

## THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Oct. 12.—	<i>Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.</i>
MONDAY,	" 13.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "Prussian," (Allan) from Liverpool.</i>
		<i>SS. "Thames," (Temperley), from London. Translation of King Edward the Confessor.</i>
TUESDAY,	" 14.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "Tagus," (Temperley), for London.</i>
WEDNESDAY,	" 15.—	<i>Quebec: SS. "—," (Dominion), for Liverpool.</i>
THURSDAY,	" 16.—	<i>Kingston, Ont.: Frontenac Agricultural Society's Fair.</i>
FRIDAY,	" 17.—	<i>Halifax: SS. "Austrian," (Allan), from Liverpool, via St. John's, N. B.</i>
SATURDAY,	" 18.—	<i>St. Luke. Ev. Quebec: SS. "Scandinavian," (Allan) for Liverpool.</i>

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1873.

We were of those who, from no political bias, but from a high appreciation of the abilities and character of Sir John A. Macdonald, thought he would be able, when the proper time came, to give a full and categorical answer to the charges levelled against him. When the storm raged loudest last summer, when the *coup de théâtre* mounted by the Opposition, in the publication of the purloined letters and telegrams, so staggered the imagination of the people that a premature verdict of culpability was almost universally rendered, we ventured to ask a suspension of judgment in the conviction that as the other aspect of the question became known, it would materially alter the facts. It was therefore with the keenest interest that we awaited the sitting of the Royal Commission. That body has closed its labours, and we have already expressed our profound disappointment at the result. We had expected a far more thorough and satisfactory defence from Sir John A. Macdonald. It is true that the charge of direct bargain has not been proven against him, but it is also true that he himself has not proven that there was no understanding with Sir Hugh. An atmosphere of doubt still hangs about the whole transaction, which is the worse thing that could happen for Sir John, and the worse for the people whose passions have been so wrought up. Strict partisans will, of course, claim for the Government the benefit of the doubt, and rally around the Ministry with a zeal stimulated to a new intensity by the length and fierceness of the contest, and the vital interests at stake. But the people will not and do not take this view. They want to have their Government clear from all imputation, and no amount of trickery, in the present tension of the public mind, will make them take the shadow for the reality.

This is why we are convinced that there must soon be a change. The Government may possibly bridge over the difficulty at the next session of Parliament, and we notice that the correspondent of one prominent Ministerial organ already predicts a majority of thirty; but we have no doubt that if a general election were held to-morrow, another set of men would be called to power. The old Opposition members are preparing themselves for this event in the complacent anticipation of their own party triumph and personal elevation. But they, too, will find themselves mistaken. Every change ought, in the nature of things, to be an improvement, and it would be no improvement to have the old line Oppositionists in office. If it is true that the people are getting tired of the present Government, because they have been too long at the helm, it is no less true that they are weary of the adversaries who have for so long a length of time so strangely and often so unpatriotically combated them. The day of the Holtons and the Dorions is done. New and younger men are required to lead. The reckless and unscrupulous manner in which the summer campaign has been conducted, the using of stolen documents, their premeditated publication, the shameless theft of the Pope-Macdonald letter, the violence and the virulence displayed in the Railway Committee room, have disgusted the good taste of the people, and forced upon them the suspicion, if not the conviction, that these men were working not so much in the interests of public morality, as for their own personal aggrandizement. It is not that they loved Rome less, but Cæsar more, reversing the utterance of the old Roman. They have shown that they are not above those very practices which they charge upon their adversaries, and that to compass their own ends they would not shrink from violating even the sanctities of private life. In this whole business, it is the country that is to be regarded, not the men. Corruption must be effaced from the reputation of Canada, and men must be selected to guide her destinies whose hands are clean.

The visit of Mr. Joseph Arch to this country in the avowed character of the pioneer of an immense flood of immigrants has naturally excited a great deal of attention. The class of which he has the most need. At the commencement of his journey throughout the land Mr. Arch gave to the people at large, in a few brief, well-chosen words, the cause and object of his visit. He comes here to learn the truth about the immigration question; his duty is to the toilers of England; he is not come in the interest of any speculative emigration scheme; he is not come to pander to the crotchets of demagogues; we have broad lands here on this continent; English farm labourers will make desirable citizens; should we not

help them to get here? Give the immigrant good land and ask of him payment in easy instalments; we may have to lend a little Government aid until the first crop is harvested, but after that he is independent, ready to repay the money advanced. Such was, in brief, the programme Mr. Arch announced on his arrival. If we except the rant about pandering to the crotchets of demagogues, it is all fair, plain, common sense talk, and it is no wonder that, offering such golden promises, he received so enthusiastic a welcome from people, press, and Cabinet ministers. On both hands everything inspired the brightest hopes of the success of his mission in so far as this country is concerned. For his part he was in a position to bring to our shores a large portion of the much coveted emigration from the Old Country which is now finding its way to the neighbouring States. On our side we have many advantages to offer to the intending incomers from Great Britain, not the least among which may be reckoned a close and loyal connection with the Mother Country, an admirable electoral system, the absence of the burthen of a State Church to be supported, and lastly, though far from least, abundant employment at fair rates of remuneration and the chance for every labourer to become, in time, a proprietor. These are privileges that would one and all be highly appreciated by the down-trodden English labourer, and we were justified in supposing that Mr. Arch's mission would prove a complete success. From what we have seen and learnt during Mr. Arch's stay among us we are reluctantly compelled to admit that our suppositions were somewhat premature. After due consideration we are obliged to express our belief that Mr. Arch's mission in the United States, as well as in Canada, will turn out to be a complete failure. M. Bunderbig's saying about the people wishing to be fed on turtle with a gold spoon is trite enough, but if the information we have received be correct, it not unsatisfactorily expresses Mr. Arch's desires as to the treatment his protégés are expected to receive on this side. He makes certain stipulations as to their treatment, &c., which will hardly meet with the approval of the employers, who are, in nine cases out of ten, men who have had to rough it when they commenced their career in this country, and will naturally expect that their employees will go through some portion of the hardships they themselves have experienced. This we think is the rock upon which Mr. Arch's chance of success will make shipwreck. He simply asks too much. We may have been misinformed, but unless we have, we fear that the cause of the English farm labourers will have gained nothing by Mr. Arch's advocacy.

"Canada for the Canadians" is no doubt a very pleasant and a very proper expression of patriotic feeling. Yet we may be permitted to doubt if in certain senses it is altogether a desirable sentiment. Notably inasmuch as the newspapers of the country are concerned we are of opinion that this cry has been productive of much harm. It has been the policy with certain of our journalists to limit their readers to a diet of Canadian news, scandal and information, to the utter exclusion of matters in the outside world. In our last issue we stated our conviction that such a policy was utterly wrong, and productive,—how could it be else?—of a vast amount of ignorance among Canadians of subjects which all the world beside has at its fingers' ends. How comes it that the writers in our daily papers have not more sense than to surfeit their readers with an unwelcome regimen of Pacific scandal. Surely there are events of equal importance to the world around us, certainly of greater interest, which merit equal attention. And yet during the session of the Pacific Railroad Enquiry Commission some of our smaller dailies devoted day after day, two and three columns to wearisome effusion on this most uninviting subject. Granted that Canada is destined in the future to become a great and a glorious country is that any reason why we should evince no interest in the fortunes of older and greater nations than we? Of course we are not to be understood to say that matters of importance to us as a people should be neglected by writers for the Canadian press. But even these may be overdone. To tell the truth they have been grossly overdone, and every newspaper reader will admit that he has of late frequently turned with a gratifying sensation of relief from the wearisome tirades of Canadian papers to the more readable columns of American journals. For the honour of our own Canadian journalism we must wish that this kind of thing will shortly come to an end. This systematic habit with our newspaper writers of steadily ignoring, except at brief and uncertain intervals, matters of importance in the world outside must lead to the most disastrous results alike for writer and reader, and it is our firm opinion that unless it is speedily put a stop to Canadian journalism will before long become a mean and petty institution. The descent has already commenced, and unless it is arrested in time it will soon be beyond our power. These are hard words but of their truth no unbiassed newspaper reader can have any doubt. The subject appears to us to possess such importance that we shall take an early occasion of referring to it again.

The latest news from Rome is a report from the lips of the Pope that the solution of the Roman question was, to all human appearances, farther off at present than it has been for a considerable time past. This declaration, if authentic, coupled with the significant visit of Victor Emmanuel to Berlin, would prove that there is really an alliance of some kind

or other between the Cabinets of Germany and Italy. What adds to a proper understanding of the situation is the late manifesto of the Duc de Chambord, in which he distinctly pledges himself, in the case of his elevation to the throne of France, that he will not interfere with the present condition of Rome and Italy. No secret has been made of the object of the conference lately held between Victor Emmanuel and Bismarck. The Italian journals have openly expressed their fears that the restoration of a Monarchy in France would be the signal of war between that country and theirs, and to prepare for any such contingency an alliance was sought and obtained by Italy with Germany. That Germany will give Italy all the assistance in her power, there is no reason whatever to doubt, and that in view of this fact the Duc de Chambord, should beforehand disclaim any intention of menacing Italy is quite natural. Under these circumstances, the words of His Holiness are quite intelligible. It might have been expected that Austria would either stand neutral or lean towards France in this question, but we are informed that on his passage through Vienna, Victor Emmanuel received assurances of support from Francis Joseph. Single handed, France is unequal to an attempt against Italy at present, and the human appearances certainly are that the *status quo* will be maintained for an indefinite period longer.

Will some energetic member of Parliament—the Hon. Mr. Young for instance—draw the attention of the Government at the coming session to the disgraceful manner in which our mail service is being performed. We do not speak so much of the delays which frequently occur in the transmission of mails, for these are generally unavoidable; but we do protest against the carelessness too often exhibited by those who have the handling of mail-matter. Within the last few months post-office robberies and lost mail bags are matters of almost weekly occurrence. The papers bristle with complaints from people whose correspondence, instead of being delivered within a proper and reasonable time, has been lying *perdu* for days at the post-office. Mail-bags intended for the West suddenly disappear, and as suddenly re-appear at some point East. Honorable gentlemen in public life mysteriously receive letters intended for other honorable gentlemen, also in public life. In fact the whole affair seems to be a grand muddle, which sadly wants looking into and setting to rights. The member who procures us reform in this matter will get no end of *kudos* and be entitled to the eternal gratitude of his long-suffering countrymen.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## SOMETHING ABOUT ANGELS.

BY

A

I had a letter the other day, signed Susan, asking me if there were female Ogres. I don't know you, Susan, but there is such a perfume of the country about your name, a suggestion of green fields and dying sunset tints of the maple, and scenes of the kine coming home at evening to be milked, that I will not throw your anonymous letter to one side unanswered. I like your hand-writing: it does not run too much into feminine angles, but has a roundness about it. I hope your hand is not freckled, but is a plump hand and fair as the milk that perhaps you occasionally pass into the sweet-smelling dairy. Well, Susan, there are Ogresses, but the most dreadful of them are not ugly or disagreeable, but soft-voiced, and move about quietly in silk dresses, and lure young men after them to destruction. More bones whitened on the sands of Sicily, near where the Sirens sang, more victims perished before the entrancing sweetness of Circe, than at the cave of the cruel Polyphemus. In the pathway of these Ogresses there are drunkards and lunatics and suicides; but they smile as sweetly as ever, and lure more victims. Susan, we will turn from this picture, I want to speak about angels.

They are not plentiful, *mon amie*, nor are they so infrequent as some would lead us to believe. I have known two or three in my life. I can tell you of one who wore a ragged dress and lived in a narrow alley in the east end of London, a place since swept away and improved. She was only a poor work girl in a millinery establishment, and had hard times and poor wages, yet out of her little pittance she brought more comfort to one heart than perhaps you and I ever shall should we spend ten times her entire salary. A poor crippled boy lived in an adjoining room, a pale-faced youth, who used to creep to the window and look up at the little patch of sky, murky, smoky sky for the most part, and at the little bunch of flowers that the Angel brought him once or twice a week, and dream of the green fields so far away in the country, which he never hoped to see again till he looked down at them from heaven. The ragged little girl used to look in every morning before going to her toil and again spend a couple of hours with him at night. She comforted him with a sweet love, and told him truths from the blessed words of the Great Teacher, and gave him hope that a time would come when his youth would be renewed, like the eagles, and he would stand unshaded in the light of heaven. She was an Angel. She saved a human heart from misery and shed a ray of comfort through the squalor and wretchedness of a London slum. Sir and Madam, in the day of reckoning, which will our subscriptions to foreign missions and to church-building funds or the few flowers of that little girl shine brighter before the penetrating light from the Throne?

I am almost afraid, my virtuous dames, to tell you where I found my next Angel. But it must out; it was in the ballet troupe of a London Theatre. Spangled and bedizened every night, with paint upon her cheeks and false hair flowing over her *décolletés* neck and shoulders, with very scant skirts and silk tights; she had still the angel in her heart, and when she quitted the *étalage* and the factitious decorations of the theatre and slipped into her merino gown in the dressing room and trudged home two weary miles, in a very small attic there shone out a loveable disposition as she waited on a sick mother. I have heard very good but unthinking people de-