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THE TIMES.

The Times are remarkable for only heat and dulness. The summer has come with a burning vengeance. The thermometer is up, and the public spirit is down. Over in England they have the abnormal record of 96° in the shade. Trade is dull, with promise that it will be duller yet. In America it is no better as to heat or business, while Canada seems to suffer from many kinds of evil. But everywhere life is more or less attractive, and offers some reason for continuance.

In Canada we have had Dominion day,—a time for general rejoicing and holiday making; when all made an effort to convince themselves that this is not a bad country to live in. The town went to the country, and the country went to the town, and which was happiest over the change it would be difficult to say. Probably the poor clerks who got a holiday from Friday night to Tuesday morning had most cause for thankfulness to Providence and those who, under that power, made this Canada of ours a Dominion.

The Quebec Legislative Assembly plods on its painful way,—much is attempted, but only a little is done. Mr. Nelson made an effort to redeem his pledge to the people of Montreal by introducing a bill for the equalisation of licenses in Montreal and the different cities. But Mr. Nelson is a weak man, and when Mr. Joly "sat upon him" he subsided. He was wise. No man can be expected to court annihilation.

The brave economies of the Government do not seem to be holding out well. The explanations on the Civil Service matter were not quite satisfactory. It is to be reduced by \$15,000, as thus:—\$4,500 reduction in Ministers' salaries; \$6,145, as lopping off the increases lately made under the Act of 1877; and \$4,355 in contingencies. Nothing to boast of this; but in the other departments where economy is promised there is still less ground for hope.

The United States have an Indian war on their hands, and find it necessary to recruit an army of at least 25,000 men. The war has begun, but it is not ended. By the time it is, perhaps they will have learnt that justice is a law better kept than violated, even in dealing with Indians. Canada gets no such trouble—because Canadians act fairly and in good faith.

The Pan-Anglican Synod has assembled at Lambeth Palace; 90 Bishops were present at the first meeting. The Communion was partaken of in Lambeth Palace Chapel. The Archbishop of Canterbury afterwards presided over the conference. He urged that the question of maintaining faith against infidelity should be the principal subject of the thoughts of the delegates. The debate on the best mode of maintaining union among the various Anglican Churches followed. Several Colonial Bishops spoke, and the matter was finally referred to committee, which it is to be hoped will find some way of cultivating union with other churches than the Anglican.

The Pope is neither well nor happy. They are shutting him up to try and prove that he is a prisoner. And he is losing his health and spirits. They are breaking him on the wheel of an idea. But he speaks his abhorrence of Voltairism in no uncertain way. In reply to an address read to him by Count Cardella on Ascension Thursday, he said:—"It is grateful to us to receive the sentiments which you express to us, of most faithful devotion and of invincible attachment to Our person; and much more is it grateful for us to receive them on this solemn day, sacred to the Ascension of Jesus Christ into Heaven. But on so beautiful a day, on which the Church with all her sons should

exult with holy joy for the glorious triumph of her Divine Spouse; alas! this day is made fatal by the public honors which are rendered in a Catholic nation to Voltaire, to that fiercest enemy of Jesus Christ and of His Church." Which shows that the Pope is sound in the faith if not in health.

The article called "Heretical Opinions," by a Layman, is at least healthy and to be hailed as a sign of the times. There is no occasion to accept all the teachings of a Layman—for what he propounds is simply impossible. There is no reason in the world, or in the Church, why a man should not devote himself to ecclesiastical work and receive a salary for his work. "A Layman" fails to meet the difficulty he discusses—but it is a good thing that laymen are beginning to see that the clergy would be all the better for having some understanding of the world—how ordinary men live and work and suffer.

The great Earl and Mystic of England seems likely to lose somewhat of his peculiar honour and glory. For some time past he has posed before Europe in a way most marvellous to behold. To say it was brilliant is to say a tame thing about it. As a rule, what the British cannot understand they consider must be sublime. And they could not understand the Earl of Beaconsfield, so he was sublime. His speech was mystifying, but they were glad to trust where they could not reason. Peace was to be maintained and Britain greatly exalted by a *coup de main* or a *coup de théâtre*, and the Jingoës were confident and happy. The Earl's almost royal journey to the German capital; his reception at Brussels and other places *en route*; the extraordinary welcome in store for him at Berlin; the fascinated interest of the populace; the significant bouquet presented him by the Crown Princess; his address—in English it was, he not having a good command of the French tongue—to the Congress; the visit to Potsdam; the total eclipse into which he was able to fling the Prince Gortschakoff were all dwelt on with wonder and delight, as symbolising the grand diplomatic victory England was about to achieve. The only pity seemed to be that such a man had not a lease of life renewable after nine hundred and ninety-nine years. But the London *Globe* came out one day with a most provokingly premature disclosure, to the effect that there had been a private agreement between Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff by which England sanctioned the forfeiture to Russia of Bessarabia, of Bulgaria north of the Balkans, of Batoum and Kars; which also sanctioned the payment of such a money indemnity as may be found practicable—care to be taken that this indemnity does not interfere with the just claims of Turkey's creditors. So that the mystery has evaporated—the extraordinary has sunk down to the level of the commonplace—and the great Earl has only insisted upon what Mr. Gladstone had demanded, and carried out a policy which is perfect consistency with the principles of Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon. On the whole, the Tory Government of heroic measures have done an ordinarily sensible thing in a most sensational way.

Says the *World*: "A few years ago the *Times* was the best-printed paper in the world; now, considering its wealth, importance, and position, it is the worst. The mechanical portion of the work is often blurred and illegible, and the 'reading' is really disgraceful. The article on Her Majesty's Theatre appearing in the issue of June 3rd gives one the idea that the 'reader' must be possessed of a fund of humour. A portion of the article runs thus: 'Signor Rinaldini, Raimbaut—a part once played by Mario, when Tamberlik, in his prime, took that of Robert (halcyon dogs!).' Elsewhere the article declares that Miss Hauk is possessed of qualities 'the union of which entitles her—and this is no ordinary sense—' No ordinary sense, indeed! What 'nuts' all this blundering and nonsense must be to Mr. Delane!'" Nuts, indeed—but can he crack them?

Mr. Mackay, one of the Bonanza kings, now resident at Paris, recently expressed a wish to give a monster *fête*, and to illuminate the Champs Elysées with the electric light. The project, however, was not countenanced by the authorities. A story once went the rounds of an American who proposed to rebuild the Tuileries, but on the condition that apartments were reserved there for himself and his family whenever he came to Paris!