

# The Canadian Spectator.

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## THE TIMES.

SIR FRANCIS IN REPLY.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN SPECTATOR:

MY DEAR SIR,—Although I returned to town yesterday morning, I did not see last week's SPECTATOR until to-day. After considering that portion of it which refers to me, I have arrived at the conclusion that under all the circumstances the best course that I can adopt is to write to you direct. You are evidently labouring under a good deal of misapprehension as to the circumstances under which my interview with the Reporter of the New York *Herald* took place. You will, I have no doubt, read the letter which I have addressed to Mr. Macmaster, and which was published in the *Star* of this day, and you will learn from that the circumstances under which I consented to be interviewed by a reporter of the New York *Herald*, and you will likewise learn my views on the subject of all attempts to bring about a revolution. I am quite willing that you should believe that you have learned more during your three years of residence in Canada than I have done during my longer residence, and I can have no objection to your belief that I have ceased to know the thought and life of the country. I must console myself with the reflection that my views are in accordance with those of the leaders of both the great political parties in the country, and that the men who walk rapidly ahead have not yet ventured to ask the sanction of the Parliament of the country to their views. You ask, in the SPECTATOR, why "I should have introduced the question at all." In the same article you refer to my letter in the New York *Herald*, in which I allege, and I was not contradicted, "the subjects discussed with your reporter were all introduced by him." I never stated that Mr. Goldwin Smith was present at the Club meeting in Montreal, nor did I say that there was any one member of Parliament present. In point of fact, all my knowledge of the meeting was derived from the report in the *Globe* of the 25th December, and the leading articles commenting on the speeches. I had likewise received an assurance that the Secretary—and, as I have been told, the founder—of your Club had declared recently in Washington that an important movement favourable to separation from Great Britain was about to take place. The charge that has been most painful to me is that what I said of the SPECTATOR was "ungracious, irrelevant, and untrue." It was the cause of great regret to me that any public reference to enquiries of a personal character should have been published. Had I imagined for a moment that this was probable, I would not have discussed the subject; but I said nothing as of my own knowledge, and I merely said that I understood it had not been a financial success—which is not the same as pronouncing it a failure; the reference was simply to the recent change of proprietorship. I will only add that I have always entertained a sincere wish for the success of the SPECTATOR, because it has, so far as I can judge, been friendly to entire freedom of discussion.

Believe me, truly yours,

F. Hincks.

## THE PAPERS SCENT TREASON.

"Hoity-toity, here's a row." The newspaper battle over the Montreal Political Economy Society continues to rage with unabated vigour. What it is all about those of us who started the Society can hardly tell. The *Globe* told us from the first that we were annexationists, and only "noodles" at that; and while we could not quite see eye to eye with the *Globe* in either charge, we wondered why so much valuable thunder should be wasted on such a foolish cause. The *Mail* seemed to understand the real condition of things at first, and did a little fair, though feeble, fighting for the new Society in particular

and for freedom of speech in general; but the *Mail* has allowed itself to be drawn away from the true issue, and is now far afield fighting the *Globe* *con amore*. In order to do that it seemed well in the eye of the *Mail* to discredit what a few days before it had championed. The Society is described as "a political bladder blown up of fancy and filled with unsubstantial nothingness." And again: "The Montreal mountain made of a mole-hill is like all such absurd outgrowths of chaos, a direct off-shoot from the Manchester school. There is no mistaking the paternity of this pig from the Epicurean sty of Democracy; it may be known by its bristles."

What the *Mail* means by the remarkable sentence I have quoted I do not know. What is "a political bladder," and did the *Mail* ever stumble upon any kind of nothingness that was substantial? How is it possible that a mountain can be at once made of a mole-hill, an absurd outgrowth of chaos, and a direct off-shoot of the Manchester school? It is perfectly bewildering. What is this Political Economy Society after all? We thought we intended it to be for the fair and free discussion of all questions pertaining to the interests of Canada; but the *Globe* knew better—we were meeting with traitorous designs of packing Canada in a Saratoga trunk some dark night and taking it across the lines to Washington. And the *Mail* knows better now, although it was deceived at first—it is a political bladder, blown up; it is filled, but there is nothing in it—only nothingness, and that is unsubstantial; it is a pig also, a pig which has been luxuriating in an Epicurean sty—that must be a delicate reference to the Windsor Hotel; it is a pig which has bristles, by which bristles said pig's identity may be demonstrated. What a peculiar thing this Society must be; and what a genius the editor of the *Mail* must be to be able to discover and understand and describe the many incongruous elements which go to make up this unsubstantial nothingness, which is a bladder, which fills a bladder, which is a mountain, which is an absurd outgrowth, which is a direct off-shoot, which is a pig!

## SAPIENT MR. WHITE.

The *Gazette* has also continued to talk some very inconsiderable nonsense about the Political Economy Society, and seems to know its own mind as uncertainly as it knows the political opinions of most of those who attended the first meeting. The *Globe* said we were nearly all Conservatives doing the disloyal and dirty work to which unholy Toryism always sets its hands. No, said the *Mail* and the *Gazette*, that "bladder," "mountain," "growth," "off-shoot," "pig," is the result of a Liberal faith and policy here and in England. Mr. White declared my ignorance of Canadian politics in a manner which must have been highly satisfactory to himself, since there was a dash of malice in the sentence. But I take it in a humble spirit, for he said he had come to that conclusion by "judging from the SPECTATOR," and, as I know, from his own lips, that he has not read the SPECTATOR for many months, I comfort myself with the reflection that I may have learnt a little about Canadian politics since that long time ago when Mr. White permitted himself the luxury of "judging from the SPECTATOR." And then, Mr. White must have intended his statement to be comparative. He was thinking of all he himself knew about the politics of Canada, and I do not marvel that he was compelled to write the word "nothing" over the limited stock of another's knowledge of facts. But Mr. White should be generous, and not too scornful towards those who have not enjoyed the many and peculiar advantages which have fallen to his lot. By a merciful arrangement of Providence, it is not given to every man to spend twenty-five years in a reporter's gallery, and to become personally acquainted with every back-stair and lobby in the House of Representatives, and to have intimate knowledge of