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THE TIMES.

Considerable criticism has been provoked by my use of the first personal pronoun in writing, but I had hoped that a discerning public would have discovered the reason for it without my having to explain. That has not happened, however, and so I here give that reason:—The CANADIAN SPECTATOR does not, and is not intended to, represent any party in politics, nor any church in ecclesiasticism. It will often be seen that the contributors are in controversy with the Editor—they hold different opinions in politics and theology, and have the opportunity of expressing them. If I used the ponderous *We*, who would it represent? Nobody but the Editor certainly; and not wishing to appear as in any way representative—or as bringing in some unknown persons to share the responsibility which is properly my own—or as asking my contributors to identify themselves with me—I use the first personal pronoun. There is another most excellent reason which I will ask my critics to guess at.

Humanum est errare, especially when that humanum has to form a Cabinet. Sir John has done it—and still the people are not happy. The mildest form of criticism puts it—"although the component parts are not all that we could have wished"—but others wax bold and say—It is only a patched up affair after all; M. Langevin is made Post-master-General, with a view of being laid on the shelf altogether in the Senate Chamber; then there is Mr. Mackenzie Bowel, the Orange Grand Master, who will have to work alongside of Mr. John O'Connor as President of the Council. The exclusion of Mr. M. P. Ryan and the inclusion of the Orange Grand Master have sent the Irish Catholics back to sniff again at the "Pacific Scandal" and they talk of its being "high." And then Sir John told a *flam*, they say, to a reporter—and the young man—not being accustomed to such wickedness—was shocked, and all the Press felt it.

But, in all seriousness, I think Sir John has done the best he could with the materials he had—I mean in the matter of the Cabinet, and not in the matter of the *flam*. With all the claims pressed upon him; every Province to respect and satisfy; every party to consider—what better could he have done? Mr. Tilley is Finance Minister, and a better, perhaps, with the exception of Sir A. T. Galt, who is not in the House—could not be found in the Dominion. Dr. Tupper is Minister of Public Works, and that, too, is good—for the doctor is a hard worker, an able speaker, and he will be able to draw upon his fertile imagination for figures with more confidence, and less fear of criticism when speaking of proposed public works. Then the new men—of whom there are six—give promise of doing some good and useful work; and although they cannot sketch a royal road to national prosperity, they can give a careful consideration to the present state of affairs, and try to give us improvement.

M. Chapleau is in heroic mood. He has been offered a portfolio in the Dominion Cabinet, but has determined to sacrifice himself to the sacred task of ousting M. Joly and his colleagues from power at Quebec. But many of us who wish well to M. Chapleau would fain see him devoted to a worthier cause. M. Joly has done well for the Province—ininitely better than M. de Boucherville ever did, or ever was likely to do. He has administered our affairs in an able and honourable way; and considering all the circumstances, has succeeded well. And we are not going to tolerate the return of the old party to power. If the Dominion Conservatives determine to make the so-called Conservative party dominant in the Quebec Province they will play a losing game. They did that the last Provincial election, and lost it. If they try it again they will lose by it. M. Joly has done nothing to forfeit our good will and confidence, and M. Chapleau had better not make a martyr of himself.

Mr. Peter Mitchell threatens to attack the Snowball—that crushed him as it rolled—hotly and in a determined way. He may succeed, but the thing is doubtful.

The Montreal *Witness* has made a great discovery, of which it is justly proud. Here it is—"Men are really necessary in this world, and therefore they should be improved in every possible way."

In the same article, the same *Witness* enunciated a new gospel, in which we should rejoice, viz.:—"Man, alas, has but one stomach; his happiness, yea his mental and moral nature, depends greatly upon it." The grammar is a bit demoralized—but then, the writer was in an ecstasy.

The Rev. Mr. Massey of Montreal has celebrated his twenty-five years of life and labour in the city. Mr. Massey has done a good work in that time, making himself useful in many ways, and deserves well of the church and the people.

We have passed another stage of the Orange question in Montreal. The trial ended, as everybody knew it would end, in the acquittal of those charged with a criminal offence. But the result has given small satisfaction—beyond that we get from knowing that prejudice was not allowed to prevail against the prosecuted—for the accused were only acquitted on the ground that there was no evidence to prove that they were Orangemen. Judge Ramsay has distinctly declared the Orange Society to be illegal, and unless it can be shown that he has misinterpreted the Statutes of Lower Canada, the Orangemen are in a grave and serious position. The time spent in rejoicings on account of the acquittal would be much better used in conference, as to whether the law or the society shall be changed. One or the other it must be, and if the Orangemen could see it their duty to put away mere Orangeism while keeping firm hold of their Protestant faith—and demanding earnestly as ever all the civil and religious freedom they have ever professed to care for—they would remove a cause of irritation and an excuse for the exhibition of folly and madness—they would do good to the country, and win the respect of all respectable persons. If they in truth have a concern for Protestant principle, they will do this—if they care more for the badge than for the thing signified, they will not. We shall see.

The Toronto *Globe* has put forth a feeble criticism on Mr. Goldwin Smith's critique on Lord Dufferin. But the *Globe* can only speak of Mr. Smith's as "a communication to a Montreal paper"—passing over CANADIAN SPECTATOR. Now I have had some experience in the matter of newspaper work and courtesy, and have to say that of all the bigotry and vulgarity I have ever met, nothing is equal to that of which the *Globe* is capable. No fairly educated man would conduct himself as some writers in the *Globe* do. On the ground of ignorance I excuse the Editor of that paper and his staff.

I wish my friends in Toronto and elsewhere would try and distinguish between personalities and criticisms of the public work of public men. "The Toronto Pulpit" was, after all, only a review of preachers as preachers—and such a thing can never be rightly called personal. I am threatened with legal proceedings—which is nonsense.

Judge Ramsay's reading of the law was, doubtless, correct, but his interpretation of the Mayor's conduct was strange, and his laudation of the Mayor was stranger. The Judge ventured on a simile—always a dangerous thing for a lawyer—and said that the Mayor acted like the benevolent friend who prevents a madman from throwing himself into the river to test some life-saving powers. That was intended to illustrate that whereas there was a large crowd gathered in the streets to assault the Orangemen—and whereas the Mayor could not control or disperse that crowd, he shut up the Orangemen to keep them from being attacked. Now, the truth is, that when the Orangemen were made prisoners in their Hall there were not one thousand people on the streets—while the Mayor had the city police, five hundred specials, and three thousand military at his command. Not a serious effort was made from morning till night to