

THE WEEK:

A CANADIAN JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY, AND LITERATURE.

Second Year.
Vol. II., No. 3.

Toronto, Thursday, December 18th, 1884.

\$3.00 per Annum.
Single Copies, 7 cents.

CONTENTS OF CURRENT NUMBER.

	PAGE.
TOPICS OF THE WEEK.....	33
CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES—	
CURRENT EVENTS AND OPINIONS.....	A BYSTANDER. 34
Our Canadian Canals.....	C. L. 37
Quoting from Shakespeare.....	F. 38
Education Notes.....	Censor. 38
Mr. Brandram and Mrs. Fanny Kemble.....	E. A. M. 39
POETRY—	
The Voyageur's Grave on the Nile.....	Nathanael Nix. 39
The King's Sabbath.....	A Lampman. 39
Ulysses.....	Barry Dane 39
Poetry and the Poor.....	37
HERE AND THERE.....	40
SCRAP BOOK.....	41
BOOK NOTICES.....	43
PERIODICALS.....	44
MUSIC.....	44
LITERARY GOSSIP.....	45
CHESS.....	45

The Week,

AN INDEPENDENT JOURNAL OF POLITICS, SOCIETY AND LITERATURE.

Edited by W. PHILIP ROBINSON.

TERMS:—One year, \$3.00; eight months, \$2.00; four months, \$1.00. Subscriptions payable in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS, unexceptional in character and limited in number, will be taken at 4¢ per line per annum; \$2.50 per line for six months; \$1.50 per line for three months; 20 cents per line per insertion for a shorter period.

Subscribers in Great Britain and Ireland supplied, postage prepaid, on terms following:—One year, 12s. 6d.; half-year, 6s. 6d. Remittances by P. O. order or draft should be made payable and addressed to the Publisher.

All advertisements will be set up in such style as to insure THE WEEK's tasteful typographical appearance, and enhance the value of the advertising in its columns. No advertisement charged less than FIVE lines. Address—T. R. CLOUGHIER, Business Manager, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.
C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

THE ovation given by the Tories to their leader has revived among other subjects of controversy the old question as to the authorship of Confederation. Grit organs having once more claimed the credit of the measure for Mr. George Brown, the Hon. Alexander Morris, who himself played no unimportant part in the transaction, has published his historical reminiscences. They prove beyond a shadow of doubt that the author of Confederation was not Mr. George Brown, who looked upon it as a thing "which had not been considered by the people," and regarded it as "uncertain and remote"—his remedy for the evils of the situation being simply "representation by population without regard to any dividing line between Upper and Lower Canada." But the crown of fame thus plucked from the head of Mr. Brown can hardly be placed on that of his rival. The truth is indicated by the words of the individual, whoever he may have been, who appealed to somebody else "by all that was solemn, sacred and patriotic, to get these men out of the fix." The excesses of selfish faction and intrigue had brought the whole crew of politicians into a dilemma from which they could only escape by Confederation. To them all attaches the discredit of having negotiated the Constitution with Downing Street and omitted to lay it before the Canadian people, though perhaps such a dereliction of the principles of popular government was most to be blamed in Liberals. But, instead of disputing the doubtful honour of originating the measure, our politicians would be better occupied in showing what good it has done the country. It has piled up a great debt and produced an enormous development of faction, demagogism, and corruption. So much is clear. But what Confederation has done, politically, commercially, in the way of adding to our military strength, or in any other way, nobody has yet undertaken distinctly to explain.

THE dining campaign, which began with the Mowat jubilation and was followed by a responsive fire of corks from the other side of the Atlantic, once more claims Toronto for its centre. The admirers of Sir John Macdonald could not allow their idol to be overshadowed by the Mowat demonstration. They can safely claim for their hero seniority and length of service, and on these grounds they have made a stand. Forty years of parliamentary life fall to few; and if visions of a golden wedding could not be indulged, the triumphant celebration of the four decades might be enjoyed. When a party chief in possession of power is brought under fire, what so effective as to reply by a public dinner? A good dinner, too,

puts the average voter in excellent humour, rubs off angularities and makes the participants generally amiable. The general public can imagine that it has dined by proxy. The content which a good dinner brings is just the frame of mind which the party chief wants to get people into. Combat by dining does not so well suit the temper of the Opposition, to whom a disconsolate humour is more consonant. The strategy of Mr. Mowat's political guardians is copied for the benefit of Sir John, with variations and improvements. The more dinners a public man gets, the weightier is the evidence in favour of the superiority of his public policy. By the force of repeated dinners Sir John has confuted his antagonists, set up and knocked down "auxiliary kingdoms" and enjoyed numberless triumphs in the region of imagination. Each dinner has been a conquest, and the conqueror enjoys the fruits of the campaign at the head of the new kingdoms which he created. But there will come a time when our hero must touch earth; the most enchanting of *chateaux en Espagne* is not man's abiding place in this world of realities. The illusion, for in sober truth it is an illusion, can only be enjoyed for a while. When the dining campaign is over, and real work begins—when auxiliary kingdoms must take a definite shape or disappear—we shall once more find ourselves in a real world. And then it will be possible to "take stock" of all that has been lost and gained in the dining campaign.

IN a dull world it is not always best to enquire too closely into the causes of the convivialities which break the monotony of life and reduce the sum of social friction. In the spirit of this amicable philosophy the guests at the silver wedding of Archbishop Lynch seem to have acted. To be a Bishop for twenty-five years may be little more than proof of stamina of constitution. But the Archbishop is a remarkable man, and the most remarkable thing about him is the indubitable proof which his career affords of what slender abilities united to a fair share of discretion may sometimes insure a man's entrance into the episcopate of Rome. But Archbishop Lynch has been specially fortunate in his success. Few men on an equal capital of qualification have been so successful. His predecessor was a highly cultivated French gentleman on whom the Irish priests of the diocese, by way of showing their obedience, made relentless war. The conspirators, who gave themselves the designation of "An Association of Irish Gentlemen," assailed their Bishop in the secular press and did their best as pamphleteers to make him odious to his charge. The conspiracy, in which it is proper to say Mr. Lynch had no part, was successful. An Irish successor to Bishop Charbonnel, who in sadness and resignation went back to France, was indispensable; and in Bishop Lynch a thoroughly representative man was found. As an endowment he brought precisely the stock of national sentiment and prejudice that was wanted. By the rebellious priests he was hailed with joy. He avoided collision with excitable elements among the laity by allowing any outburst of Fenianism in his presence at a public meeting to pass unrebuked. Indeed, the real sentiments of the Archbishop appear to be identical with those of the Irish peasantry. Freemasonry he has, as in duty bound, anathematized, but against Fenianism he has uttered not a word. With his consent a trio of office-seekers put up to competition the influence of the Church and invited tenders from opposing political leaders. Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, then Premier of Ontario, in a spirit of independence to which posterity will do justice, resolutely declined to bid. Mr. Brown, taking a different part, eagerly closed with an offer that promised so many party advantages. The Archbishop has at different times thrown the weight of his influence into different party scales. Even now, when he holds by Mr. Mowat, he proclaims his love for Sir John Macdonald. If Sir John had consented to pass a law confirming certain irregular marriages the Archbishop would have stood by him till Sir John would have been obliged to refuse him some new favour. With the multiplication of religious orders under this prelate there has been a great increase in the real property held by the Church throughout the diocese, and particularly in Toronto. The increase of exemptions which results from these transfers adds to the load of taxes borne by all classes of citizens by whom exemptions are not enjoyed. This immunity it is a great object of the Archbishop to guard; and as a