

LORD DUNRAVEN is an Irish nobleman, a keen sportsman, a great traveller, and is, besides, afflicted with the itch for writing—what Latin scholars call *coccythos scribendi*. He never misses an opportunity of writing to the newspapers and periodicals, and whether engaged in explaining the beauties of Irish orthodoxy and lordism or upholding the abuses of the peerage, of which he is one of the ornaments, he feels equally at home. He was on a late occasion arrested in Nova Scotia for shooting deer without a license, and as the affair obtained wide circulation in the Maritime Provinces, and, indeed, all over Canada and the United States, Lord Dunraven was delighted with the opportunity it gave him of appearing in print. He seems the *Forest and Stream* annihilated on courteous terms on the wholesale slaughter of cariboo by sportsmen without even a license, and expressed itself to the effect that Lord Dunraven was fined for a similar offence before, he could not have been accustomed with the law, in such cases made and provided. Upon this his lordship exclaims in a letter of portentous length and full of what he considers biting sarcasm. He

—the fire, the sword, the men,  
To wield them in their terrible array.”  
The monarchs have embraced all round which  
is in itself an ominous sign of coming con-  
flict as all history shows, just like the hand-  
shaking and false smiles of prize-fighters  
before the “mill” commences. But it may  
be asked what will be the *casus belli*? When  
will the war break out? What territory is  
in danger? Why should these good people  
fight at all? The answer to these questions  
is that so great is the strain upon the finances  
of Europe that the armies will either have to  
fight or disband, and as the monarchs are not  
in the habit of disbanding the probabilities are  
all in favor of fighting. When a gladiator  
brings himself to absolute perfection by  
training, what will he do except wrestle or  
become insane. So it is with a well organized  
army, which is collectively what a  
gladiator is individually. If the perfect  
machine which Prince Bismarck holds in the  
hollow of his right hand is not launched on  
its career of destruction it may turn against  
itself and destroy itself. But there is  
little danger of that. The Herr Von’s  
vulture eyes sees any amount of adventures  
all over Europe. There is always France,  
and there is that excellent fable of the wolf  
and the lamb drinking at the stream to serve  
as an example, though when the war is all  
over it may not be so easy to tell which is  
the wolf and which is the lamb as people may  
imagine. But there is always Turkey which  
can be made a buffer on which to practise  
the European armies. Turkey is crumbling

WAS THE POST, the day after the elections said that the English of this Province were deservedly chastised for their indiscriminate support of Joly because he was a Protestant; it might have been thought that the utterance was the offspring of election excitement. The *Quebec Times*, however, a week after the election is over, comes out with precisely the same idea, although clothed in different language, and in fact both journals merely echoed the words of Messrs. Davidson and McGibbon as expressed on Friday night last after the state of the poll had been made known. Mr. Davidson made use of the expression—and a happy one it was—of hermaphrodite politicians, and Mr. McGibbon referred to the men who were Conservatives at Ottawa and Liberals at Quebec with withering sarcasm. It is useless trying to conceal political facts or thoughts from the French people, and it is impossible. Even if every Protestant in the Province of Quebec kept his thoughts a profound secret to himself as regards his attachment to Joly because he is a Protestant, the French-Canadians would still arrive at the truth. If the French-Canadians find that the Protestants of the Province unite—Liberal and Conservative—throwing their differences aside to achieve a grand object, they will become alarmed and also unite, and as they compose the vast majority of the electors we know what will generally be the result, for we have seen it on the second of December. Protestants rule in every Province of the British empire except one, and that one is Quebec. They rule Ireland although the Catholics largely preponderate and they have made a mess of it. But then Catholics of Ireland do not enjoy an extended suffrage, and although they too have had treaties which would secure them rights, they were broken, while the treaty with Quebec was kept. This was the idea of the Protestants of the Province with few exceptions. "We shall all vote for Joly, who is sound on the goose question," the French Liberals will also vote for him, English speaking Catholics will be divided and we shall thus secure a majority and have a Protestant Government in substance if not in name." When the generosity and the extreme tolerance of the French-Canadian character are considered this line of policy was as stupid as it was ungrateful. The Protestant minority had far more than its share of Government representation under Mr. Chapeau and it has now. Protestants were elected in constituencies in which the French and English speaking Catholics were overwhelmingly in a majority and no questions were asked about religion. This is all changed now and it is the bigots who are to blame. In future it will be extremely difficult for Protestants to be elected for the Quebec Legislature, or even from the Province for the Dominion House. We supported the pretensions of Mr. Holton as against Dr. LaBerge for Chateauguay two years ago; we would not do so under similar circumstances to-morrow. There is only one way of getting certain people to keep to their party allegiance, and that is by teaching them that bigotry does not pay; that a knife may be made to cut both ways. Of course it is often said that the Protestants are building up this Province, and that they, as the wealthiest and most enterprising element, should rule it. That is not so clear. Ten brokers may be the wealthiest men in a Province, but, their combined energy does not add to the public wealth. A farmer clearing off sixty acres of land has done more good to the world than all the Rothschilds. The Rothschilds do not create wealth; they merely transfer it to themselves from others. The *habitant* of the frontier of the Province, and

General Michael Butt Hewson is once more before the public, this time as the writer of a letter in the Toronto *World*, fiercely assailing Sir John A. Macdonald, Premier of the Dominion of Canada. The last time he was heard from as a public man was through a hubbub he made in the columns of the Quebec *Chronicle* about an opposition line of railroad across the continent, which, for cheapness and a dozen other desiderata, was to knock spots out of the unfortunate line taken in hand by the Syndicate. As, however, nothing is heard about the grading, or even the surveying, of the General's line, it must be concluded that the wicked Syndicate carried its point, and that the fear of General Michael Butt Hewson has paled before adverse and more powerful combinations. Before dealing with his grand assault against the belted Knight, Sir John, it may not be uninteresting to give a short, very short, biographical sketch of the General himself, condensed to an alarming extent from the Whitty *Chronicle*, whose editor plumes himself somewhat in being a countryman of the subject. The General is then a Limerick man, from Jackey Hall, and a relative of Lord Emly, a most respectable Whigg, whilom William Monsell, Esq., of Tirvor. He is also a cousin of the late Isaac Butt, who did so much for Ireland in the Imperial Parliament by making a mild Home Rule speech once every year. He (the General) came to Canada some time about thirty years ago and got mixed up in railroads, and made the acquaintance (says the Whitty *Chronicle*), of Mr. John A. Macdonald, since become a belted Knight through merit, just as Mr. Hewson has grown into a General. Not being as successful as he perhaps deserved on the railroad, Mr. M. Butt Hewson went to the State of Mississippi, to which, after a while, he was appointed *Adjutant General* of Militia. Hence his well earned title. After having made large sums (says the *Chronicle*) in railroad engineering he returned to Canada for the benefit of his health, (unlike our Princess Louise who left for a like reason) renewed his cordial relations with Sir John—unfortunately for him—and was induced by that Machiavelli to write editorials in the *Irish Canadian*, *con amore* as far as the proprietor was concerned, but with a promise from Sir John of \$5,000 a year when he returned to power. Well, what are the facts? The General placed the Knight in office—don't believe for a moment it was Mr. Phipps did it—and the Knight, likewise even of the Crusaders, proved recalcitrant to his pledged word! Then General Hewson went into the courts, and by some sort of compromise which we cannot easily understand, obtained \$2,500 and a promise of more. But a Knight who was false once will be false twice, and the General is disappointed; grievously so. Now in these days of newspapers and mixed drinks the man who is disappointed rushes head foremost into print, and so it need surprise no one if one who is a journalist as well as an engineer takes advantage of the press to attack Sir John A. Macdonald. He does not, however, air his grievances; that would take the point from his assault. If he said in substance, "Sir John promised me a berth as Deputy Minister worth \$4,200 a year; he now refuses to give it and he is, therefore, both a knave and a fool. But that would never do, and so he attacks Sir John on the merits, and oh, sublime impudence, he complains of the injustice done the Irish Catholics of Ontario in whose favor he, the General, made a treaty with Sir John. He was to obtain a fine position and they were to get ten members returned to Parliament. But let us quote from Hewson's letter, lest people may not believe that such cheek can exist co-existent with military virtue:—"As a condition of my interference in politics Sir John Macdonald pledged himself in 1876 to make good the just demands of the Irish Roman Catholics to representation. He accepted as a *sine qua non* of that deviation from my ordinary pursuits, my demand that that tabooid body of my fellow-countrymen supply ten candidates. Alarmed subsequently for his sincerity in that pledge, I warned him that I would not become a party to a cry that had become false. He met my pressure on that point by giving me the names of nine Irish Roman Catholics whom he promised to bring into the field in 1878. This he did during lunch at my chambers in this city calling out the names as I wrote them down. Mr. John A. Macdonald, Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. Nicholas Flood Davis, knew this immediately afterwards, even though one of more of them did not see the list." It seems to us that every charlatan, who comes along imagines that "my fellow-countrymen" should be "stepping stone" to "place and power." It really is too bad to

The Message is on the whole a readable and interesting Message enough, but nothing that a Washington clerk who knew his duty, or an average newspaper man, could not produce without crowing. President Lincoln was right when he said that if the whole American Government were any fine morning blown sky-high, a government quite as good might be selected from a volunteer regiment. It is not the cleverest man in the country who rules; no one need be; therefore frightened at being thrust into the Presidential chair, or having a crown forced upon his marble brow.

A telegram from Newcastle-on-Tyne on Tuesday night says:

Mr. Ashton Dilke, M.P., endeavoured to address a meeting in the Town Hall, Newcastle, this evening, but there was a strong Irish element in the audience, who refused to allow him a hearing. He was told there were 244 men in Irish prisons who could not get a hearing. An effort to pass a vote of confidence by dumb show was defeated by uproar, and the gas being lowered, the meeting dispersed.