

THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 5.—	Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY,	" 6.—	Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian," due from Liverpool.
TUESDAY,	" 7.—	St. Catharines, Ont.: Agricultural Fair.
WEDNESDAY,	" 8.—	Kingston, Ont.: Agricultural Fair. Owen Sound, Ont.: Agricultural Fair. St. Catharines, Ont.: Agricultural Fair.
THURSDAY,	" 9.—	Paris, Ont.: N. Brant Agricultural Fair. Quebec: SS. "Delta," for London.
FRIDAY,	" 10.—	Paris, Ont.: N. Brant Agricultural Fair. Quebec: SS. "Thames," due from London.
SATURDAY,	" 11.—	Quebec: SS. "Polynesian," for Liverpool.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873.

The Royal Commission has virtually closed its work. The press throughout the country has already pronounced upon it. The Ministerial papers, even those which, with a praise-worthy show of independence, declared that the original charges were a *prima facie* proof against the Government, have returned to their allegiance and stated that the evidence already adduced has completely exonerated the Government. On the other hand, the Opposition papers state that they too are perfectly satisfied with the work of the Commission, on the ground that it has reduced the *prima facie* proof—they have delighted in that word—to an absolute demonstration of guilt against the Government. Of course, the truth lies between these two extremes. The unbiased and independent journalist comes to the conclusion that while no evidence of direct bargain between Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Hugh Allan, can be established, the moral collusion between the two is distinctly proven by the testimonies of both Sir John and Sir Hugh. The argument *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, does not hold true in dialectics, but it is often applicable in morals, and is always admissible in politics. The facts amount simply to this. Sir Hugh got the contract of the Pacific Railway from the Government, after much haggling, and when he had, with great reluctance, discarded his American friends. After so much had been done for him by the Government, the Government expected that he would do something for them, and he did it by the subscription of immense sums of money devoted to the election of Government candidates. We challenge any journalist to show that that is not, in a nutshell, the substance of the evidence submitted thus far to the Royal Commission. Does that attach the stigma of technical corruption to Sir John A. Macdonald? Honestly and impartially we think it does not. Sir John is a truly great man. Spite of the outrageous abuse of his enemies, spite, even more, of the adulation of his friends, he has maintained his position for nearly a score of years and is now about to close his career in relative poverty, which is more than can be said of several of his prominent opponents, who so loudly prate of morality and accuse him of dishonesty. But Sir John did commit a mistake in accepting money from Sir Hugh, under the circumstances, and our great wonder is that a man of such consummate political genius should have fallen into such a blunder. He has fallen into it, however, and he must bear the consequences. It will go very hard with him indeed. Parliament is called for the 23rd inst. The first act of the Opposition will be, through Mr. Huntington, to move for another, and a purely Parliamentary investigation. Sir John A. Macdonald will naturally contend that the work of the Royal Commission is sufficient and will resist the motion on purely party grounds. His friends will rally around him in a body, and he will probably carry his point. He will thus tide over the difficulty. But let him not abuse himself. The triumph will be only transient. The power of the great Minister is broken. If he is shrewd—and we know that he is shrewder than any writer who may presume to give him advice—he will continue to hold the reins of office for six or eight months longer, then gracefully resign. Let him resign of his own accord, not be driven from office. So great a man, one who has done such substantial good to his country, should go out in a blaze of glory. Would that such glory were undimmed even by a suspicion!

There are other reasons, besides this unfortunate Pacific business, why a change is called for. There was revulsion of feeling in the country as far back as the late general elections. Then the great Province of Ontario was virtually lost to the Government. Since that time the death of Sir George E. Cartier has created a revolution in the Province of Quebec. He is a blind man who does not see that the serried Macedonian phalanx which the little Baronet used to rally behind him, has been demoralized since his sharp word of command has died into an echo. Then there is the static law of longevity. Right or wrong, the people tire of having the same men in power for so many years. The conventional cries of the Opposition tell in the land, and by constant repetition they become invested with an air of patriotic truth. In so long a stretch, too, the Government find themselves obliged to provide places for worthless adherents in the Police Courts, the Custom Houses, the Post Offices, and other branches of the service. These men, whose characters are well known, throw a merited discredit on their superiors.

Everything points to the necessity of a new departure.

What that is we shall take occasion to mention in future articles. Not from newspapers, but from representative men in all parts of the country, we have acquired the conviction that we are on the eve of a momentous political change, and it is the part of wise statesmanship to provide for it.

The statement recently made that Iceland was agitating for severance from Denmark has not met with anything like the attention it deserves. It is true that Iceland is a far away country in the politics of which we Canadians, busied with Pacific Railway Scandals and Post Office robberies, have little time and less inclination to dabble. It is, we may remark, in passing, an unpleasing feature in the Canadian character to ignore the history of the great world outside for the petty events and ephemeral scandals of the little world that lies between the Straits of Belle Isle and Vancouver Island. In the case of which we speak, this disposition to pass over the outside world is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as by our indulgence therein we are likely to do ourselves no little harm. Properly viewed, this Icelandic movement is full of importance for Canada. It portends something else than the mere separation of a petty dependency from a petty kingdom. That this separation will ever take place is indeed extremely doubtful. Denmark is not possessed of such an *embarras de richesses* in the matter of colonies that she can lightly afford to throw overboard one of her principal settlements. It is true that Iceland does not send any very great revenue into the Danish coffers, but it is none the less true that the possession of that bleak, half-inhabited island brings with it a certain amount of *prestige* to the Danish name. We feel, therefore, perfectly justified in our supposition that the mother-country will make a determined fight against the proposed separation. The Icelanders are equally bent on the achievement of their independence. Indeed, we have it on unquestionable authority—on the word of men who have "been there," that if the Icelanders fail in their cherished project, the result will be a general emigration, directed in all probability to North America. This result has been totally unforeseen, both in this country and in the States. Not a single newspaper on this continent has hitherto considered the question in these bearings. Here we have a considerable population of hard workers on the lookout for a new home, and not one of the various governments who have homes to offer has stepped forward to invite the would-be immigrants. We offer the suggestion, if it be worth anything, and we firmly believe it to be worth a great deal, to the consideration of the Minister of Agriculture. Let us lose no time in sending out carefully chosen agents to direct the attention of the Icelanders to the inducements which the Dominion of Canada is able to offer to intending settlers. The Scandinavians, like their German brethren, make the best of immigrants, and we shall be guilty of culpable negligence, of a gross want of patriotism if we fail to avail ourselves of such an excellent chance of peopling our vast prairies and our unexplored backwoods.

After all what a farce this German "unification" has turned out to be. When, in the flush of victory, the rulers of the petty German kingdoms and principalities united in bestowing the Imperial crown and purple upon the King of Prussia, the newspapers of the Fatherland were loud in their congratulations and prognostications of future greatness. Germany was to be one united power, dreaded by her enemies and respected by her friends. The hitherto bewildering national distinctions were to cease. There would henceforth be no Prussian, no Bavarian, no Saxon, no Wurtemberger. Men would no longer call themselves by the name of the State in which they happened to be born. They would delight only in the comprehensive national title of Germans. Old Barbarossa, *der Kaiser Friedrich*, would wake up from his sleep of centuries to see his people reassume their ancient power and prestige. Austria would join in the general movement, and the might of the chief of the Holy Roman Empire would extend from sea to sea, and from Lorraine to Transylvania. Alas, how little of this day-dream has been accomplished. The unification exists in little more than name. Prussia still looks down on everything that is not Prussian. Bavaria, Saxony, Wurtemberg and Baden are still distinct States, governed by their respective sovereigns, who all bow to the will of all powerful Prussia. The ravens still fly above the Kyffhauser, and if the great Frederick is awake, his soul must sink within him in dismay at the awful spectacle of his well-beloved Germans becoming rapidly Prussianized. The secret of the failure is not difficult to solve. Since the war with Austria, Prussia has become far too strong to allow of her neighbours asserting their real place and dignity in the Confederation. The present Emperor, guided by the crafty Bismarck, rules the whole of the Fatherland with an iron rod, and until his death the Empire will continue to be Prussia. His son is a man of far more liberal tendencies, and we should not be surprised if in his reign United Germany came to be something more than a mere name. Yet the coming Emperor will have many difficulties to encounter. He must please the German people without offending Prussian prejudices, which, as everyone knows, are intensely strong. In fact, we cannot disguise the fact that the great stumbling-block in the progress of German unification is Prussia itself, and until the Prussians consent to merge their nationality in that of united Germany, the Empire will be nothing more than a dead-letter. Alas that such a fair prospect should be marred by the pride and selfishness of a single State.

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Ye Ballad of Lyttel John A.

FYTTE YE FOURTH.

I.

Itte fell about ye Martinmas
When leaves are yellow uponne ye tree,
Syr John hee woldo a letters write
To hee called for hys Secretarye.

II.

Oh! come ye hither my Secretarye,
For I a letters woldo faine indite,
So take ye ponne into your hande
And minde you spello ye wordés right.

III.

And write unto my good friend Pope,
Hee is a Mynstere leale and true,
And whatsoever I doe hym telle
I know thatte hooe wyll surelye do.

IV.

And saye to hym thatte in Montreale
A vacaneye there soone must bee,
And I woldo faine a propra manne
Sholde represente thatte fayre citye.

V.

Ye members for Westo Montreale
Hee is ye Flour Inspectore too,
And by the agie we latelye past
Hee cannot rightlye holde ye two.

VI.

Butte if hys seate hee wyll resigne,
Hee shall ye Flour Inspectore bee,
And have ye proffiter for hys own
To holde in perpetuitee.

VII.

Then to Willyam Workmanne you must goe
Ye Citye Mayor who used to bee,
I wis hee is a wealthye manne
And faine a Senatore woldo bee.

VIII.

And if hee wyll for membre ruune,
And doth ye conteste fairlye gain,
Hee in ye Senate shall surelye sitte
And have a handyll to hys name.

IX.

Then Sandye Stevensone alsoe,
Hym to reture you muste persuaide,
And if hee doth object thereto
Then worth hys while itte must be mayde.

X.

Now see alle thys thatte you fulfill
As speedilye as welle may bee,
And if these matters you can arrange
Itte shall be welle for you and mee.

XI.

Ye Secretarye all thys dydd write,
And Syr John hee signed itte with hys name,
And ye Secretarye hee sealed it uppe
And into ye poste hee putte ye same.

XII.

Butte woe is mee, for thatte fayre lettere
Alacke, alacke and welle-a-daye!
To Mynstere Pope itte nevere dyd come
For itte was stolen on ye waye.

XIII.

And ye traytour falsche thatte priggd itte,
Unto John Young hee dyd itte send,
And wrote uponne a slippe of papere
Thatte itte was sent hym by a friend.

XIV.

John Young hath to ye Poste-Office gone,
Lyghtlye as hee maye,
And there hee found Syr John hys lettere
Inne hys box where itte did laye.

XV.

And hee hath opened ye lettere anou,
Hymselfe hee red itte thro,
And sawe alle thatte Syr John had sayd
And tolde unto Pope to do.

XVI.

Oh! then I weene John Young was inadde
When thys lettere hee dyd see,
And hee did blesse Syr John hys oye-
And said, thys is a conspiracye.

XVII.

To Holtone hee hath ye lettere shown
And to Dorion alsoe,
When these three honourable menne
To the Herald office theye dydde goe.

XVIII.

And the Editore hee dyd saye,
Thatte ye lettere itte sholde published be,
To give John Young such wrong advyce
I holde hym for a bad pennye.

XIX.

And when ye lettere itte dyd appeare
There was a mightye route,
Some dyd saye itte was quite juste
Butte otheres stode in groate doute.

XX.

Some dyd calle Syr John a knave,
Thatte ye lettere hee dyd write
And some dyd calle John Younge a priaze
The wch itte is notte right.

XXI.

Butte thatte such scandal there sholde be,
I wis itte is grante pitye,
Whether itte be causyd by ye Crittore
Or by ye Mynstere.

XXII.

For publick menne theye sholde be pure
And free from tainte or stain,
And alle sholde praye thatte such like thyngs
May nevere happe agayne.