

With reference to "Mr. Stephens's knowledge," in future Mr. Stephens will follow the plan pursued by "Saxon" and write anonymously, and then perhaps no "pretence at estimating" will be made.

H. B. S.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

It has occurred to me that the time has arrived for the publication of certain views which I endeavoured some thirty years ago to share among my friends, but being then in advance of the times, failed to meet with that attention which the changed condition of public opinion, consequent on the deterioration of morals in our rulers, will now I trust, warrant. It will, I think, be generally conceded that there is in the Dominion a large majority of all, amounting, indeed, to hundreds of thousands, who have no dishonest interest, that is, none antagonistic to the public one to serve. This large majority, however, is deadly apathetic, while the dishonest minority, which has benightedly selfish ends to compass, is fearfully energetic. This is, of course, what might be expected of the latter class, which lives by scheming, producing nothing, while those composing the former, honestly working to support not only themselves, but also the nonproductive and destructive, have no time or energy left for public affairs. Political economy, which is a part of the more extended study of sociology, will teach us how to counteract the machinations of the dishonest. First, we must organise associations of all those thinking with us, beginning, say, in Montreal, put our platform, (which may be concisely expressed by one word)—Honesty—before the country, and invite the co-operation of all who agree with us, requesting them to correspond. We shall thus become known to each other all over the Dominion, and from sister associations, whose business it will be to educate the people in their true interests, and thus secure their votes for honest men who have no private ends to serve. This they will decide, not from the declaration of the aspirants, but from their previous record, and although it will, no doubt, take time to effect this, I am sanguine enough to predict that the period will be shorter than most would expect. At present, party is the main consideration, patriotism very secondary. In fact the country is very much in the position of the landlord, respecting whom the woman said: "He is a good man! God be with him! I only pay him the rent when I have it to spare." If, then, my proposition be true, that the majority throughout the Dominion has no other than an honest interest to serve, it will not be an impossible task to send a sufficient number of men to Ottawa and Quebec to form in each Parliament a *tier partie*, the leader of which will be in a position to say to the head of the Government, "If you will conduct our affairs on honest principles we will support you, but otherwise, we will overthrow you." To some, the position of the Minister would appear one of humiliating thralldom. I hold, however, on the contrary, that it will be one of great strength. He will have it in his power to say to the legion of applicants, who now besiege him for places, contracts and all sorts of favours, demanding them as their reward for support of party, and threatening in case of refusal to withdraw that support, "It does not rest with me, if I accede, we shall be ousted." At the same time, he would feel that with our powerful support at his back he could well afford himself the luxury of honesty from which he had been so long previously debarred. Our very first demand from the Government will be, the reform of the abuse of rewarding partizans without regard to fitness, and punishing opponents for their honest opposition. There is, of course, a large number of questions on which men may honestly differ, and which, not coming within the scope of our operation, would be left to the individual judgment of our members. It is said that no matter how honest a man may be, it will only be necessary to bring him within the walls of the House to demoralize him. In answer, I will say, if his constituents have exercised moderate care in his selection, and he has any hope of again representing them, he will rarely fail to resist this demoralising influence.

Civis Canadensis.

HOW WE RECEIVED PARNELL.

"Parnell is to have a grand reception to-night, Nin," said I, laying down the *Star*, "torch-lights, and bands, and so forth. You ought to take the boys to see it." "Well, you are not going to start them on that, I hope," replies Nin from the lounge, where he lies reading the *Witness*. "Surely you wouldn't go out this cold night to see a few torch-lights; and, as for bands, you ought to be satisfied with that one in the boy's room." (The boys having coaxed two tin-pans from Ann in the kitchen, were now singing lustily, "I'm the Monarch of the Seas," to which they beat time vigorously on the aforesaid tin-pans. Nin had suggested the suppression of this band some time ago, but I am a tender-hearted stepmother, and merely stipulated that they should keep their room door shut.) "It isn't so very cold, and it couldn't take us over an hour to drive down," I suggested. "Now, Phrosie, you are a silly little woman. I do believe you want to see it yourself," said Nin, throwing down his paper and going off down stairs. I did want to see it, but did not care to acknowledge my weakness, so I said no more, but took up what Tommy calls the "dem

puzzle," and went to work again trying to get the fourteen fifteen to come right. Soon the boys come in, Tommy asking—"Mamma, tan I take de titten to bed wif me?" while Teddy joins in, "And can I go in Tommy's bed with the kitten for a little while?" By this time I had quite forgotten Parnell's procession, being deeply engrossed in my tussle with the "dem puzzle," so I reply, "Yes, you may have the kitten, if you won't hurt her." "Oh, we won't tease her, tum on Teddy, see who'll be undressed first."

Nin has just come up-stairs when the boys return in their night-gowns to kiss us good night. "Why, what sends you to bed so early?" he asks, "it is not much after eight." "But we've dot de titten to play wif, and Teddy's tummin in my bed." Off they scamper, and then Nin remarks that if they had not gone to bed he would have taken us to see the reception. I wax wroth, and ask why he did not say so before, and Nin meekly offers to take me after the boys fall asleep; but this I would not hear of, and I settle down again to wrestle with fifteen fourteen. Can it be done? Please tell me somebody! ere I go mad. Thirteen, fifteen; fifteen, thirteen. "Oh dear! won't you try it, Nin?" But Nin is busy writing an article on synchronistic somethings for the *Scientific Snorer*, and I am left to struggle alone with the "dem puzzle." Half an hour passes, when the boys again appear upon the scene. "Why, I thought you were sleeping long ago; what's up now?" asks Nin, as Teddy climbs on his knee. "Is it true there is going to be a procession to-night with torches and bands?" asks Teddy solemnly. "Yes, but what has put that into your head now," replies Nin. "A boy told me to-day, and I forgot. Why don't you take us to see it?" "Take you! in your night-gowns!" exclaims Nin; and then he foolishly adds that had they not gone to bed so early he might have taken them. This is too much for Teddy's philosophy, and he bursts into tears; while Tommy bravely suggests that they can get dressed again in a minute; and Nin, who cannot stand Teddy's tears, consents, while I protest that he is the silliest old darling, and that I shall always cry for everything I want in future. Nin goes off for a sleigh, and the boys are soon dressed; but Tommy wants mamma to lace his boots, "cos one of de tags is off," and Teddy vows that mamma must find tuque, else he'll get the carache. By the time we are ready Nin is at the door shouting "All aboard!" "Yes, we're tummin," cries Tommy. "Did you get one-ninety-nine?" "Un-cent-quatre-vingt-dix-neuf," echoes Teddy, who is proud of his French. "Yes, here he is; tumble in, we're late enough," cries Nin. Away we skim over the crisp, hard snow; along Sherbrooke Street, down Beaver Hall to Victoria Square, where we find the streets crowded with sight-seers. On we go, down McGill and up Wellington Streets. All Griffintown seems to have turned out to do honour to the great agitator; but there are few illuminations, and the place looks dreary and sombre. We cannot help thinking that they might have chosen a more inviting route, and a shorter one would surely be better on such a cold night. We hear the bands, and turn into a side street to see the conquering hero pass. We are surrounded by denizens of the neighborhood, and get the benefit of their remarks while we wait. "They say Parnell's a Pradishtant," remarks one. "He's none the worse for that for an agitator. Shure, O'Connell hisself was a Pradishtant." "I'd sooner trust a Catholic with the money, though," shrewdly replies a third. "Shure, I think some of us wud need relief in Griffintown as much as they do in Oireland," says the first speaker. "Thru for ye, Mrs. O'Rafferty, but the divil a cint we wud git if we wur starvin'; and if they'd only give us work, it's all we'd ax for." "Arrah, is it work!" cries Mrs. O'Rafferty. "There's me own husband, as hard workin' a man as ye'd find in Canady, and not a han's turn can he git to do sense the winter sot in, barrin the shovellin' of a bit snow now and then, and not much of that aither." "That's so. It's bin the poor winter for hard workin' people. Musha, we'll soon be in as much nade of agithation as they are in Oireland. Shure, if the tinints have a right to git their lan' for nothing, why shouldn't we git our bits of shantys free of rint?" "Thru for ye," cries Mrs. O'Rafferty. "Look at meself payin' five dollars a month for four bits of rooms, as miserable as ye wish to look at, and the wather turned aff sense Januworry." "Here cums the purcession!" shouts a ragged urchin, who is hopping about in the vain effort to keep himself warm; and now come the mounted torch-bearers, headed by their band. "There's Parnell! Dat's him on the white horse!" shouts another. "War, ye fool, them's only the carters. He'll be behint them all," replies an older lad. "Shure, Murdoch'll be kilt entoiely wid the could if he's in the kilts the night," remarks a poor man whose thin clothes can't be much warmer than kilts. Meanwhile the bright torches and gay bands are passing along, but even the inspiring strains of St. Patrick's Day cannot rouse much enthusiasm in the breasts of the half-fed, poorly-clad people, who stand shivering to see the sorry show. Adversity hardens the heart, and it is not much use trying to arouse sympathy in people who themselves need sympathy and help. "Here he comes! that's him in the sleigh!" "Shure he's loike the ould fellow hisself wid all them blazes round him." "Why don't yese cheer?" At this Teddy and Tommy raise their small voices and cheer lustily; but they are not well supported, and the general effect sounds more like hooting than cheering. Of course, it is called enthusiastic cheering in to-day's paper, but certainly the enthusiasm was not lively in the lower end of Griffin-