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## THE TIMES.

The Quebec Government may be said to live and move—but not to breathe freely. Its feeble existence is dependent on that not very strong man Mr. Turcotte, and Mr. Chapleau seems determined to fight it to the last; for now that all reason is gone out of it he is messing and muddling over the much-debated Constitutional question. The wonder of it is that anything new could be found to say about it, but Mr. Chapleau has accomplished the difficult by linking the Constitutional question on to that of economy. The first is a bugbear—always was—an actual nuisance at this present; but of the second we are anxious to hear further. Economy is what our Governors must institute and carry out, or the Province will be bankrupt. The credit of it is gone already, and if more money has to be raised, our politicians will find it difficult to carry on the Government.

Mr. Chapleau seems to have made a good speech on Tuesday, judging from the reports. Good, that is to say, as a mere criticism,—beyond that, worth nothing at all. For while denouncing every economical measure propounded in the Budget Speech, and shewing that some of the proposed retrenchments opened a way to danger, and some carried the suspicion of meanness, he failed to indicate a better method of reaching the desired end. And the question naturally arose: If Mr. Turcotte had voted for Mr. Chapleau's motion, what fiscal policy might we look for? At present, and for some time past, that has been a secret. In all probability it is a secret to Mr. Chapleau and his friends. They have no policy at all, and now confine themselves to general and obstructive criticism. Mr. Joly is making an effort to redeem his pledge and carry out his programme; a pity it is that two or three, or more men, in the Assembly cannot be brought to see that the Province is of more importance than the party. We want but a little more of this unpatriotic place-seeking to convince all the electors that the Provincial Parliament is incompetent—expensive and a nuisance—a thing to be swept away.

The war cloud is brooding darkly over the land. The political generals are rubbing up their knowledge of tactics, marshalling their forces and in a general way preparing for the fight. The Prime Minister and his followers await the issue confidently, for they say they can command the future of Canadian politics. But the Conservatives are bent on making a great effort to rescue themselves and the nation. The last indication is the going forth of the Hon. Senator Macpherson. For some time there have been signs of the Senator's moving. He has issued pamphlets in criticism of the Government's financial operations, which have been sneered at by members of the Cabinet, but never fairly answered. Mr. Macpherson knows well the worth of figures, and on paper can state his case clearly. And, what is more to the purpose, he is a man of integrity and uprightness—able to challenge comment on his past life. If he has decided to forego the dignity which attaches to Senatorial personages and seek greater usefulness in the greater bustle of the House of Commons, it will result in good to the Conservative party and to the country. He has not such a command of language as Dr. Tupper, especially of the stronger sort, but he is given to correctness in the use of figures, which may be put down as a virtue and a recommendation. Mr. MacPherson deserves to succeed if he try. We hope he will try.

The Oka Indian question has passed into a new phase—for it is now decided that the agents of the St. Sulpice Seminary are not quite pure as to morality. The Seminary was established, and has been supported by the gift of land, to help the Indians in matters spiritual—the Indians having taken those matters out of the hands of the Gentle-men of the Seminary built themselves a Protestant Church—which to those gentlemen looked like a mortal sin, and they set to work to destroy that church in the interests of religion. They went about it in what appeared to be a legal way, and got possession of the church and pulled it down—but they had forged the signature of the Deputy Prothonotary to get the power. About as disgraceful a business as any pack of swindlers could be guilty of. A tradesman would be sent to the Penitentiary for it—and so he ought—and those men who have done this in the name of religion ought to be made to know that respect for law is needful, if morality may be abused. The whole thing—the forgery—the action of Judge Papineau in refusing to allow proof to be made as to the fact without special proceedings, is matter

for shame, and demands a remedy. If the Civil Rights Alliance does not press the question upon public notice, it will not do its plain duty.

It is a matter for general rejoicing that Earl Dufferin has consented to remain with us another year. His administration of the affairs of this country has been beyond all criticism. He has understood the dignity of his position as representing Her Majesty the Queen—has also understood the people, and used his knowledge of them well. Instead of putting on the airs of a swell and snobbish Englishman, licensed by heaven and ancestry to sneer at all things Canadian, he has recognised all the good that may be found, and encouraged the young nation by words of hope and helpfulness. He has spoken his best, which is brilliant—has been frank, without bluntness—genial, but dignified—doing the work of a statesman, but in no ostentatious way. Canada can hope for no better friend, and the Earl can never sojourn in the midst of a more devoted people. We are to have his presence and help for one year more. We are glad.

• Montreal has had a monster Musical Jubilee—many bands came from East and West to compete for honour and glory—great crowds gathered to hear them in the Rink—judges decided—prizes were given—but none of them all can be considered happy, except the City Band of Montreal. And not the City Band even—for it feels half ashamed in the wearing of honours that have not been won. Alas! and alas! for all things earthly and human, especially when they hap upon Montreal. This thing seemed good at the first. It arose in the minds of our liberal French. They said: "Let us do something to put down these miserable differences which embitter and divide those who should dwell in peace together,"—so they invited the bands of the country—English, Irish, French, Catholic and Orange—to compete for prizes on St. Jean Baptiste day. Some of us thought that the infallible cure for our social and Ecclesiastical evils had been found. We applauded the Frenchman—the Gallican—who has for long refused to give his manful rights into the keeping of priest or prelate—we voted the Fete Dieu procession through the streets which stopped trading for the space of three hours a great nuisance; but rejoiced to see thousands crowding to St. Helen's Island, the priests among them and sharing their pleasures in a good, because hearty way,—and then we went to the Rink, dreaming of the fusion of the races—when Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim—when Principal MacVicar shall lend the *Codex* to Bishop Fabre—Mr. Devlin and Mr. Thos. White shall break bread together, and the Editor of the *True Witness* shall open the service for the Rev. Charles Chiniquy—when, in truth, the calf and the young lion and the fatling shall dwell together in peace. Then came the music—good some of it—indifferent the rest. And then the announcement of the decision the judges had given—who, poor men, thought that *tempo* and *tone* were of equal value in a brass band—and then came a mingling of cheering and hissing, until the whole resolved itself into chaos. We caught a sight of the sublime, and here we are—hurled back into the ridiculous. What we thought was a great patriotic and benevolent effort has been declared by the *Witness* and *Herald* of Montreal as nothing more than a commercial speculation—and the *Witness* is a religious daily and the *Herald* is not—and they are both reliable sources of information, and may both be trusted, especially when they differ—so we are driven to the conclusion that it was something less than we had first hoped, and that the judges were not competent, or else were not free. It has been so often said that "music hath charms," &c., that we have got to believe it—and recommend the disappointed and disgusted bands to meet often and subject themselves to the soothing influences of their own music, having some pity on Montreal, which is capable of being befooled, but not of being united.

The old world has not reached finality as to its knowledge of matters political. Not many years ago it was broadly announced and fully believed that party Government and Parliamentary Government were joined together by an immutable law which cannot be broken, and now we are told that the general faith in party Government is being shaken. When the nation is divided on some great question involving the first principles of Government, it is easy to understand the antagonism of parties, and Government by party. But in England, to-day, there is no such dividing line, and the best informed politician would find it difficult to tabulate the points of difference between the