

# The Canadian Spectator.

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## THE TIMES.

Montreal is threatened with a political epidemic—Independence is the frightful disease. It began with Mr. Bernard Devlin, and has spread from him with startling rapidity. Mr. McNamee is the last up to this present who is going to be an "Independent Catholic." What on earth is that? Which is to come first, the "Independent" or the "Catholic?" Will Mr. McNamee be independent of parties in the House and in the country? Will Mr. McNamee be independent of the Catholic Church? Roman Catholicism has got its politics, but Mr. McNamee doesn't seem to know it. There never was an "Independent Catholic," and if Mr. McNamee shall succeed in achieving that he will be a phenomenon. If he means that he is going to ask the electors to send him to represent the Roman Catholic Church as opposed to the Protestant, he is going to work mischief; and if he means that being a Catholic he is going to be independent in politics, he is going to work a miracle. We should like to watch the progress of the revolution.

Mr. Ryan's address "to the electors of the electoral division of Montreal Centre" is out, and a queer thing it is. It is exactly like a leader in the *Gazette*. Mr. Ryan's literary friend, who wrote it for him, called up all his reserve of high-sounding words and grandiloquent phrases. Mr. Ryan was asked to become a candidate by "very many of all creeds and origins in the Dominion." He was also nominated by "a large and influential meeting" of the Liberal-Conservative party. In truth, everybody who spoke to Mr. Ryan about it seems to have been "large and influential." Mr. Ryan condemns "the policy of the present Government in fiscal matters," and points with moving pathos to "our prostrate industries, silent factories, and closed refineries," as proof of the "mal-administration" of the party in power. Mr. Ryan demands that the Government which is to be shall have as "the main plank of its platform" a "fair and just system of protection to our national industries." Any party accepting that "main plank" will have "my adhesion." But the odd thing is that the "nomination tendered to me (Mr. Ryan) has been made unconditionally; in that untrammelled way I have accepted it." Mr. Ryan promises to give expression to the views of Griffintown, and to carry them out to the best of his ability; accepts what is called the "National Policy;" declares his readiness to be in a state of happy "adhesion" with the leaders of the Opposition, who, he believes, "are imbued with the desire to inaugurate a new policy in the direction of protection"; and yet the nomination was unconditional and he is untrammelled. We have no quarrel with Mr. Ryan's politics, but we wish he would express himself in good honest English, and not in balderdash.

I am glad to find that Judge Coursol is going to enter our Canadian world of politics. He is a Catholic, but I would vote for him in preference to many a Protestant I could name. He is not a bigot, though holding, I believe, decided convictions—but is a well-educated and liberal-minded man. He will certainly be elected, and the constituency should be proud of him. I wish we had more men like him.

There is something about the politics of the Montreal *Evening Post* which—as Lord Dundreary has it—"no fellow can understand." We are often urged by it—in a most perfervid way to forget old world distinctions and differences; it gets almost maudlin in its patriotic talk about "this Canada of ours," and the Editor is quite as self-sacrificing as was Artemus Ward when he declared his willingness to let all his wife's relatives go to fight in the sacred cause of the North. But the Canadian Patriotism of the *Post* is peculiar. It is crying and wringing its hands over the poor forgotten Irish—it demands a place for them in Parliament—not because they are Canadians, but because they are Irish. They are called upon to be Irishmen first of all—then Canadians—and everything is to be sacrificed to that first of all. I should be sorry to provoke the *Post* to wrath and strong language—but will mildly suggest a cultivation of the grace of consistency. That is needful even in politics. If the *Post* wants to keep up an Irish party how can it ever hope to see Orangeism put down? for that too is Irish. Then we must in all fairness have an English party—and a Scotch party—and as there are Americans in the country they will be demand-

ing a Yankee representative—and as there are a few Welsh, they will want a Welshman in Parliament—and, as the Chinese have begun to import themselves, they will want a Celestial in the House—and, as the Mennonites are coming in large numbers, they will want to choose a brother of their own faith and order—and Parliament will be a Babel of conflicting tongues and opinions. Then legislation will be impossible—and the *Post* will be happy, for it may revel in chaos. If the *Post* should live long I hope it will grow wiser, learning to know that legislation here must not be for England or Ireland or Scotland, but for Canada.

The meetings at Toronto in favour of a "National Policy" and the Conservative party seem to be hardly a success. The *Globe* complains that they are one-sided—that they are packed—that speakers of a different mind have no chance of a hearing, and such like things. And yet—those meetings should ventilate the subject, which has need of ventilation. It seems to me, and many others, that this tariff question is not at all understood by the mass of the people.

The *Globe* in an article on the Intercolonial Railway says:—"Two Governments are about to be put upon their trial before the country." \* \* \* "It will be by the respective records of the two Administrations the electors will be enabled to judge as to which leader shall be given their confidence." No—the *Globe* is wrong. The electors are not inclined to glory in the past of either party. The *tu quoque* argument has been put forward with marvellous success, and many are saying, "A plague on both your Houses." The electors will rather weigh the promises that are made for the future, and the power they hold to compel the redemption of them.

It is pretty evident that the wave of High Churchism is beating on the shores of Canada. In Toronto great efforts have been made in that direction, and its friends—baffled for a time by the sturdy Low Church laymen—are returning to the attack in a more systematic and intelligent way. Letters discussing the old question of Priest and Presbyter have appeared in the *Globe*, and serious men are dealing with the learned side of it. But surely English Ritualism can gain no permanent footing in this country? Viewed in one aspect of it, the thing would be a calamity—but, it would create a breeze and stir a little the placid pool of our ecclesiastical life; and that would be a good. The Churches are afflicted with dulness.

We congratulate our Canadian athletes on their record, and especially on the accession of their new laurels; at billiards, at snow-shoeing, and on the lacrosse field, they have long since proved their prowess; at Wimbledon, when they won the prize, and this year again, when they nearly won it, they made their mark; and now in another manly exercise Hanlan has thrice borne the palm, within as many weeks, (if we may alter Shakespeare a little) "Witching the world with noble oarsmanship."

What with the plethora of Bishops in London there is quite a spiritual odour cast over the metropolis. A few days ago a missionary meeting was held, when bishops were as plentiful as blackberries, and they were edified by the discourse of a Mr. Hayden who has for some time been a missionary to Paris. Mr. Hayden's duty, it would seem, sometimes takes him into exceedingly pleasant company, and he told, with great gusto, how he had managed to introduce himself, or be introduced, to the 16 beautiful young English ladies who officiate at the English buffet at the Exhibition, and who are guarded as strictly as any Spanish beauty of the olden time. These charming damsels were selected, so said Mr. Hayden, for their grace and beauty, from among four hundred candidates. They are conveyed to and from the Exhibition in close carriages; they live in a house by themselves, and worse than all, they have signed an agreement by which they have bound themselves not to enter a place of worship during their stay in Paris. Unhappy ladies! No sidelong looks at male devotees, no criticising of bonnets and Princess' robes, no exhibition of dainty costumes for them. After this, one is not surprised to hear that Mr. Hayden found the whole sixteen sighing for the means of grace. And yet we live in the nineteenth century!