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CONTENTS:

THE TIMES.  
 BUSINESS FRIENDSHIPS.  
 THE PHYSIOLOGY OF HAND-SHAKING,  
 (concluded.)  
 THE UNORTHODOX HEARER VS. THE  
 ORTHODOX PREACHER.  
 POETRY.  
 HILL-SIDE CLEANINGS.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.  
 SCIENTIFIC—SANITARY ENGINEERING.  
 WITTICISMS.  
 THE TORONTO PULPIT—III.  
 SUFFERING WITH CHRIST—A SERMON  
 BY ALEX. MACLAREN.  
 CORRESPONDENCE.  
 MUSICAL.

THE TIMES.

Mr. Mackenzie has resigned, as I said last week he would, and Sir John is engaged in patching up a Cabinet out of the various Provinces.

On Saturday Canada will lose the most popular Governor-General it has ever had. And it is more than likely that Canada will never have another able to fill just the same place as that occupied by Earl Dufferin. A more useful man may be found—one whose personal powers and influence shall be used to direct our political life; but a more ornamental Governor-General is not likely to appear. The Earl richly deserves all the popularity he has had in the Dominion, for he has sought it with earnestness,—and a keen appreciation of its value. Everything Canadian he has patronised and praised; he has stroked us the right way always, and said "Good boy," and—believing in our own goodness we have lauded the Earl's wonderful discernment. What powers of statesmanship he would have displayed had there been occasion for the exercise of such things we, of course, cannot tell, for we never allowed the occasion to arise; but there is no reason for our believing that the Earl is not a very great statesman. But he is popular, and he deserves to be; and we say him "Good bye" with profound regret.

I have been reading the Marquis of Lorne's farewell speech to his constituency in Scotland, and have to confess to some disappointment, if not of apprehension, as the result of it. The Marquis did lecture the people in a most wonderful manner. All that I can learn from it is:—He is conscious of his youth and is hopeful that time may correct that, so he never attempted much speaking in the House of Commons—acting wisely, no doubt. He is a firm believer in the aristocracy of Great Britain as at present constituted. He is attached to the idea and practice of having an Established—and of course endowed—Church in the nation, holding that such establishment only can give a guarantee against theological narrowness and bigotry. He is convinced that it is wrong for the people of Great Britain to "look at all matters connected with any part of our great empire or any colonial question only from a home point of view;" and goes on to say that the wishes of colonies should be judged mainly from their own point of view—sound enough in matters ethical, but doubtful in matters political, as those things are at present understood. He is importantly uninformed as to the state of politics in this country; for speaking of the foreign policy of Great Britain he said: "Your countrymen in the colonies often judge these things well, for they are out of the swirl of party passions." The next session of Parliament will make it impossible that he shall ever fall into that mistake again.

I had always been led to suppose that the duty of a Judge in summing up a case for the jury was to lay before them the various points urged in the prosecution and the defence, give the merits of them, a clear view of the case, and the law as it bears upon it. That is not how Judge Ramsay evidently interprets his position and duty; for in the case against Osborne at the Court of Queen's Bench the Judge summed up as if he was the counsel for the prosecution. He got excited in a most rhetorical way, and in effect directed the jury to find the prisoner guilty or they would fail in their duty and prove themselves fools. Unfortunately the speech is not printed, but I say this on the best possible authority.

Of course Judge Ramsay was convinced that Osborne was guilty; but I want to ask if it is fair and right for any Judge to pronounce his opinion in so decided and incisive a manner before the jury have

retired to consider their verdict? If so, what is the use of the jury at all? The jury went to the room sure that the presiding Judge was satisfied of Osborne's guilt and expected from them a verdict of "guilty." It is bad enough to have had a poor defence to offer, but worse to have the Judge instructing the jury as to the verdict. We must have justice for our citizens; and we can hardly afford to dispense with dignity on the part of our Judges.

It is a matter for general regret in Montreal, and outside of it, that the old and respected firm of "Savage and Lyman" has had to yield to the pressure of bad times. Nothing could more forcibly tell how terrible the trade depression has been. For this failure is not owing to speculations outside of their legitimate trade, or fraudulent dealings, inside of it—or to a lack of industry—or to extravagant expenditure—but to simple and sheer hardness of times. Articles of luxury can easily be dispensed with, and they naturally are left unbought when people are poor. Those who deal in them must suffer more than any other traders from the dullness that has fallen upon us. The firm of "Savage and Lyman" has lost nothing but its money. The name is good as ever.

The way in which some of the Conservatives in this country have gloated over the fall of their political opponents is about the most unseemly thing I have ever witnessed in political life. Witness the vile and witless caricature given in the St. John, N.B., *Sun* and copied into the *Montreal Gazette* last Saturday. The imaginary conversation in the Cabinet was lacking any suspicion of wit, and the boy who wrote it had not even the common decency to use fictitious names. Such things can serve no purpose in the world but to bring politics into contempt. Such writers as the *Sun* seems to employ have done that for themselves already.

The concert season has begun—and begun well—in Montreal. For a time I hesitated to go to the Academy of Music, having the fear of Mrs. Grundy before my eyes; but all scruples vanished when I saw the concerts were advertised in the *Witness*. Others will criticise the musical performances, but I must say that I never saw a concert so badly managed. We had for programmes great ugly dirty sheets on which the advertisements smothered the names of the pieces to be sung and played. We had to find our own seats when we got to the Academy, and for the first few minutes were kept in a state of suspense as to whether we were right in sitting there. The management was certainly very poor and very mean.

I am a sufficiently bad musician to admire a florid piece of music—but why Madame Rivé-King should have chosen Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hungroise" just to show how well she could finger the instrument—and why Miss Kellogg should introduce variations into a song, just to show how she can run up and down, and twist in and out, and gurgle and quiver—I do not understand. It was very artistic and very melodious screaming—but it was screaming—and one felt it all the more when she sang a simple ballad so magnificently.

It was an outrage on all good faith and good taste, and a wrong to Mr. Conly to have announced him as the "Premier Basso in the world." Premier fiddlesticks, M. Strakosh—he is just a fairly good singer who deserves to get a living by his voice—that is all—and nobody knows it better than himself, and he wishes not to be made to appear ridiculous.

It was very amusing to hear Signor Rosnati attempt a song in English—but his English was not nearly so amusing as his attitude when singing—which was somewhere between the figure of a Greek racer waiting for the word to start, and White Eagle keeping goal at a lacrosse match. The Signor would do well to pay a visit to a dancing master.

But anything so unreasonable as the repeated demands for *encore* I have never seen as that displayed by the audience. They had paid their money and were determined to have their money's worth. But they should remember that they had paid a certain price to hear a certain number of songs and instrumental pieces. What right, in

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething, and all Infantile Diseases.