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THE TIMES.

The Ottawa Parliament, after its grand effort to prove how corrupt it could be, has sunk into a state of tameness, almost of quiescence. The Premier made his explanations as to Ministerial changes in a quiet way, which explanations instead of calling up another terrific storm as had been expected were met with an almost tearful sympathy. The leader of the Opposition acted with wisdom and consideration when he spoke his words of kindly sentiment toward Mr. Blake, whose resignation is certainly a loss to the country. Whether there were not other matters besides his personal health which led to that may well be doubted, the Premier's speech about it notwithstanding. The health of Mr. Blake gave way, but to what? We think to the shifting, tentative policy of the Liberal Government.

The Dominion Public accounts have been laid before the House, and a few crumbs of comfort may be gathered up. The receipts for 1876-7 were \$22,059,000 and the expenditure \$23,519,000 leaving a balance on the wrong side of \$1,460,000. A big deficit, especially for a Reform Government which has exercised all possible economy. That economy is a crumb of comfort, but the deficit brings great slices of discontent. How has it come about and how is it to be met? and what is to be done to make the income balance with the expenditure? Another crumb of comfort is found in the fact that several items are down which will not be found in the accounts next year,—e. g., an item of \$3,435 incurred by the Northern Railway Commission to establish the fact that said Railway Company did subscribe \$2,500 as a testimonial to Sir John A. Macdonald. Then there are sums paid to the Neebing Hotel and Town Plot valuers which to the uninitiated appear extravagant. Then the North West seems to have had some very valuable plots and buildings which the government needed. Judging from the prices given that North West must be a good place in which to acquire property; particularly if it should be in the vicinity of the projected railway, and the property holders should have friends in the Cabinet.

The Quebec Parliament has had an exciting time of it. Mr. Joly outraged the respectable majority in the House by protesting against a policy of "brute force," which he said was being pursued. "Brute force" got angry, doing more, after its own fashion. Mr. Joly was gravely censured; the censure was entered among the votes and proceedings of the House, but the occasion of it was altogether omitted. That is worse than "brute force"—it is unjust and indecent. But then, Justice is in the minority in the Province of Quebec. It would pack up and leave altogether, but doesn't know where on all the continent it can go.

The Ontario Legislature are discussing a most important question, viz., whether the Western College of London, Ontario, shall become a distinct University. It simply means an application for another degree-giving institution. We hope it will not be done, for too many of those fountains of honour exist already. Almost every second clergyman in the United States is a "Doctor." It can be bought; it can be begged; it can be had without money or merit. Not so very long ago a gentleman went home to England from Canada with an honorary M. A. and D. D., and one or two sets more in his pocket for his friends. There are English ministers flaunting D. D. got from this side of the water, and they are ashamed to name the particular school from which they had been obtained. It is stated that the London College will receive aid from England and other places if it can only get the charter which will transform it into a University with power to confer degrees. That looks suspicious—as if the friends in England and elsewhere want something for something. Not a *quid pro quo*,—

universities never descend to such trading; but a present of say \$500 would be acceptable—the College funds are low.

The Montreal festivities came to an end on Saturday, when His Excellency, the Countess and suite departed for Toronto. The joy of the inhabitants had been somewhat damped by the enforced absence of his Worship the Mayor from dinner and ball and all other rejoicings. Those who know the Mayor, know how courteous and graceful in speech and in manner he can be, and they must have deeply lamented his absence. But even that shadow was swept from the canvas on the Friday evening at the Art Association gathering, when an address was presented to his Excellency, which contained a history of the Association, also its hopes, in connection with which history and hope a few remarks were made about the money given and the money still needed; reference was made to \$500 cheques given, and asked for that night. His Excellency knew that no appeal was being made to himself, but he caught the spirit of the thing, and gave his cheque like a lord. That was the climax. The curtain fell amidst tremendous applause.

The war has ceased, not to be recommenced as it now seems. Turkey is at the mercy of Russia: England has made a demonstration—satisfying the Earl of Beaconsfield and the bleating flock which has in this matter followed his lead. Diplomacy is now to settle, as best it can, the Eastern question. The Conference is to be at Baden-Baden, a quiet little German town. Being there, Germany will protect it, and Bismarck's genius will do much to guide it. For the fact that England has not been plunged into war no thanks are due to Lord Beaconsfield. He desired it, and sought after it, not from love of the nation, but from the merest vanity. He has risen from the position of a second-rate novelist to that of an English Earl without having rendered any real service to the country. He has demoralized English politics, and led a host into political extravagance and folly. He proposed to arrest Russian aggression in the East by creating the Queen Empress of India, and established a new Indian order of honour, which was thought a masterpiece of policy. He wanted a great war, that his light might go out amid a blaze of glory—but—the sober sense of England prevailed, and the trickster has been outvoted. May peace principles prevail, and the Earl of Beaconsfield—he should have taken his title as the Earl of Bulgaria—be relegated to his own proper place.

The Pope is dead! Live the Pope! Pius IX. has had an hour of mourning—been rung out with muffled bells. Leo XIII. has his hour of rejoicing; is being rung in with a merry peal. Cardinal Giochino Pecci is the new Pope. The world has never heard much of him. He is spoken of thus:—"Tall, with a fine head, sonorous voice, great dignity, even austerity of manners in public life, but privately is affectionate, unassuming, sociable and witty." He seems willing to accept the logic of events, not seeking to push Providence too hard. He has learning, energy, amiability and piety, all of which are good and very needful. The Montreal *Witness*, which knows all about the Popes, furnishes the further information that his voice is "nasal in its tones," and that "his Eminence is tall and thin." It is to be hoped that Christendom will be able to understand the Americanized form of Papal speech, and will not be led to consider that his words are in keeping with his Eminence.

The Democratic State Convention has met at Indianapolis, with Ex-Governor Hendricks as permanent chairman. Resolutions were adopted favouring the substitution of treasury notes for National Bank notes, asserting that the issue of paper money is the exclusive prerogative of the Government, and claiming that such money should be issued as business interests required; favouring taxation of U. S. notes in common with other money; opposing the further funding of the national debt abroad, and requiring it to be funded at home; favouring a rate of interest not exceeding 6 per cent; demanding the recoinage of the old silver dollar in unlimited quantities, and repealing the Resumption Act; insisting on economy and retrenchment in the Public expenditures; favouring the repeal of the Bankruptcy Act; &c. &c. If these may be regarded as foreshadowing the planks of the Democratic platform for 1880, we fancy that some of them are as likely to let the party fall through, as to carry them safely over.