

canvassing, are rarely men of ability and integrity. If Sir John could invent some way of rewarding the legions who hunger for public office in some private and personal way, he would accomplish a great good for the country. If Mr. Cauchon had been made Mr. Mackenzie's butler or baker—or had been liberally paid out of the private funds of any individual or number of individuals, it would have been no concern of ours, for a man may appoint whom he will for baker or butler—when it is a matter of filling a public office for which public money is drawn the thing is different. It is competent for Mr. Mackenzie to employ what lawyer he likes in a case of his own; or to appoint any man as judge of his own private affairs, but it is not competent for him to outrage all decency and morals and ability by appointing Mr. Laflamme to a Judgeship. Sir John will soon have a host of office-seekers crowding upon him and pressing their claims—but if he is sincere in his expressions of desire to do what is right and well for the country, he will set his face like flint against all jobbery, and only put men who have a good character and capacity into our public offices.

But Sir John will only avoid falling into the first peril I have named—that of making too many and violent changes in the tariff—if we can persuade the people to moderate their demands. It was a pity—and something worse than that—to promise the people so much increase of work and prosperity if they would only put the Conservatives into office; but now that the thing is done, we should make an effort to minimise the evil that shall result from it. (Evil from the extravagance of the promise, I mean, not from the change in the Government.) We should be able to say to the Government: We can wait for a legitimate prosperity, and we do not hold you to all that you wrote in the bond in the heat of election time; be calm in council and careful in legislating for the country. If newspapers, and speakers and writers on politics, would adopt such a course for educating the people, I think the work would be accomplished. But what I fear will happen is this: the Opposition papers will be violent in their attacks on the Government; the Opposition in the House will have a splendid opportunity for flinging maddening taunts and sneers across the floor; the people will continue to expect and demand not simply unreasonable, but impossible things; the Government will make an effort to meet those demands and please the people; will that way create a fictitious and short-lived prosperity. From that dream the awakening will be terrible. We shall not have the dream nor the awakening if we can be reasonable ourselves and persuade others to be like us.

And along with that should go the effort to exalt our political life. We shall not be able to form another party, nor would an effort to do so be commendable; all that is possible is to put new forces into the existing parties. We want men of good reputation and sound common sense to represent us—men whose sense of honour and high character would forbid them to perform an act of corruption. We, the electors, the people, should demand honour and uprightness in all who aspire to represent us in Parliament. When we do that, men will be found ready and worthy to receive the sacred trust from our hands.

EDITOR.

A PASSAGE IN LORD DUFFERIN'S SPEECH AT TORONTO.

Lord Dufferin, in his speech at Toronto, to persuade the Canadian people that it would be very bad for them to think about their political future, reasons in this way:—

"As long as a man sleeps well, has a good appetite, and feels generally jovial, he may rest assured that he needs no doctoring; but if he takes to feeling his pulse, looking at his tongue and watching his digestion, he will invariably superinduce all kinds of imaginary pains and aches, and perhaps a real illness. Well, so far as I have observed, you all appear at present in the best of health and spirits, and I do not know that you will much better your condition by allowing your imagination to speculate as to whether the exuberant vitality you are accumulating in your system under your present satisfactory regimes will or will not necessitate, some hundred years hence, an unconceivable process of amputation."

It happened that the people whom Lord Dufferin was addressing, and whom he describes politically as a type of jovial health, had just overturned their Government in the hope of escaping, by fiscal change, from a state of commercial depression which they found intolerable, and which was manifestly the consequence in some measure of their exclusion from continental markets by the existing political system. But what I want to point out is the fallacious character of the analogy and the total misconception of the case which the use of such an analogy betrays. A man who is in good health need not fall into disease; but a nation must have a future. A nation must have a future, and by its conception of that future its present policy must be guided. Are we not acting upon a special hypothesis as to our future when we expend the resources of the country in building a separate system of military and political railroads, in keeping up Imperial defences, in paying for public works in British Columbia and in subsidizing emigration to Manitoba? If we enter, as some would have us enter, into a tariff war with the United States, shall we not be staking our commercial prosperity on the soundness of the theory that our future commercial relations will be not with this continent but with Europe? Can our commercial legislation generally be wisely regulated without a knowledge of our indistinct destinies, which implies a knowledge of our markets and therefore of our external relations in the future?

In one department of statesmanship, at all events, forecast of our future has been brought by this commercial crisis not only within "the orbit of practical statesmanship" but within the orbit of pressing exigency.

Lord Dufferin eulogises the founders of English greatness as men who were too sensible to exercise forecast, but always lived from hand to mouth. I think, if we were to go into the historical question, I could vindicate the memory of these statesmen from praise which belongs rather to a tide-waiter. But the future of England has always been assured; there has never been any doubt as to her being an independent nation and destined to remain one. If her future had been as uncertain as that of Canada is now, could her statesmen have advanced with a firm step?

No doubt, in the case of practical statesmen, the speculative function has its limit. Notably is it so in the case of a representative of the Crown in a colony, who has no more to do with opinions than he has with parties, and who

if, by the influence of his official position, he misdirects opinion will not be here to deal with the consequences of his mistake. But Lord Dufferin's attack seems to be directed not against over-speculative politicians but against writers on politics, who in endeavouring to solve the political problems of the future are dealing with their own subject and doing their proper duty. Does Lord Dufferin want Canadians not to think at all?

"Utopian chimeras" are no doubt misleading things, but there are chimeras of various kinds. Lord Dufferin evidently cherishes the belief that but for an untimely quarrel the United States, with their forty millions now, with their hundred millions hereafter, might have remained a happy dependency enjoying an endless political infancy under the gracious rule of Governors-General and sending up clouds of incense in their honour. Aristocracy, too, as Lord Dufferin knows, once had a blissful dream about the future of the New World. It dreamed that slavery would prevail and redeem this hemisphere from freedom. Canada paid for that "chimera" in the loss of Reciprocity and, in two Fenian raids. And now, perhaps, Aristocracy is dreaming that Canada herself may serve the purpose which slavery failed to serve.

I am bold, perhaps; but I criticise Lord Dufferin, not the Representative of Her Majesty. When the Governor-General mounts the platform of political controversy, the Representative of Her Majesty remains below. Truth has at best a poor chance against Rank; if she were gagged she would have no chance at all.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

LORD DUFFERIN AND THE ORANGEMEN.

Lord Dufferin's addresses are always happy and appropriate. He possesses that rare quality of tact which instinctively steers with safety through difficult and dangerous places. It is a rare gift to be able to say unpleasant truths in a pleasant manner, and please even when rebuking. His speech to the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society touched upon a delicate and painful subject. He dwelt upon the hatefulness of religious strife—upon the bloody *Vendetta* which, for a century, has wrung the hearts of widows and orphans in Ireland, and fed the Moloch of religious murder with the bodies of generous and excitable men perishing in what they foolishly fancied was the cause of religion. Upon such a subject Lord Dufferin could not fail to be eloquent, and his words of warning against introducing religious strife into Canada may well be laid to heart by us all. Still, as we listened, we longed for something more. We thought that he would soon be leaving us—that he, at least, was removed from the position of a party leader—that he knew the country well, and knew that religious strife had effectually been introduced among us—and we longed for the suggestion of some practical remedy to eradicate the cancer which threatens to corrupt our promising young civilization. All admit that religious discord is bad—all know that murder and hatred are evil—and doubly evil when covered under the sacred name of religion. Yes, we feel all this keenly—we knew it before His Excellency came here, and we cannot help thinking that in telling us this over again His Excellency was just in the least degree indulging in platitudes.

This evil root of bitterness is of foreign growth. It is a European exotic—brought over, planted, watched and tenderly nursed. It is spreading, like the whiteweed and other pestilent foreign weeds, over the meadows of our fair young land. Party politicians on the hustings, venerable clergymen from the altar and the pulpit, have encouraged its growth. The enemy in old time sowed the seed of the tares by night, but these sow in the noon day, and under such venerated names as Religious liberty or Civil freedom, substitute for the pure Gospel of Christ the gospel of pure "cussedness." Is nothing ever to be said on this subject with clearness? Must we ever be put off with generalisation and vague denunciation?

We repeat it—this is no plant of our growth. The soil of Europe is soaked with blood, shed by men who had the name of the Prince of Peace on their lips. In South and Central America and in Florida the Spaniards stained the sacred cause of religion with blood. Unequal laws disgraced all the Colonies, and even in New England the blood of the murdered Mary Dyer and her Quaker friends yet cries against the bitter intolerance of the Puritans. But here the only blood shed for religion was the blood of the martyred missionaries, slain by the savages they perilled their lives to convert. Almost alone among the countries of the whole earth Canada can show a record of toleration pure and white as her fields of virgin snow. The decree revoking the edict of Nantes was never even registered in the Province of New France.

And they came here over seas of late years these men, and brought with them an inheritance of strife. Evicted from their petty holdings at home we gave them as much land as they could till—they came from starvation to plenty—they came from a land of privilege to a land of perfect equality and freedom—only to attempt to turn our streets into a shambles, and to inflict on us the ignominy of the Blake Act; to degrade every citizen of this city, by taking away our right to carry arms, and to place the District of Montreal on a level with the worst part of disturbed and lawless Tipperary or Mayo. What did we care for Orange and Green that our city should become a bye-word of reproach—and why should our children shoot and be shot in our streets to commemorate a battle of which many of us never before heard the name? These things Lord Dufferin knows, surpassing as he does most of our previous Governors in ability. He must know too the remedy, the only remedy, which can pluck out this root of hatred, and we regret that he did not apply his versatility and tact in indicating it more clearly. Platitudes enough we have had—preaching enough we have had—but we want something more substantial—something practical in the way of advice. How can a Union man cultivate brotherly love while his society remains undissolved? and how can an Orangeman cultivate charity while he publicly flaunts the emblems of a past ascendancy, and thankfully commemorates the grinding tyranny and bitter injustice of his forefathers, in a distant land one hundred years ago.

To say that Orange processions in a city like this are an infringement of Christian charity is very little—they are an offence against common good-feeling and ordinary good-manners. The occasion for them in Ireland, if it ever existed, has long passed. Protestant domination is over—the penal laws have long ceased to exist, and the need of an organization to uphold them has ceased