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THE TIMES.

The general public must have been surprised last week at the thrilling story of how M. Archambault, Queen's Counsel, "went for" Mr. Quinn, a fellow-lawyer, who had opposed him in the McNamee robbery case. M. Archambault, Q.C., used language the papers could only indicate by a series of dashes; he pulled off his gown and tried to operate in the same manner upon his coat, and then followed a scene which would be a disgrace to any pot-house in the city. But this was not in a pot-house—it was in a Court of Justice—where, according to the popular idea, dignity is observed and peace promoted. The Chief-Justice was in his room close by and must have heard the disturbance; if rumour speaks truth, he had the first part of the storm poured on his own head, but no notice was taken of it, and the Judge proceeded with his duties as if nothing had happened to disturb the tranquillity of the place. If we had read of such a thing taking place in Kansas, or in the Cape Colony, we should say, "what a dreadful place to live in?" but it has taken place in Montreal, and been allowed to pass as the most ordinary thing in daily life. The newspapers told the story, but not one word of protest did they utter; not a sentence was written in demand that a lawyer shall be allowed to do his duty to his client without running the risk of having to support his words with his fists. If Mr. Quinn offered any improper insinuations as to what M. Archambault had done or intended to do, M. Archambault knew the best possible way for vindicating his own honour. Surely a lawyer need not be told that the public would not be convinced, even if he had bruised and battered Mr. Quinn ever so much.

But that is not the whole of this strange case—perhaps not the worst feature in it. I fully understand that a lawyer's first duty is to his client—as Mr. Quinn made apparent—but I think I am right also in saying that a Queen's Counsel's first duty is to the Crown. Not even in the interest of his client is he to be a party to any effort to defeat the ends of justice. How was this carried out? M. Archambault, Q.C., said in evidence, under oath, that he had met Mr. McNamee on a certain Saturday, and promised to do all he could to get him his money back. A strange man called on him (M. A., Q.C.,) to say that Jones was not the robber, but if Mr. McNamee would let him off the money would be forthcoming. M. Archambault, Q.C., went to Mr. McNamee's house, and finally they went to the prison together to see Jones. They saw Jones, and they drove to M.

Archambault's house. More than once the Queen's Counsel announced in the Court that he was anxious for Mr. McNamee to have his money. Mr. McNamee gave corroborative evidence, and was proceeding to make it much stronger when he was peremptorily stopped.

Now this to the lay mind of myself and many others is very strange. It is strange that the Chief-Justice, a man of undoubted integrity and ability, should have allowed it to pass without one word of remonstrance; it is strange that the patriotic newspapers have had neither note nor comment on it, and still more strange that those most interested should so long content themselves with bandying rough accusations in the streets. If Mr. McNamee has anything to say, which the public ought to hear, let us have it.

On dit that Mr. M. P. Ryan is about to retire from the representation of Montreal Centre in the Dominion Parliament. The bolder spirits affirm that he is to be appointed to the office of Collector of Customs in the city, but the more prudent declare that a position of less honour and remuneration will be found. What and where the place is no one seems to know, but in everybody's mind it is a foregone conclusion that an M.P. could not be induced to contemplate retirement from Parliament unless at the same time he has visions and assurances of an office of some kind. Politicians among us have a tendency that way—so Mr. Ryan, who deserves well of his party, is not much to blame.

And who will succeed Mr. Ryan? It is pretty well understood that the city shall be represented in the West by an English or Scotchman, in the East by a Frenchman, and in the Centre by an Irishman. So an Irishman it must be. But while there are plenty of Irishmen willing to represent Montreal Centre, there are not many able to do it. He should be a man who can make a speech in the House at times so that it may be generally understood that there is such a city as Montreal, and he should be capable of representing the mercantile portion of this actual metropolis. Where is the fit and proper person for all that?

Will the Aldermen of Montreal take advice and pass a by-law to the effect that in the main streets of the city, coals shall not be dumped upon the pavement, nor allowed to remain there, after nine in the morning until seven in the evening. At this time of the year almost every day pedestrians have to turn into the muddy street because their way is blocked by loads of coal on the sidewalks. This is an atrocity that could be so easily remedied that one wonders it has not been done before.

Another thing: those disgraceful spouts that dash water from the roof to the pavement, wetting the feet and ankles of all who have the misfortune to walk by them, should be attended to. They should be placed at the backs of the houses, and constructed to empty the water from the roof into the drain without washing the pavement and drenching people on the way.

The following letter to the Toronto *Globe* is so good that I gladly reproduce, and endorse it:—

SIR,—It has been proposed, as a step towards the attainment of Christian unity, to form a society for prayer for that result. Now, as I belong to a society—that commonly known as the Church of England—which has for three hundred years or so been in the habit of praying every week or oftener for this very thing, I deem it quite time, if we are in earnest about this matter, to supplement