

In the small English town in which I was brought up the tradesmen and artisans were mostly non-conformists, and they had great grudge against the rector of the parish. It was not because he was a Ritualist; on the contrary, he was an Evangelical of the purest type—what we used to call a Simeonite—and a good, lovable, Christian man, although an "aristocrat." No; their complaint was: "A pretty shepherd of the flock he is! If he wants a new suit of clothes or a new pair of boots, he goes to E— (the county town) to get them!" Well E— was only sixteen miles off, and the tailors of our little town were not first-class; but the good rector took his own course; he belonged to the much-hated established church, and he was "haughty" enough to get his clothes and things where he could get best value for his money.

There may be demoralizing elements in a state church, but there are other elements, equally demoralizing, in the voluntary system, with all its miserable rivalries and competitions and struggles for existence. But the compact of Church and State is doomed, we are told. It is a "relic of mediævalism" that must be abolished everywhere as it is in Canada. Be it so. But the problem which has yet to be solved by us Canadians is: Now that there is an entire separation between Church and State, between Religion and Politics, to which of the two belongs the department of Ethics and Morals? If the Legislature means to control it, let it give the various religious denominations to understand that henceforth they must confine themselves to dogma and speculation, and let the enactments of the State on such questions as the day of rest, prohibition, and so forth, be based on purely political and utilitarian grounds, and let all its acts against "supporting your supporters" reach even to the churches and the pastors thereof. GEO. J. LOW.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

THE charge made by Mr. Lister against the Hon. Mr. Haggart that the latter had, while a member of the House, been interested in the famous "Section B" contract, and had used his influence to the pecuniary advantage of the contractors and the political benefit of the Government in which he is now Postmaster-General, was quickly enough disposed of, and kept the Tarte-McGreevy debate back only part of one day. Mr. Lister was probably "riding for a fall." At all events the charge was no sooner made than the intention of the Government to refuse a Committee became current report. It was hardly to be supposed that in the closing days of the session an investigation of this character would be begun. But Sir John Thompson and Mr. McCarthy gave much more powerful reasons for not going into a matter dating back to 1879, and for putting some limit to the exercise of the House's jurisdiction in matters of this kind. By the time the Minister of Justice had got through his dissection the layman might well wonder whether there was any charge, any Mr. Lister, any House of Commons, so complete was the technical analysis of the formal motion made, and so plain the showing that this motion did not constitute the specific accusation, made on the responsibility of a member and involving his own seat, which is required before the House acts on a matter of privilege concerning the honour of any of its members. Mr. Laurier did not grapple very hard with the technicalities, being apparently more concerned with ultimate effect than immediate result, and taking as his main position the duty of Mr. Haggart to clear himself. But he was met on both grounds by Mr. McCarthy who *inter alia*, in the course of a concise pithy speech, pointed out that when the Independence of Parliament Act was passed, it was not to punish an offence of the class known to moralists as well as lawyers as *malum in se* but to remedy an evil, and also that even if the charge were proved to be true the finding would be a dead letter as neither Statute nor precedent provided for expulsion of the offender, unless the offence had been committed during the Parliament sitting now. That it would be a good campaign document he admitted, and many other people think that as the matter stands it is that already. The leading lights on both sides of the House had a hand in after dinner, and the references made to sundry cases in the days of the Liberals' administration, notably the incident of Mr. Anglin, made the debate a good deal warmer than the lawyer's argument it had begun with. These cases required a good deal of explaining to make it quite clear that they did not in the least support the contentions of the adversary and only emphasized those of friends. The discussion wound up with a strong direct attack on the Government by Mr. Lister who did not hesitate to charge them with having made Canada a politically demoralized country worse than any South American republic. But by a majority of twenty-four the House resolved to wait till next session for the proof of this and passed on to the Orders of the Day.

The Tarte-McGreevy debate is now history. Had it come over earlier it might have been matter for a couple of weeks' talking; but for once, in a way, it seemed to be practically admitted that when the case had been presented forcibly and ably for both sides, there was no need for any remarks that did not throw new light on the subject. Mr. Davies made a powerful argument for the minority report which he and Mr. Mills drew up, and used plain language in his statement of that argument. It was an able speech and was ably criticized by the young member from Cumberland, N.S., Mr. Dickey, who has all the faculty for speaking that Joseph Howe declared

was innate in every Nova Scotian. Mr. Amyot did not spare Sir Hector Langevin any more than he spared McGreevy, who came in for the impartial condemnation of both sides. During his speech only was there any of the disturbance which a bitter political fight of this kind is apt to produce. Towards the small hours of the morning in an empty House there was a warm interchange of epithets between him and Mr. Langelier on one side and Mr. Ives on the other, *apropos* of the Pacaud scandal and Mr. Ives' railway connections and Texas investments. This led to skirmishing with motions to adjourn the debate and the House, the technical result being that Mr. Amyot lost the floor. But *Hansard*, though big, does not contain everything said in the House of Commons.

One of the sensations of the debate was Sir Adolphe Caron weeping, so to speak, at Sir Hector Langevin's political funeral. Everybody who reads the papers will quite understand that the Minister of Militia's intense appreciation of his late leader and colleague must have been quite misunderstood now that his real sentiments of admiration and regret have found expression. Mr. Laurier spoke for the country as well as for the Commons, but did not come so much to the fore as usual, the analysis of a mass of evidence not being in his line. His closing reference to the days of the decline of French rule in Canada and to the corruption of Bigot was an unfortunate one, as was also that to Sir John Macdonald's famous utterance about bribing the constituencies with their own money. The latter gave Mr. McCarthy a chance to score heavily by showing that the leader of the Opposition had omitted the immediately following explanation by Sir John that "the charge amounts to this that we have so wisely and equitably distributed the revenue in the different parts of the Dominion as to gain the approbation of the country as a whole," and enabled him to appeal against unfair attacks on the great dead. The episode was an exciting beginning to the deliberate carefully argued speech, founded on a masterly digest of the voluminous evidence, with which Mr. McCarthy led up to his amendment. This denounced the inability of the House for want of certain evidence to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the nature of the connection, if any, of Sir Hector with the conspiracy to defraud the public revenue, but censured him on the ground that he could not be absolved from his ministerial responsibility, and recommended proceedings for perjury against some of the witnesses. Sir John Thompson did not speak at all, much to the disappointment of the curious in these matters, and Mr. Chapleau's opinion remained unexpressed, in which respect he is credited with being wiser than his only other French colleague now. The McCarthy amendment found but one supporter in Mr. O'Brien, and so this famous case ended in the main report being adopted by a vote of 101 to 86, and Sir Hector Langevin's career as a politician ends. He is said to be selling his house in Ottawa, but his future movements are undecided. It will be strange if so strong a personality with the attributes that have made him and kept him so long a leader among French Canadian politicians becomes effaced at once. It is far more likely to be felt, and powerfully too, with added energy, in the violent internal dissensions which form such a feature in the cliques and conspiracies underlying the apparently placid fronts which political parties in the Province of Quebec show to the public.

Mr. McGreevy has been formally expelled. Nothing else seemed left to do. This last act in the drama, like all the other incidents in connection with Mr. McGreevy, was performed quietly and almost in silence on the last day but one of the session. Probably everybody felt that after the preceding debate, actions speak louder than words. There is, however, nothing to prevent him coming back if his electors choose to return him, and he is said to have been canvassing his now vacant constituency very lately. This would be a sensation indeed, and it may even be that Mr. McGreevy has held silence thus long to speak with more effect when his time comes.

After the close of the great drama of the session there was little left to do but to hasten the fall of the curtain. The Public Accounts Committee has not had any specific outcome of the implications against Mr. Chapleau, and the Opposition are willing to leave the Printing Bureau as material to work on next session, which will probably see more definitely based charges against such of the Ministers now involved in scandals as are then remaining in the Cabinet after the reconstruction now in prospect. It is altogether unlikely that the inquisitorial methods of this session will be countenanced if they are resorted to again, while on the other hand there is not the least doubt that the fullest enquiry into specific accusations will be promoted by the Government and carried out with energy.

At the last hour the virtue, which is its own reward, made that reward of itself take the shape of \$500 extra indemnity for the length of the session. That this is a direct inducement for a certain class of members to prolong a session when in doubt cannot be denied; and it is tolerably certain that, to the men whose time is most valuable to the country and to themselves, this amount of money is not worth considering. The probable outcome will be the permanent increase of indemnity to a figure sufficient to really pay them in some measure. But, though many members may not feel easy in their minds about this practical denial of the much spoken of desire for economy and purification, he would be a bold and an unpopular man who denounces it by his vote.

Before this letter appears in *THE WEEK* the memorable session of 1891 will have ended. It has been a

gloomy one with little apparent outcome. It began with forebodings, it has seen death and disaster to men and to their political hopes, but through all the evil report and scandal of party warfare, the country may well have reason to hope that the darkest hour comes just before the dawn. X.

#### THE CACTUS.

Look where the Cactus blows!  
As brilliantly it glows  
As yonder fiery sun!  
Surrounding it dull green,  
Rough, jagged stems are seen:  
How was its beauty spun?

O was its tissue wove  
By angel forms above,  
Of crimson-tinted cloud?  
And do the garden elves  
Watch over it themselves,  
Of its rare beauty proud?

Type of the poet's life!  
Enveloped close with strife  
And ruggedness and pain,  
He gives the world, unsought,  
The blossom of his thought.  
Like sunshine through the rain,

His songs shed happiness,  
And light and loveliness,  
Calm, and content.  
Of heaven is he the child;  
His fancies glowing, wild,  
The gods to him have lent!

MARY MORGAN (Gowan Lea).

#### ROAMINGS IN CLASSIC MASSACHUSETTS.

IF there is any region in America which we may regard as "classic ground" in the literary sense, that region is the State of Massachusetts, the gentle beauty of whose charming Arcadian scenery is so closely associated with names and memories that have become household words with every cultivated Anglo-Saxon. It has, of course, many other than literary associations. Canadians may well regard it as the cradle of our existence as a British colony; since out of Massachusetts, even more than the other New England colonies, came the brave men who were the backbone of the struggle with France for the possession of Canada,—the captors of Louisburg and Ticonderoga,—the heroes of many a well-fought field in the valley of the Ohio and on the fair slopes of Lake Champlain and Lake George. Massachusetts has been a leader in the arts of war and peace, in civilization, philanthropy, literature, art and education. The revered names of Bryant and Lowell, Hawthorne and Emerson, Whittier and Longfellow, Holmes and Parkman add to the natural beauty of the heart of New England a charm more sacred and enduring than even those with which a bountiful nature has enriched her—the fair wooded slopes and green valleys, the "quiet pastures" and "still waters," the winding streams and the lakelets that sparkle amid their embosoming verdure like gems in the summer sun.

It was on the first of June that we set out on our pilgrimage to this classic Massachusetts. Crossing our magnificent St. Lawrence through a labyrinth of islands, still bright in the first freshness of their spring attire—the heat of one of the first summer days tempered by the bracing breezes from Lake Ontario—we landed at the village of Clayton, close to the train which was to carry us eastward. We had blissfully forgotten that there were such things as "tariffs" or custom houses, or that we have not yet secured the boon of unrestricted reciprocity; but are suddenly reminded of the latter fact, by an admonition to "have your key ready!" For our small *impedimenta* the examination does not prove very formidable, but the incident sets us reflecting afresh on the anomaly and fatuity of these vexatious barriers between two civilized nations, lying side by side, whose origin, interests and general characteristics are identical, and to both of which the closest and freest commercial relations, in line with the evident intention of nature, could bring in the long run nothing but good. However, this is a digression from our journey, which, for the first two or three hours, carries us through a rather uninteresting bit of Western New York, which, like the corresponding portion of the Canadian shore, was evidently suffering from long-continued drought. As the shadows began to lengthen, however, we came out on the Black River, with wooded hills breaking the flat horizon line. Then we entered the Mohawk Valley, the scene of so much stirring border warfare during the French régime, and just before the revolution. But the soft summer dusk soon veiled all surroundings from our sight.

Soon after leaving Albany, before daybreak next morning, we found ourselves entering the hill country of Massachusetts, and henceforth every stage of the journey had, besides the charm of outward beauty, that of interesting association. At Pittsfield we are among the "Berkshire hills," fresh and fair in the early morning sun, the scenery of which is familiar to all readers of Hawthorne's life; for in the heart of them, about six miles from the pretty little town of Pittsfield, he and his family resided for