

MONTREAL LETTER.

It is rash, it is very rash, to attempt the compilation of a weekly letter from here; however the trial shall be made, but not repeated. You see we stand near those well-spread boards of Boston and New York, groaning under their succulent viands, their hundred delicacies, much as the pet dog by his master's table: at times very fair portions indeed are thrown us by compassionate artists, and again—well again, Montreal seems forgotten, and we have only a meagre "merry thought" to pick. Of course a great deal can be "taken out" in expectation, and truly I don't know another place on earth where "the pleasures of hope" hold so prominent a position among amusements offered. The good people here appear always with eyes and mouth wide open—waiting. Occasionally the bolder and more impatient citizens, who are unfortunately often the poorer, yelp and bark and scratch a little, and then there is silence. Silence, yes, but redress? However, we find "unkinder cuts" elsewhere. What if, when the dainty morsel has been offered, our canine palate fail to appreciate it as it should? But no; this is hardly loyal talk, especially as there seem to exist no disaffected Torontonians.

Mrs. Scott-Siddons appeared at the Queen's Hall last week. Her audiences were deplorably small, though they say she has lost nothing of the exquisite beauty and grace and "cleverality" we admired years ago. Even when your best friend has missed the train, do you not experience a certain twinge of disappointment on seeing him return after you imagined all farewells were over? "Last appearances" are becoming snares and delusions, and if in future artists approach us saying "adieu," we must reply politely like the French, and knowingly,—"au revoir." Unfortunately the great reader arrived directly after the lecturer Ragan. Of course you know Mr. Ragan and his triennial exhibitions. He is a kindly man, and comes here every three years to charm us with the same jokes and the same views. Then again, Mrs. Scott-Siddons is not a novelty, but only an excellent reciter; and furthermore we are not apprised that she is "patronised by the Prince of Wales and the best families," like some perfumer's shop. All these facts naturally count against her, so no one must wonder that many vacant seats were to be found last week in our music hall.

On Tuesday evening next Montreal amateurs will have an opportunity of showing their appreciation of Monsieur F. Jehin Prume. This eminent violinist has taken up his abode amongst us—heaven knows why. I have heard him very enthusiastically applauded by a Paris audience, so that I think we can lose nothing by the most hearty *bravos*.

For one reason or another, the sermons of the Rev. Father Kenney, S.J., attract crowds to the Jesuits' Church every Sunday evening. People of all denominations are invited to attend, and people of all denominations accept the invitation. The discourses, subtly enough concocted, are controversial. "In Father Kenney," some one aptly remarked, "an excellent newspaper man has been lost." You see him—do you not?—with his humour, his sarcasm, his carefully prepared argument, and, above all, his face of a refined comedian. Then he can talk to you and at you as the occasion requires, untrammelled by the necessity of diving into copious notes every two minutes; and again, is there nothing in the fact that you sit before a man who has really something to say, and says it? Clear ideas trumpeted forth by a sonorous voice, in well-sounding English, even though their enunciation takes an hour, must have an effect upon the memory for good or for evil, according to our standpoint. Regularly about the same hour the Sunday evening service is disturbed by crowds of heretics who come trooping in from their respective churches. The music of the Jesuits' Church is celebrated, you know. We are at fault, solely at fault, when this part of our "worship," without being operative, is not made very, very impressive. Soporific discourses, faulty logic, and all the ills that modern churchgoers are heirs to, fade into nothing before the loveliest of earthly things, indeed that power "likest God's"—sacred music.

SOME philanthropists have proposed to establish a Workingmen's Club in the city. Not one, but several should be fitted up. Naturally two stupid propositions were made at the same time. The first was that the club should include a ball-room, and the second that service should be held in it on Sunday morning. What would the patrons of St. James's say to "forced prayer," or, again, the clattering of feet and scratching of violins next to their reading-room?

FROM "Laclede" we learn the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society is going to exhibit in the middle of December next portraits of Canadian worthies and *bric-à-brac*.
LOUIS LLOYD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICA AND IRELAND—A COMPARISON.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The idiosyncrasies of the human mind in general, and of the journalistic mind in particular, are truly wonderful, and were hardly ever brought more prominently forward than recently, when the Chicago Anarchists were awaiting their sentence on the one hand and Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was suffering imprisonment for defying the law on the other. The same papers which daily applauded the justice that would not permit the law to be violated with impunity wept sentimental tears over the man who, openly advocating resistance to duly constituted authority, was put upon bread and water because he refused to accept the punishment meted out to him for his acts of disobedience. In the one country

the law-breakers are held up to public abhorrence as criminals at war with society and order, while in the other the man who sets the law at defiance is a patriot battling with tyranny. The policemen who ran the risk of being killed by the bombs of the Anarchists are the brave guardians of peaceable citizens, but the policemen who in the simple discharge of their duty face injury and death by boiling water from an infuriated mob, or from bullets by lurking Moonlighters, are myrmidons of despotism! We are tempted to ask wherein lies the difference between those who would take by force what does not belong to them in the one land, and those who would keep by force what does not belong to them in the other land. To say that a tenant who cannot (or will not) pay the rent he agreed to pay can enjoy the fruits of that rent seems to us as absurd as that the man who does not work can claim the wages of him who does. Is there any one outside of Ireland who, failing to pay his rent, can remain in the house or holding for which he contracted upon certain terms, and would we applaud a Member of Parliament in this country for advocating resistance to eviction for non-payment? There are doubtless many hard cases, but the law is made for the masses, not for the individual, and if once this fundamental principle is reversed the law ceases to be a law, and simply lapses into chaos. A great deal has been written and spoken about the hardships of the Irish tenantry, but the other side of the question, viz., the hardships of Irish landlords, is apt to be lost sight of, and there are many instances which have come before our notice of landlords—some of them ladies—whose whole subsistence consisted of the rent of some few cottages, who have been reduced to such poverty as to seek parish relief because their rents, by order of the National League, were not paid; and the League's action in such cases not only savours of Anarchy, but to use Dogberry's words is "flat burglary as ever was committed."

We rejoice to find that in the great Republic at our side the common sense and manly independence of its people when fairly aroused can grapple with and crush out Anarchy, which for a moment threatened to upset law and order, and we can only hope that similar elements of discord on the other side of the Atlantic will finally be stamped out, and that the time is not far distant when those who incite the ignorant to petty and useless rebellion will meet with their deserts without being held up as martyrs and patriots.

L. H. B.

MR. GLADSTONE AND DR. INGRAM.

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—I would offer the following as a make-weight to Mr. Matthew Ryan's letter in THE WEEK of the 3rd inst. It is taken from the London *Graphic* of the 15th ult. "Mr. Gladstone returns in the *Nineteenth Century* to what appears to be the congenial task of blackening the reputation of our forefathers. He opens the review with *Ingram's History of the Irish Union*, and falls upon his opponent's facts and arguments right lustily. This is how he characterises the painstaking and honest work of Dr. Ingram: 'In his loud and boisterous pretensions, in his want of all Irish feeling, in his blank unacquaintance with Irish history at large, in his bold inventions, and in the overmastering prejudices to which it is evident that they can alone be ascribed, in his ostentatious parade of knowledge on a few of the charges against the Union, and his absolute silence, or purely perfunctory notions, on the matters that most profoundly impeach it—in all these things the work of Dr. Ingram is like a buoy upon the sea, which is tumbled and tossed about by every wave, but remains available only to indicate ground which should be avoided by every conscientious and intelligent historian.' This is a sample of the paper, and also of that 'exuberant verbosity,' which Lord Beaconsfield said was at Mr. Gladstone's disposal for the vilification of an adversary." We are furnished in the same letter with a specimen of the history which it is to be supposed that Mr. Gladstone has lately been studying since his own stringent so-called coercion bill for the repression of lawlessness in Ireland four or five years ago: "The basest corruption and artifice were exerted to promote it [the Union]; all the worst passions of the human heart enticed into the service; the most depraved ingenuity of the human intellect was tortured to devise new contrivances of fraud." How is it that the author of all this "exuberant verbosity" and "vilification of adversaries" does not pause to consider that the disgrace must be properly proportioned? There could be no corruption without liability to be corrupted. Who will determine for us which is most to be condemned, he who offers or he who takes a bribe; the man who buys another or he who sells himself? It is historically true that the condition of Ireland was such that union with Great Britain was a political necessity for both countries. If ever the end could justify the means, it was so in this instance. The population and prosperity of Ireland took a great leap during the quarter century immediately succeeding the Union. The former rose from about five millions to nearly eight. The following results are derived from *The Progress of the Nation*, by Mr. Porter, and rest upon returns laid before Parliament: Between 1801 and 1825 the imports from Great Britain increased from £3,270,350 to £7,048,936, and the exports to Great Britain from £3,537,725 to £8,531,355. The number of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs exported to Great Britain increased during the same period from 37,059 to 204,759. In other words the population of the country advanced about sixty per cent., its imports were more than doubled, and its exports not far from trebled—indisputable evidence of a great and rapid rise in material prosperity as the direct result of Political Union between Great Britain and Ireland. All subsequent events could be dealt with equally conclusively, but that is not the present purpose; it is enough to say now that the conditions, as regards Great Britain, have continued unaltered. Faithfully yours,

D. FOWLER.