey. It is proposed that England shall in future superintend the collection and expenditure of the Ottoman resources; and one of Mr. Disraeli's baronets has been named as likely to the duties of delegate. The scheme looks brilliant upon the face of it—for, under the financial direction of England, Turkey would probably be able to meet all its engagements; but, as in the case of the projected railway, it would involve enormous burdens and expense. The political objects to be attained are not great—certainly not great enough to make it worth England's while to interfere in the Stocks of foreign States.