

of Jews, at which—if I do not greatly err—money was recently subscribed and sent to the suffering Irish. On such occasions our friends from Israel would be called “generous Jews,” it would probably be remembered that they had been “the chosen people of God,” and a number of nice little sayings would be said which are so conveniently and so frequently forgotten when a Jew folds his arms, &c. Speaking of Lord Beaconsfield as a Jew is discreditable either to Mr. O'Donohoe's intelligence or to his veracity. The elder Disraeli was a Jew, but his son, the Prime Minister of England, is a Christian. When St. Patrick landed in Ireland Mr. O'Donohoe's forefathers were pagans: their descendant need be none the less a Christian to-day. Why use the word Jew in an opprobrious sense? Are not Jews worthy citizens in our midst? Do they undertake long journeys by land and by sea to disseminate treason as some do who call themselves Christians? I trow not. Home Rule and Land League as much as you like Mr. O'Donohoe, Q.C. But you come of a sensitive race and should respect the feelings of others. At the concert on the 17th, Mr. Dogherty, B.C.L., spoke with his usual good sense. His address on a former occasion was an honour to his cloth, and from its ability and sound common sense might well be a text book for his countrymen. Neither his political nor his religious creed may suit every one, but the man is to be admired for his honesty, his truth and his moderation. “God save Ireland” was appropriately sung by the boys. With equal appropriateness God save the Queen might also have been sung by the boys if not by the audience. It was left to the Pianist and a very pianissimo performance it was. Her Majesty however was not hissed! and there was not a word about Fontenoy.

It appears from the “plucky little” Pungent that the proprietor of its “esteemed contemporary,” the *Toronto Telegram*, holds high rank in the Never Surrenders. Really Mr. “Robertson” this is surprising intelligence. Home Rule for Ireland would probably shock the “Brother,” but as our “esteemed contemporary” advocates annexation or independence for Canada it is not to be supposed he can see anything wrong in dismembering the Empire on this side of the water. As both are bad, “Worshipful Sir and Brother,” please let us have a lecture on this loyalty of yours of which so much is heard,—it is not easy to comprehend it. *Saxon.*

THE APOTHEOSIS OF PALAVER.

When Dickens wrote “Martin Chuzzlewit,” we may, perhaps, regard it as addressed to a singularly sedate and reserved community. We guffawed over the Water-toast Association as something so ludicrous it could not be English. We held our sides at the delicious descriptions of all the vaguely-titled gentlemen possessed by an insane and perpetual yearning to “speak a piece.” And thanks were rendered to Providence that we were not as other men—the more heartily that the other men in question were Americans. Doubtless we were quite sincere and reasonable in our merriment and self-congratulation, for we did not realize the visitation resting upon ourselves—the confusion of tongues. Now, however, if an American Dickens could arise and were to come among us, he might fully and fairly take vengeance for the grotesque Odyssey of young Martin Chuzzlewit. He would find material enough for twenty Water-toast Associations, and Hominy and Pograms innumerable.

There is an old story in existence of Queen Elizabeth returning to London after one of her royal “progresses,” and, on the Speaker of the House of Commons presenting himself, her Majesty enquired of him what had passed, when the first commoner, with all due humility, replied, “May it please your Majesty, six weeks have passed.” Now, similarly placed, might not Mr. Speaker Blanchet, at Ottawa, use the very same words. With our multi-headed Legislatures throughout the Dominion, we are kept continually exercised, but it is at Ottawa that the saturnalia of talkee-talkee breaks out, and the energies of man and the columns of our newspapers are given up to a solemn apotheosis of Palaver. There are but two words to describe the grand indulgence of this carnival of verbosity—it is talkee-talkee and palaver. Oratory there is very little or none. Exalted speculation is as sparse as common sense. The carnival is a voice, and beyond that nothing. Not always foolish, not at all times untruthful, but a thoroughly useless one. We get used to the irrepressible newspaper letter-writer who has an hotel bill to grumble about, or some kindred grievance, but this vain self-indulgence of babblers, who *must* talk, though they say nothing, overshadows everything. Annually this longing to wag our tongues comes upon us, though why this season should be selected is a problem at which it is only possible to guess. Cruel cynics may say that it is because nobody would listen at any other season, but to answer thus, the cynics must have been ignorant of the fact that the veritable apostle of Palaver considers the listener a very subsidiary thing to the talk.

At the present moment the apostles are enjoying an exceptionally brilliant parliament. In the French Assembly there have been some lively episodes, which, however, pass muster generally under the mild term of “interpellations.” In the Italian Chamber we have just read of a violent passage at arms amongst the foremost Deputies; whilst in Britain the floodgates of talk will be opened

through the general election, and the country from the Land's End to John o' Groat's will be revelling in a fever of mutual admiration and indiscriminate fussiness. And be the speeches what they may, what is their fate? A condensed newspaper report is the only record of the vast majority of this waste of words and intellect and time that anyone not directly interested in the palaver is ever likely to rest upon. Add to this the ordinary number of association, congress and institute gatherings, dealing with themes which range from hydrophobia to Afghanistan, offering a very galaxy of talking parties, the like of which has never been known since the overthrow of the Tower of Babel at Hillah.

At Ottawa we are undergoing the usual talkativeness in much the usual manner; except at intervals when the discussion takes a serio-comic turn, as when a Bill is introduced by Mr. Blake for the “better prevention of crime in certain cases,” and the Minister of Justice expresses his general approval of its provisions, declaring, however, that he had not sufficiently considered the subject; or when—*proh pudor!*—M. P.'s descend to become common scolds. And so the stream flows on with the old tameness, and perhaps more than the inevitable amount of twaddle, to be followed in season by the promiscuous picnics, where the protracted discourses will go on in the mild and measured fashion that distinguishes such meetings.

How many of the puerile orations and rhetorical orgies of our political gymnasts are but very meagre sensations after all, and but attempts to prove that two and two make anything else than four. Nevertheless the Session will run on, the solemn performances must be held, and the “collective wisdom” will deliver itself of its multitudinous discourses.

Nor is our Parliament the only assemblage to dread. There is yet many a glorious gathering to come, many an opportunity for reading treatises that nobody would ever publish, and propounding questions that nobody is ever likely, and nobody is ever required, to answer. Pedantic peregrinations and excursions will yet be made; camp meetings and more obscure assemblies will receive parties of sages whose associated twaddle gives a fleeting and feeble fillip to the dull provincial circles that pet and patronize the yearly visitants. All over the country, the spirit of Palaver is rampant, and men and women are reading and will continue to read papers and take part in subsequent discussions which with dreary unanimity lead to nothing at all. Indeed, that they do lead to nothing is the chief ground on which a serious accusation may be based against the proceedings of those Apostles of Palaver. They are often foolish, often extravagant, sometimes pernicious in their influence and effects, but the talker *must* have his say. Shorter speeches, and *something to say*, might, perhaps, render the excessive talk indulged in worthy of attention and respect.

Our neighbours are even worse off than ourselves for long-winded orators; in a recent notice of the business in the Congress, a newspaper report said that so many hundred measures were pending, with the very significant comment, “Let them pend! it is the very best thing that can happen to them.” Our very word “parliament” seems suggestive of interminable talk, what a relief it would be to get back to the good old Saxon “Witanagemote” of our forefathers.

Quevedo Redivivus.

LUTHER H. HOLTON—REFLECTIONS AND LESSONS.

A discourse delivered in Zion Church, Montreal, by Rev. Alfred J. Bray, March 21st, 1880.

“A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour than silver or gold.—PROVERBS xxii., 1.

Those were the words that rose involuntarily to my lips on Wednesday afternoon as I sat in the Church when the funeral service was being performed over the dead body of Luther H. Holton. It was a strange scene, as all must have felt who were there; a common sorrow had created a common sympathy. It was a magnificent illustration of the strong working of that sacred power of our christianity which is felt in men's hearts but is uttered in no creed. Unitarian ministers stood in the pulpit of an orthodox Presbyterian Church; a Congregational and a Presbyterian minister took part in the service. And there was no jar—no dissonance, caused by a clash of differing theological opinions; the poles were brought together, and love did the mighty thing—love shut in to memory—love bereft and bowed in a tender sorrow. And there we were, men and women of a great variety of creeds, and many of no creed at all; men of all possible and known shades of politics—the powerful and the obscure—the represented and the representative—political opponents and political friends; there we sat together, and no one seemed sensible of an incongruity. Incongruity there was none. Manhood, the better part of us, the tender, the true, the divine in us all, was asserting itself; that is what it was. The man's own character—which we knew we were not going to bury—along with the awful suddenness with which death had come to him, lifted the sluice-gates of our pent up sympathies, and they flowed over all the dry, hot, unflowering fields of our nature. As I looked round upon the sea of up-turned faces—faces of strong men, many of whom had evidently fought long battles in the world, and lost much freshness, and gained much experience, I saw that upon all there was one look more or less plainly marked—bewilderment, asking why this