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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.
TORONTO AND ABOUT.
TRADE, FINANCE, STATISTICS.
BRITISH FINANCIAL FAITH.
AFTER DINNER SPEECHES.
FACTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.
THE INFLUENCE OF THE STAGE.

HEAR! HEAR!
FROM WINTER TO SUMMER.
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
CORRESPONDENCE.
CURRENT LITERATURE.
CHESS.
MUSICAL.

THE TIMES.

The St. Jean Baptiste celebration at Quebec this year was hardly a success as to the number of visitors. Great preparations had been made to accommodate a crowd, and on every hand there was disappointment. The larger hotels especially suffered, for persons intending to be present naturally thought that strangers from a distance would crowd the hotels, and made arrangements for rooms in private houses accordingly. But the strangers did not come, and the hotels were left comparatively empty.

Although the people of Quebec were disappointed at the smallness of the number of French drawn from the different parts of the United States to celebrate their national festival, I think it is quite natural and to be looked for. There is a continual exodus going on of French Canadians into the States, and for a time there will be a large number ready to return each year for a few days in order to keep alive their patriotic sentiments; but gradually that will die down. Finding themselves under new circumstances and new conditions—breathing a different air—freer, it may fairly be said—they will care less and less for their old associations. That is simply to say that they are like all other people under the sun, and likely to change their sentiments under changed influences.

One charitable institution in the city—thinking it would do an act of charity by providing sleeping accommodation for those who might not be able to get in either at hotels or private houses—set up five hundred beds to meet the emergency. They were not required, however, for at no time were there more than two persons to occupy them.

I am told that the speaking at the Banquet was capital. The French are always brilliant, and when France is the theme there is no lack of inspiration. But the good taste of the Governor-General's remarks, in comparing Canada and the United States as a home for the Frenchman, was at least questionable. As a matter of fact, we have not much to boast of as to our political advantages over the citizens of the United States; we have just as much partizan bitterness at election times as they have; we hold that "to the victor belong the spoils" of civil service just as tenaciously as they do;—and if we have not a Presidential election to cause a ferment every four years, we have some other vexatious things as a set off. But if all the things the Marquis said were true and just, it was none the less ill-timed and ill-judged to state them. To glorify Canada in an exaggerated manner was well enough, but to do that to the disparagement of another country was bad in taste and judgment—when the speaker's position is taken into account. What political speakers and writers, and emigration agents, can very properly say, the Governor-General should not allow himself to utter.

I said last week that the procession in Montreal, in protest against the action of the French Government, would, I hoped and believed, be a poor affair; upon which some of my French-Canadian friends took exception, bidding me wait and see. I did, and here is the

result: The procession numbered between three and four thousand, and was composed of small boys, youths, parents and grandparents—just the same stolid, unintellectual, lack-lustre expression of countenance—the same hoary old fellows who appear to be pensioners of the Church, and who have attended the *Fête Dieu*, and every procession of a similar character for any number of years past. There was a sprinkling of respectable men in the ranks, and about a score of Irish; but for the rest, they were dull, and lean, and vacuous, and did not appear to be bent on any mischief toward a foreign country, and—well

The French Government need not take any particular pains to increase the numbers and efficiency of its standing army because of last Tuesday's procession. It is certain that the Province of Quebec will not declare war against France in order to reinstate the Jesuits in their rights and privileges to make a general disturbance; for evidently the Jesuits have not many fast friends and sympathizers in Montreal and the region round about; and even those who did march on the mournful occasion had a demeanour that was by no means fiercely warlike.

The letter of "abjuration" written by "W. H. Savary" to "Monsieur Taschereau of Quebec," and published in the *Witness* on Monday last, is such a display of vanity, vulgarity and bitterness as I, for one, hope will not often be seen. M. Savary found that the "priests do not believe in the power that they pretend to have of changing a biscuit into God." Unquestionably many priests do not believe in that, and many priests do; but if M. Savary should remain in the Protestant church long he will find some very considerable inconsistencies among us. We do not all declare all our mind to the people, but often preach positive doctrine with a good deal of the old-fashioned and orthodox "mental reservation."

Again, M. Savary says: "I have seen with my own eyes that the celibacy of your priests is a mere mask to hide a corruption and daily villainies that would scarcely have been tolerated in Sodom itself." That is a charge against a body of men which no man should dare to make without giving instant and positive proof. M. Savary is referring to the men with whom he spent at least four years—to what he has seen with his "own eyes"—and their sins would "not have been tolerated in Sodom itself"—let him give to some person or persons his statement of facts. I do not believe in the divinity or humanity, or anything else but in the fanaticism and stupidity of the "celibacy of the clergy;" but neither do I believe in the truth of what M. Savary says concerning those with whom he has come into contact—nor, on the whole, do I believe in the genuineness of a conversion which starts in the new way by wild mud-throwing.

Once more, M. Savary: "My eyes have seen that though priests preach the infallibility of the Pope they do not believe in it themselves. How could they indeed, believe it of such a Pope as Alexander VI., who himself the son of a prostitute, disgraced his two sisters, and was the father of a child who should have been his grandson." Now, as a matter of fact Alexander VI. did none of these exceedingly wicked things. He was by no means a good man in any sense of the word; he was worldly, licentious and thoroughly bad as judged by the standard of Christian morality, but he is not strictly chargeable with the sins of his son Cæsar Borgia—for he it was who was guilty of the enormities named and not Alexander VI. Whether the priests believe in the dogma of papal infallibility or not I do not know; the chances are that some of them do, and I am certain that some do not, but it is