

might be sold, cheap and good, and without accompanying cant and nonsense. Some steps have been taken in this direction, but none on a sufficiently broad and liberal basis. The enthusiasts allow their crotchets to come in, and shudder at a glass of pure, light, non-intoxicating ale being sold at the counter sacred to tepid coffee, vapid aerated waters, and other fluids, anti-attractive, though accompanied by a tract.

If the drinking customs of society are to be reformed, it must be by a radical change in the licensing system, and all that pertains to it: and by a large, united effort on the part of sensible men, who realize what is wanted, to provide for the needs of the public in such a way as to afford the maximum of enjoyment, with the minimum of temptation to drunkenness.

Drunkenness is a besotted folly, a miserable sin; but the days are gone wherein sensible men thought to make men virtuous by Act of Parliament. We have no more right to compel people to give up every stimulant than we have to compel them to go to church. People once thought that all virtue could be taught there,—and in truth there are many other virtues than sobriety,—now they think so no longer. We do not want law to aid us, or, rather, the law we want is that which a man and society at large can pass for themselves,—the unwritten law of Christian civilization.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

NO. III.—HON. GEORGE BROWN.

Away! to woodland shades and leafy bowers. Away! from the madding crowd to the shadow of the spreading beech-tree. Away! from the roar and clamour of the city to the gentler murmur of the Durham bull, and the tenderer bleating of the Cotswold ewes. Away! from grovelling politicians and crass sub-editors to rooting porkers and obstinate coltlings. Away! from the clang and whirl of the 'Hoe's Rotary' to the softer whirring of the Reaper and the Thresher. Away! from the dingy editorial room with its blank white walls, its dirty window giving upon a dirtier lane, its manifold odours of heated oil and dirty pressmen, to the broad breezy acres that lie sunning themselves by the banks of the Brant; ceiled with the glory of an autumn sky, and redolent of Nature's own perfumery. Away! from Toronto to Bow Park; where the honorable gentleman whose name heads this article has laid out his model farm on the lands which were once the happy hunting grounds of the Noble Red-men of the Six Nations. Here, in the intervals of political and editorial business, the great chieftain of the Reformers of Canada retires to unbend: to relax the stern dignity of his brow; to re-invigorate his tall and ponderous materiality, as well as his spirit and jaded intellectual forces; to refresh his eye with the comely forms of his beloved short-horns: and to turn with relief from fighting beasts in the Ephesus of politics, to fighting undesirable 'points' in the breed of his horses, and to watching the beneficent workings of the Law of Development in his yearling heifers. Here it is that Atlas—once in awhile—throws the *Globe* off his shoulders, and himself on the green turf, to gather fresh vigour for diurnal duty. Yonder now, he rises, and plods squarely down the path. A stalwart farmer this: a veritable John Bull from this rear view. A little too tall perhaps: but a proper amplitude of breadth of shoulder and of skirt, supported on ponderous columns, borne on massive pedestals. Presently he emerges from the stable he had entered; and you face a man of sixty, with full high-coloured face fringed with gray whisker, and surmounted by scanty and whitening hair. The face itself is remarkable for its absence of indication of anything out of the common ruck of humanity. You can see that it belongs to a Scotchman; otherwise you would say that this heavy face and flinty eye belong to a plain frosty-faced Canadian farmer. But this is no common man notwithstanding: this is a man whose life-story is largely the history of his adopted country; so prominent and active has he been in the national vicissitudes. Indeed the life of the Hon. George Brown has been sufficiently busy and active to have earned even an easier dignity than is afforded by the life of a gentleman-farmer and stock-raiser.

Forty years ago an amiable and intelligent Scotchman landed, with his family in New York. Peter Brown was indeed a genius in his way; but his way had not been a very prosperous one. He had got tired of attempting to thrive under the shadows of Edinburgh Castle. The Canongate was 'out of date'; and the New Town was still too new; and many felt with Mr. Brown that although a man might live and die well enough in Auld Reekie, yet there was but small scope for a man of large purposes and limited means. Besides, the boys were growing up, and must be thought of. Gordie was now twenty, and Gordon was getting to be quite a big boy: would it not be wise to gather the avails of the family, and push out to that New World which was absorbing contentedly the surplus population of the Old, and even—like *Oliver Twist*—"asking for more"?

How brave men are in their ignorance of the future! Peter Brown would, perhaps, never have left his home had he known the struggles and disappointments which awaited him in New York; the futile attempt of a stranger to establish a business in the face of the keen competition of the better-informed residents; the failure that was almost inevitable. But Brown was a braver man than most. In the face of the want of success he was bold enough to think he could conduct and edit a newspaper in New York! True, he did not depend upon the American public, but in the *British Chronicle* addressed himself to his compatriots. For five years the unequal struggle continued; Mr. Brown finding himself too British for the Americans, and not enough American for the British. But he was doing one thing: his struggles were educating his sons for their struggle, and if the little *British Chronicle* did nothing else it gave the brothers an insight into journalism which was of great use to them in the working out of their destiny. Not for himself had Peter Brown come to America; that was soon evident. And not for the United States had he come to New York. The divinity that shapes our ends turned and moulded his purposes, and bent his footsteps to Canada, where he at last removed, arriving in Toronto in 1843. Perhaps Canada was far from his purpose when he left Scotland: the year after the rebellion was not an attractive time for emigrants; but five years later, when the new order of things had crystallised into definite shape, the way for a stranger was clear and the prospect inviting.

In Toronto, journalism was resumed by the Browns, the father starting and editing the *Banner*, whose dingy little flag was soon followed by the establishment of the *Globe*, with George Brown himself as chief editor. The story of those days is the story of struggle and disappointment, renewed continually. In this struggle the elder Brown at last went down, turning wearily to rest from all, and leaving to the boys only an inheritance of indebtedness, which was afterwards—in more prosperous times—nobly liquidated. George escaped present shipwreck by the ardour with which he pursued politics; making himself an active, zealous partisan from the first; and so rendering himself a necessity.

Canadian politics are a puzzle to an European. He cannot see what we have to contend about. Our problems seem of the simplest; and our issues of the smallest and most unimportant. Neither can a stranger understand the fierceness and eagerness with which politics are pursued in Canada. He does not understand that our people have no other amusement! With little literature, and less art; with jejune music, and but solitary sports, what should we do for amusement without our politics? And if this be true now, it was immeasurably truer thirty or forty years ago. Even Parliament had all the virulence, and no more than the dignity of a Vestry meeting. Some will say that it is no better now: but certainly it was worse then! So George Brown went warmly into politics, with all his powers, and with all his weakness. He had power, a certain bull-dog fierceness of attack and tenacity of grip; a lofty invective which was abundant and unsparing; and an imperviousness of feeling—both for himself and for others—which is not often surpassed. His weakness indeed was this very want of feeling, which was as often manifested to friends as to foes; and an implacability of resentment which begat enemies and nourished animosities. The journal which he conducted was his great weapon: he wielded a trenchant pen, and Canadian journalism had little to oppose to him. But if unsparing in his attacks and bitter in his animosities, he was always earnest in his convictions and honest in following them. No man could ever accuse George Brown of shiftiness and uncertainty. Men always knew where to find him. Thus he became a great power in Western Canada; strengthening with its strength till he was able to assert its supremacy in the councils of the nation, and insist on that change of public policy which had its issue in Confederation. Yet he was himself never very great in Parliament. Indeed he was often absent from it; his pugnacity sometimes leading him to contest an uncertain seat with a powerful opponent who defeated him. But if he did not always make the laws, he made those who did that work. For many years the nomination of the *Globe* was the passport to numerous constituencies in Upper Canada; and George Brown was 'Earl of Warwick' to his party.

Mr. Brown may be said to have reached the zenith of his influence when in the Parliament of '63 the Dead-lock was reached, and he was able to dictate terms to the Government. True, he had once been Premier; but alas! it was for two days only; and he is not addicted to boasting of it. On that occasion (it was in 1858) he had accepted office from Sir Edmund Head on the defeat of the Tory government. Finding himself unable to form a government or command a majority, he advised the Governor to dissolve the House. This, Sir Edmund refused to do, as the Parliament was a new one, and Mr. Brown, perforce, resigned. Since then he has been (as Macdonald always delighted to call him) "a governmental impossibility"; and when, in '63, the Coalition was proposed, he could not bring himself to enter a Cabinet in an inferior position. The Coalition itself was against all his instincts: the lion could not readily lie down with the lamb: especially, as the lamb was to remain outside him. Probably also, he saw that the proposal was intended to destroy his influence as a party leader; and this may have made him exacting in his terms. But he worked hard for the Union which was to be the redemption of Upper Canada: and harder still when party hostilities were resumed, and he was at liberty to hound on his party to the attack and overthrow of Sir John A. Macdonald. That accomplished, the millennium had come: and, leaving the Premiership to Mr. Mackenzie, the Hon. George Brown was gazetted to the Senate.

One of the disappointments of his life was the unsuccessful negotiation at Washington for a new Reciprocity Treaty. For this he had small thanks from his own party, and abundant taunts from his opponents. But the thing was an impossibility in the then temper of American statesmen: and Mr. Brown deserved well even for the attempt. Since then he has taken little active part in politics outside the columns of his paper, except when he has seen it necessary to make a 'Big Push' to bolster up its falling fortunes. The affair here alluded to is so recent that it may be dismissed with a word: it was simply the employment of election practices which it had been the mission of his party to reform and remove.

Through all this period Mr. Brown's private fortunes had been progressing. He had staggered along under the *Globe* till now he could roll it with his foot. By its aid, he had honored himself in the discharge of the paternal obligations, but the effort had left him poor. The discovery of Petroleum on his waste lands at Bothwell made him wealthy. Wealth also came to him with the lady whom he married in his native city. Twenty years ago he started the *Canadian Farmer*, an agricultural paper which was partly compiled from the matter of the *Globe*. He did this thoroughly; and it repaid him. Later on, he took up the Bow Park property, and has since made scientific agriculture and herding a profitable amusement: his well-appointed farm being a household word in Ontario and Western New York. But his great work, after all, is neither pedigree stock, nor Confederation: but the *Globe* newspaper. As a daily journal it is perhaps without a peer in Canada. It is his *magnum opus*. It would be a noble crown to his active life, if he could learn to lay aside the bitter personalities and partisan acrimony which have so long disgraced both the paper and the country. Nobler still, if he could now cast it loose from a servile party slavery and advocate every good measure, no matter by whom presented. Is it too much to hope for this? It would make the name which has long been a mere 'bogey' for the Conservatives to play with, one which should survive even the publication of the last number of the newspaper of which he is so justly proud.

GRAPHITE.

He who speaks most of himself is the greatest liar.—Chinese Proverb.

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