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## CONTENTS :

THE TIMES.	AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.
CLERICAL EDITORS.	THE BARREL-ORGAN.
THE TURKS AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.	CORRESPONDENCE.
THE TEMPORALITIES FUND OF THE PRES- BYTERIAN CHURCH OF CANADA IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.	THE MILL OF ST. HERBOT, BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."
THE "JINGOES."	MUSICAL.
	CURRENT LITERATURE.
	♫. ♫. ♫.

## THE TIMES.

The Quebec Government is *in extremis*—the Opposition in despair. The Government was beaten on the constitutional question by a majority of one. But Mr. Joly did not resign. He acted wisely and in the interests of the Province. For it is evident enough that Mr. Chapleau, as matters now stand, could not carry on the Government, but now that this misty matter of constitutional right is disposed of, we may look for a sufficient, if not a large majority, on the Government side. In any case, it does seem a marvel that our provincial politicians do not see that government by a party has been a miserable failure at Quebec. Why should it be? Of course it suits the purposes of the Ottawa place hunters, but it is a sin that the Province of Quebec should be almost ruined in the interests of these men. A party Government in a Province like this is absurd—just as absurd and wasteful as would be Government by political party in one of the large English cities. If Mr. Joly would make an effort to form a coalition ministry, or to govern by an executive chosen from the whole House, each being held responsible for his own particular office and work, he would inaugurate a reform creditable to himself and all who should join him. There can be no public reason why Mr. Chapleau should not hold office along with Mr. Joly, and if the position were second, Mr. Chapleau is young enough and able enough to accept it with dignity. He must know that the loftiest soul can most easily stoop—to be jealous of honours is no sign of worth, and the more able a man is the better he can afford. If the Quebec so-called Conservatives and Liberals would throw their wire-pulling and self-seeking leaders at Ottawa overboard, and work for the good of the Province, they would deserve and have the thanks of all honest men, and the anger of all who are the opposite of honest—a twofold blessing, and a thing to be sought after.

While the Quebec Parliament has been trying to solve the Constitutional question by a vote, the Quebec citizens—as to the working part of them—have been indulging in the expensive luxury of a riot. Mr. Mackenzie should go to the ancient city and use his historical knowledge about Abraham and the Pyramids, and his reasoning powers to convince the workmen that they can raise the scale of wages by rows in the streets, sacking stores and such like deeds of violence. Labour is governed by the law of supply and demand just as any other kind of capital, and can never be controlled by the mob. The workmen in rioting against low wages are just as reasonable as would be general traders rioting against the Banks to get a lower rate of interest. But the workmen have not learnt this—and the men who go about to get their vote at election time do not tell them so—but only pamper and mislead them, by giving them to understand that Government can influence the scale of wages. Mr. Mackenzie's statement that he wants to make this a cheap country to live in is about as mischievous a phrase as a man could use, and is one of those things that lead to such riotous proceedings as we have had in the City of Quebec.

And again we have to record in connection with those Quebec riots a lamentable loss of life through the tardiness of the authorities in reading the Riot Act. A mob is rarely in a reasoning mood, and to parley with it is the worst policy that can be adopted. Instant and stern measures should have been taken at Quebec—should be taken everywhere to preserve the public peace. Perhaps the Mayor of Montreal will learn a lesson from his brother of Quebec.

The people of France have been troubled about the matter of public processions just as are the people of the city of Montreal. The admirers of the great Frenchman, Voltaire, had decided to celebrate his centenary with great pomp and circumstance, public money was to

be voted, and a popular demonstration made in the streets. The Paris Municipal Council entered into the thing with enthusiasm. But there are many people in Paris who do not reverence the work or the memory of Voltaire,—for he was opposed to the Church, and they are the friends of the Church. So a dilemma and a promise of trouble. But the Government of France holds itself responsible for the maintenance of public peace, and said,—You can have what you like in private, but you must not cause offence by parading the streets. While this was taking place in Paris, the Municipal Council of Marseilles was engaged in putting a stop to a proposed procession through the streets on the Feast of Corpus Christi, contending that religious processions through the streets are an offence to those who are not Catholics, and that to allow them is to give a public recognition to the Church and its ceremonies, which is not consistent with religious equality. Whether the two things are equal—the Voltaire and the Corpus Christi celebrations need not be discussed—but as each would be regarded as an offence by some of the people, the French Government and the Marseilles Municipal Council did right to forbid the processions.

A strong Government in this country, or a decided Municipal Council in Montreal would put an end to all processions as the French people have done. The celebration of the twelfth of July is becoming a little ridiculous. The Irish Catholics violently oppose it, but on what grounds it is difficult to discover. We had an idea that the memory of the Battle of the Boyne was sweet to some Irish Catholics and bitter to others. No, says the Editor of the *True Witness*, that is not it at all; we have no sentiment whatever about that battle; but the Orangemen have always been a violent and persecuting body, therefore we shall oppose them at any cost. Now, that is absurd. Why should the Orangemen of Canada have to bear the sins of their fathers, committed in other parts of the world? Would our friends, the Catholics, like to be held responsible for the persecutions inflicted on Protestants by Catholics? We Protestants decline to answer for the crimes of our ancestry in Ecclesiastical life. But the Orangemen offer to give up processions, if all other bodies will do the same. Let the challenge be accepted at once. The Corpus Christi procession is a nuisance at least, and if it is not intended as an annoyance, it is difficult to account for the route always chosen—for the Catholics go out of their way to pass Protestant Churches and interfere with their service. The Orangemen are reasonable, and now we look for a little reasonable, if not generous, conduct on the part of the Catholics, and in any case—for decisive action on the part of the Municipal Council.

We mourn the death of William Cullen Bryant, the octogenarian poet and journalist. He, almost alone of men, achieved fame by the publication of his first poem, "Thanatopsis," sixty-five years ago; but his last public utterance gained for him still further dignity. A clearer proof of Mr. Bryant's undoubted genius than we could discover in even his most pleasing poems is revealed to us in his correct appreciation of Joseph Mazzini,—a man perfectly unlike himself in every respect except moral worth.

Whether the movement of native troops to Malta was perfectly constitutional, as the Earl of Beaconsfield thought and argued, or was inconsistent with the general principle of Parliamentary authority, as Lord Hartington endeavoured to show, there can be no question of its general inadvisability. It was well enough to tell Russia that England in that way had a second army in India upon which it could draw, but we know from private and reliable sources that it has caused great uneasiness among the English residents in many parts of India. For the portion of the army moved to Malta is just that part which the English could rely upon in case of disturbance, and they look upon the absence of the loyal soldiers with something like dismay. But if the Congress can be brought to decide upon the terms of peace at an early date, the danger in India may yet be warded off. The hundred thousand pounds, or so, which it will cost England is as nothing, the constitutional question is not very much when weighed against the fact that India is now at the mercy of the kind of soldiers who filled the world with horror some twenty years ago. The only thing that can be reckoned as a set-off to the peril is that Lord Beaconsfield has made another stroke of genius.