



DEGENERATE DAYS.

John Bright's Descent from Liberalism to Toryism.

His Early Career—An Advocate of Reform and a Tribune of the People—His Downfall and Descent of Democracy—His Opposition to Gladstone's Irish Policy—An Advocate of Coercion.

(From the Boston Republic.)

For men, in late years at least, have been more prominent in their day in England than the veteran John Bright, who, as these lines are penned, lies hovering between life and death, and of whom it can be truthfully and sorrowfully said that he had died, say ten years ago, his memory would be more widely treasured, and his name more highly mentioned hereafter, than will be the case if his present illness proves a fatal one.

THE PALMERSTON GOVERNMENT

by defeating it on the second reading of the conspiracy bill. When our civil war broke out Mr. Bright was one of the few Englishmen who did not desire to see the breaking up of the Union, and the attitude he then maintained, at a time when even such men as Gladstone seemed to sympathize with the South, won him a warm place in the American heart.

Mr. Bright, before he was led astray from his early principles, was always a good friend of Ireland and the Irish people, and in behalf of the latter his voice was often uplifted in Parliament and his pen willingly employed in the press.

tween the two, and has ever since continued, despite Bright's erratic performance of late years. When Mr. McCarthy first entered the House of Commons, John Bright rose in his place and said:

WELCOMED THE IRISHMAN

In a speech, in which he recounted his many brilliant qualities, and congratulated Parliament on the accession of such a man to its ranks. Bright, once he had entered Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, loyally supported that premier in all his movements. He upheld the government, even at the risk of his own principles, and his fidelity to his chief (then seemed unalterable. In fact, his allegiance to Mr. Gladstone then may be said to have been, in one sense, the cause and origin of his treason to him at the present time.

FORCE IS NO REMEDY.

There are times when it may be necessary, and when its employment may be absolutely unavoidable, but I should rather regard, and rather discuss, measures of relief as measures of remedy, than measures of force, whose influence is only temporary, and in the long run, I believe, is disastrous.

Yes, Mr. Bright, within a few days after he had uttered these brave words, went into cabinet meeting, and consented to the introduction of a new crime act, so that, from 1850, at least, all his expressions of sympathy for Ireland have had a dishonest and insincere sound in them; and his treachery then paved the way for the infamy to which he has since descended. How much better would his reputation not be to-day if he had stood by his statement that "force is no remedy," and resigned his cabinet portfolio sooner than consent to the coercion bill of 1850, and how immeasurably greater would be the honor surrounding his name now if he had refused then to enter upon that downward path which has since led him into the ranks of Toryism and the perpetration of acts which must forever remain a stigma upon his memory!

THE LIBERAL LEADER.

Inasmuch as the latter's proposals looked to dealing justly with an oppressed people. It is easy, too, to understand the motives which induced Harrington and Chamberlain to desert Mr. Gladstone on the home rule question. The former is a typical English landlord, whose interests in his estates incline him to Toryism, and who has always been a cynical hater of the masses, despite all his professions of Liberalism. The latter is a demagogue of the deepest dye, who imagined that he saw in Gladstone's new departure a means of destroying that statesman's political influence, and who stupidly imagined that his own opportunity of reaching that

Liberal leadership of which he has been so long covetous. None of these things, however, were true of John Bright. He had always professed sympathy for the people, and he had reached an age when political ambitions are seldom entertained. He certainly was never jealous of Mr. Gladstone, and yet from being one of that statesman's warmest friends and staunchest supporters he has become one of his bitterest enemies and most determined opponents. No man, not even Chamberlain himself, shameless scoundrel as he is, has spoken more virulently of Mr. Gladstone in late years than John Bright, and no "Unionist" has been more stubborn than he in his refusal to accept the olive branch which the grand old man has so often extended to the dissidents.

And yet, if one can credit reports, there is a lingering love yet in John Bright's heart for the man under whose captaincy he served for so many of the best years of his life. A recent visitor to Bright's residence relates that during a conversation he had with the venerable Quaker, the subject of politics being discussed and Mr. Gladstone's name being brought into notice, Mr. Bright declared that the saddest moment of his life was that in which he found it necessary to part company with the man whom he had so long regarded as his political guide and leader. Upon the visitor's mentioning the fact that he had been a recent caller at Hawarden, Mr. Bright eagerly inquired: "Tell me, then, tell me did you notice any signs of senility in Mr. Gladstone's mind?" thus indicating that it is his mistaken belief that nothing but mental aberration could ever have induced Mr. Gladstone to propose legislative independence for the Irish people. Mr. Bright's family relations have been sorely disturbed by his late political tergiversation. In fact, they have been almost completely sundered if the reports which have come

ACROSS THE OCEAN

are reliable. His venerable brother, Jacob, who is also a member of parliament, and the son of John, we believe, is a warm upholder of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy, and between him and John, in consequence, an estrangement has broken out. In fact, it is said that of all Mr. Bright's family, only one of his sons remains loyal to his father in these degenerate days which have of late been his portion. One cannot help feeling a sense of pity for the purblind old man, whose political perversity has done such great injury to his former splendid reputation, severed the friendships which were the joys of his other years, and brought enmity even into his own household. And as one sees him hovering between life and death, with the opportunities of retrieving his errors fast slipping out of his grasp, the lines which Whittier wrote of Daniel Webster to my mind, and we feel like saying of Bright as he did of the statesman of Marshfield:

Revile him not, the temper bath A sure for ill! And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath, Be fit his fall!

O, dumb be passion's stormy rage, When he who rights Have lighted up and led his age, Falls back in night!

All else is gone; from those great eyes The soul has fled; When faith is lost, when honor dies, The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days To his dead fame; Walk backward, with averted gaze, And hide the shame!

ANNEXATION'S ADVANTAGES.

ERASTUS WINAN ADDRESSES AN AMERICAN WORKINGMEN'S GATHERING. New York, December 12.—(Special).—Erastus Winan lectured on West-Canadian law to the members of the Van Klief Workingmen's Club, on Canada's relations to this country. "Here are 5,000,000 of people," said he, "whose only hope of successful development and perfect growth lies in a union between themselves and the nation alongside of them, the greatest nation that the world has ever seen. Yet so pronounced is the sentiment in Canada against annexation that to-morrow it would be utterly impossible to elect a constable to office, much less a member of parliament, who openly advocated this measure." Mr. Winan attributed this to an admirable and self-sacrificing feeling of loyalty similar to that which had held this country together in its hour of peril. He then portrayed the advantages of Commercial Union which would assimilate the two countries. If this produced annexation well and good. If it did not it would produce all the advantages of annexation.

CREED STRIFE IN PITTSBURG.

PITTSBURG, December 13.—The injunction case against Rev. Father Sheely to compel him to remove his Catholic parochial school from the first ward public school building, will probably be dropped as the plaintiff, Thomas Maxwell, has sold his property in the ward and removed from the city limits. The removal of Maxwell makes the bill null and void. If the opponents of the parochial school decide to continue the fight, it will be necessary to secure another citizen to act as plaintiff and file another bill. Meanwhile creed agitation is high and a political conflict similar to the one just ended in Boston is predicted in this city before long.

OBITUARY.

The death is announced of Sister St. Fabiola, nee Miss Mary Margaret Bogue, daughter of the late William Egan, Esq., of Quebec. She had been a member of the order of the congregation of Notre Dame for the past 22 years and was generally respected by all who had the pleasure of coming in contact with her. She was one of the founders of the order in Riviere Edwards Island, where she enjoyed many friends.

A CORKMAN PUNISHES THE TIMES.

A last one Irishman has brought the London Times to time. He is Sir John Pope Hennessy, a Catholic and a Home Ruler, through a story official. The Times more than a year ago published some falsehood about him and the manner of his administration as Governor of one of Her Majesty's colonies, based on reports of

Clifford Lloyd. Sir John sued the Thunderer and pushed his suit. The result has been that the Times has been adjudged guilty and ordered to pay over to the Irishman eight thousand pounds (forty thousand dollars) and to make an apology. We wish Mr. Parnell had taken a similar course instead of asking for a Parliamentary Commission. He could have proved himself guiltless of the Times's charges, even before a London jury, and forced the proprietors of that paper to sign an apology and pay damages. Somehow, we are beginning to think that it would be a help to Mr. Parnell and to the Irish cause if he had a few Corkmen like John Pope Hennessy in his councils. But—God help us, and Ireland—the assassins turn to Captain Sikes rather to John Pope Hennessy.

MY IDEA OF FRIENDSHIP.

Ella Wheeler tells what our friends should be like.

Love and Friendship—The "Exclusive" of Society—A Contrast in the Large-Hearted Man—The True Friend—What Genuine Friendship Is, Means, and Should Bring—Little Things by Which Those Who are Our Friends May be Recognized—Love Like an Ocean, Friendship as a Calm Bay—Our Friends Placed Before the Looking Glass.

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Live stands alone in the solar system of the affections like the sun, unmet and incomparable. From it all the other emotions derive their worth, yet they must not expect to imitate its light, or warmth, or power. Our friendships are the stars next in magnitude to the orb of light. There can be but one true love, as there is but one sun visible to the earth. But there may be as many orders of friendship as there are varieties of stars in the firmament, though few, to be sure, of the first magnitude.

A great nature can enjoy and be loyal to a great variety of friends. It is time we did away with that old idea, grounded in human selfishness, that a man should have but one friend. I have studied the persons who are fond of proclaiming, "I am not a friend to any one but my own people," and I have and them at the core selfish narrow and unsympathetic. The broad-gauged and noble-hearted man goes out spontaneously to his fellow-beings, and gives affection and loyalty to many. He attracts as many true friends as his varied characteristics render him capable of enjoying.

You appeal to his intellect, and are a mental comrade; in the association he grows fond of you, and interested in your personal life, but you cannot expect him to shut out from his heart another who amuses and entertains him with a flow of cheerful spirits which you lack. You show no evidence of affection; you are one of the other friends. You yourself, how narrow-mindedness, grounded in self love. You have your own sphere in that man's life and cannot be crowded by another, any more than one star crowds another in the heavens.

The moment my friend says to me, "I must be frank in your opinion, no matter what our claims to your regard come knocking at your door," I reply, "My friend, it is yourself you love, not me; the absolute friend asks only for what I choose to give, and, confident of his own worth, never doubts his true place in my affections. Were you my true friend you would rejoice to see me one of the other friends. It is yourself you love, and you desire me to add fuel to the fire, which is already consuming you. But I can only bestow what you inspire. Look to it that you inspire the best within me and it will be yours."

With each new friend I think our capabilities of affection increase. I have in my heart that the Koran is to the Mohammedan or the Bible to the Christian. There can be but one. But we may have as many choice friends as we have choice books in our library, if our heart's wealth is great enough to procure them. I need not appreciate Dickens less because I enjoy Thackeray also. I do not wrong the authors because I reveal in my books. There are good men who are humorous cheery and entertaining men, and again I need the philosopher, and all are equally admired and esteemed by me, and there is no one I could spare.

I once heard a person say, "I love my friends so intensely I am jealous of any ray of light that falls upon the path, and through me. This is not friendship. It is self-worship, self-aggrandizement—self to the core. Distrust any act of kindness shown you by such a friend. It is done, not to give you happiness but to win your gratitude. The real friend never thinks of your gratitude, though he would be hurt by your ingratitude. But he would as soon bestow a friend unknown to you, and he rejoices to see you benefited by others, and takes pleasure in anything which helps you no matter how remote it may be from his own interests.

Old friends endeared by years of memories are best. Yet I have no right to reproach my old friend if he outgrows me in his tastes and habits, and I have no right to call him changeable if he finds new friends who are more congenial in these things, and who keep step with him. He may have found me sufficient for him when we both studied fractions together, but if he has passed into higher mathematics I have no right to complain if he no longer enjoys singing the multiplication table to the air of "Yankee Doodle" with me. I had better blame myself for not making at least sufficient progress to appreciate him even if I cannot enter into his sympathy with his higher developments. I am worthy the name of a true "old friend," if I will rejoice to see him speed on and up even if our paths of necessity diverge.

Not long ago I heard a thinking woman say that she could forgive the sin of commission in a friend far sooner than a sin of omission. "An unkind act or word may spring from a hasty temper or a mistake of judgment, but the friend who sits still and silent when I need a defender or a mentor, commits the unpardonable sin," she said, and said truly.

While I would prefer my friend to not forget to praise me for well doing, I can excuse him for being the last to do so if he is the first to warn me when I am doing wrong. He is no friend who sees me drifting towards the rocks and does not tell me so; if he sees me preparing for the battle with a flax in my armor and does not point it out to me before the fray begins. If he has not discovered it until we are in the thick of the battle, then the true and wise friend will keep silent, let the sudden consciousness of my weak point should unnerve me; but he will keep his own eye upon it, and stand ready

to come to my assistance if the flaw proves my failure.

I do not want my friend to feed or clothe me, for that would enervate my strength and rob me of my self-reliance. I do not want him to carry my burdens unless he sees my strength failing me. Let him not perform my tasks for me, but rather stimulate me to labor; instead of doing my work let him encourage me in a belief in my own ability. Let him chide me for my idleness and spur me to achieve results with my own power.

E. Edwin Knight, that rare and too infrequent poet, has said before me: "I do not ask that, Damon like, My friend should risk his life for mine. I do not ask that o'er my head He should by day or night, in any vine, I do not ask his bounteous hand To share on even terms with me, Or that his purse should open wide, Inviting, saying, 'Take, 'tis free.' Such friendship saps the native vim Of self-reliance firm resolve— Nay, rather, this I ask of him— As day by day our lives revolve— An honest judgment, faith sincere, An open candor, calm and clear, A warning word to turn my way From error's path, if there I stray. A quiet note of timely praise To stimulate my darker days, Companionship, if my belongings A cup of pleasure void of sting."

In Charles Kingsley's delightful little book, the "Water Babies," there is a wonderful weird water-sprite who makes people make themselves, she does not create anything, but she teaches things how to create themselves in the office of the true friend—to tell us how to create ourselves and to urge us to action. My true friend never comes to me with the belittling and causeless gossip which he hears about me. He never says, "I know you will not care," and then relates some malicious invention by the mind of my neighbor. He never tells me anything disagreeable unless it is to warn me or put me on my guard against a secret enemy or against my own imprudence. He tells me the kind and pleasant words that he hears spoken of me, and takes as much pleasure in hearing them as I do. And he defends me in my absence even against an army of accusers.

He will say things to my face which he would not say or permit to be said behind my back. Friendship of the highest order should banish all wearisome restrictions and formalities. If I happen to drop in upon my nearest friend as he is preparing to go out with another, she will not feel free to go with me, but she will be hurt or feel slighted. The moment this kind of wounding our friends in such matters creeps in it is no longer or not yet an absolute friendship.

We can bear with the tyrannies, anxieties, fears and torments of love, because its joys and its pleasures repay us for all we suffer; but the calmer pleasures of friendship are not so easily dismissed if we permit these other emotions to mar them. Love is like the mid-ocean, grand, beautiful, and terrible, full of delight and danger; and friendship should be like the calm bay where we sail, and do not fear; it cannot give us the exhilaration of love, and it must not give us the anxieties.

We feel rested and strengthened after an interview with a real friend, never irritated or worried. The worthy and worth-while friend never chides us for not loving him enough nor begs to be loved more; he makes himself so deserving and so unobtrusive that we needs must give him gratitude and affection. The wise friend never weighs us with his friendship—never burdens us with the feeling that he cannot live without our constant devotion. It is the privilege of love alone to do that.

Love may lean and cling forever, And forever grow more dear. But friendship must sometimes stand upon its own feet, or we shall never be free. If my friendship is absolute, I will stand by my friend in trouble, danger, and disgrace—no upholding him in the latter, but holding him from sinking lower. If he presents my restraint, however, and is determined to sink, I do not prove my friendship by sinking with him; I only prove my own moral weakness. Better let go my hold, and save my strength to assist another who wants my help. I do not ask my friend to go down into the valley of despair with me—he will be a truer friend if he stands above in the sunlight and strives to lift me up beside him.

I do not want my friend to constantly urge me to accept favors, but I do want him to need, I ask a favor, I want him to grant it with the air of one who is the recipient rather than the giver. And always I want him loyal, trusting and sincere in word and act; as liberal, as loving, as free from jealousy as he is full of justice, ready to praise, and not afraid to reprove.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

THE POPE PROPOSES TO SEND ITALIAN PRIESTS TO AMERICA. ROME, Dec. 13.—The Osservatore Romano publishes the Pope's letter to the bishops of America with reference to the care of Italian immigrants. This letter says the Pope deprecates the fact that many Italians, forced by poverty to emigrate, find themselves in a worse position than ever in America. Great danger attends their souls, both during the voyage and on their arrival, owing to the difficulty of meeting priests speaking Italian. Being much preoccupied with these facts, the Pope charged the Congregation de Propaganda Fide to study the two-fold question of how to promote the religious and the material welfare of immigrants, and it has been decided to dispatch priests from Italy to locate and inhabit by Italian immigrants, the Pope says that it will afford him great satisfaction if the American bishops will facilitate the task of these priests by referring to the propaganda in regard to any change required in their sacred duties. His Holiness concludes with a benediction upon the bishops, clergy and faithful in America.

AN INSANE MAN'S ACT.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—At Todd Town, a small settlement in Montgomery county, north of this city, John Ferguson, an engineer, shot and killed his wife Mary, Sunday morning, and then shot himself, both dying almost immediately. Insanity, caused by too close application to work, is the reason.

WHILE COST OF LIVING MAY BE REDUCED DOWN TO A MERE NOMINAL SUM, THE TROUBLE REMAINS WITH MANY TO GET THE NOMINAL SUM.

ONTARIO'S VICTORY.

HER CLAIMS TO INDIAN TIMBER LANDS UPHELD BY THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

OTTAWA, Dec. 12.—The appeal of the St. Catharines Milling company against the decision of the Supreme court to the Judicial committee of the Imperial Privy Council was decided to-day in favor of the province of Ontario, as is shown by the following cable-gram received here:—

"The judgment of the Supreme court of Canada is affirmed and the appeal dismissed. Held that the Dominion has no power to legislate itself into a title. The province is to assume the burden of the Indian treaty. No costs."

The question involved was whether the title to certain lands in that portion of Ontario, which used to be known as the disputed territory, was vested in the Provincial Government under the boundary award defining the limits of the province, or whether it was vested in the Dominion Government under certain treaties made with the Indians, the original owners of the soil. The decision is that the title rests with the province, which will have to assume the charge of the Indians.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE.

TREATED BY A CANADIAN PROFESSOR IN NEW YORK.

ITHACA, N.Y., Dec. 13.—Prof. J. G. Shurman, of Cornell University, who is a Canadian who here to-night on the political situation in Canada. He held that Canada had been growing into an independent nation since 1810, and especially since the confederation in 1867. Since 1850 Canada's semi-continental inter-oceanic territory had greatly fostered the sentiment. However, there were influences that might work for annexation. Taxation, general and local, was about as high in Canada as in the States, being in Nova Scotia \$9.45 per capita as against \$11.25 in Vermont, but the Vermonters' burden would be lessened by \$2 before 1900 by the payment of the debt. The population did not respect the 49th parallel. There were nearly one-fourth as many Canadians in the United States as in Canada.

Still it was shown that from 1790 to 1860 the rate of increase of population had been greater in Canada than in the United States, but from 1861 to 1881 the Canadian increase had been only 73 per cent. However, neither the finance nor the population nor even the fisheries required such radical treatment as a political union with the States which Canadian sentiment opposed. Both countries would be benefited by limited trade reciprocity. Canada had not only to wait for the returns from her golden Northwest. Then she might become in name what she has almost grown to be in fact—a sovereign nation. In the meantime she would retain her present political status.

THE MEGANTIC ELECTION.

INVERNESS, Dec. 14.—Inverness is also miles from Somerset. The drive takes one from exclusive French surroundings into a mixed community. There are three churches here—Catholic, Presbyterian and Methodist. The Catholics are the most numerous, after them the Methodists and the Methodists last. The Catholics are about half French and half Irish, but like all similarly situated places in the Province, the Irish, English and Scotch are decreasing while the French are rapidly gaining ground.

At the last general election for the Provincial Legislature Mr. John White had a majority of three at the poll in this place, while at the general elections for the Dominion Mr. Turcotte, the Liberal candidate, had 22 majority. The Irish in this locality went solid for Mr. Turcotte, but they divided over Mr. White. In Mr. White's case the Irish Catholics did not show that unanimity that marked their political acts in other parts of the province, and his defeat was, in a measure, no doubt, attributable to their division. The Scotch are, like the Irish Catholics, mostly Liberal, and they will give Col. Rhodes a generous support, while the Orangemen will, as a rule, be in opposition.

The other day the Star made a statement about Col. Rhodes that is misleading; in fact, not true. It said "Col. Rhodes will have to answer why he voted against the Orange Incorporation Bill while in the Assembly." Now Col. Rhodes never sat in the local House. He was elected for this county about 35 years ago, when he defeated Mr. John Clapham. He did not, however, run a second time, but retired from politics. Now this was a long time before Confederation, and the Star should explain this before he asks Col. Rhodes to account for his action on a certain question. The Star should be more explicit and let us know what it means. At present its statement only mystifies and no one understands it.

At first there were some people who did not care for Col. Rhodes because he was an "outsider." But all that has changed. They are reminded that the leader of the opposition Mr. Tallon, is an "outsider" in Montcalm, the place he represents, and many others are similarly circumstanced. Indeed the friends of Col. Rhodes predict success and all the indications point to that result. There can hardly be a doubt about that result, and the Conservative leaders admit that it will require a desperate effort on their part to retain the seat for their friend. When they admit this much, it is evident enough of their fears.

The Deputy Minister of Fisheries has returned to Ottawa from the Maritime province. Whilst there he visited Chatham, N.B., and had a conference with the smelt fishermen of the Miramichi regarding their grievances. The fishery inspector in that locality has been reporting that bag nets should be prohibited, stringent restrictions should be enforced and a high license should be imposed, which the fishermen claim would amount to a prohibition. Lieut. Col. Tilton fully enquired into the matter and will shortly present a report to the minister. The restrictions complained of by these fishermen may, it is possible, be modified.