

CANADIAN "KNOW-NOTHINGS."

Mr. Lister, M. P. for Lambton, Ont., in a debate on militia supplies, complaining that the trowsers issued to the force were shoddy and wore out in a few days, was promptly rebuffed by Col. Tyrwhitt, 36th Batt., (not an official) whose interest in the matter had led him to go through the stores and carefully inspect the trowsers, which he had found to be of unusually good character, both as to material and make.

Mr. Lister is the highly reliable gentleman who found it incumbent upon himself the other day to rebuke another member for "presuming to lecture Canadians born," if we remember his phrase aright. His onslaught on that occasion was provoked by some expression of "loyalty," a word which seems to "smell to heaven," as was said of the late M. Cauchon, in the nostrils of a section of the Liberal party.

Preferring the Union-Jack to the Stars-and-Stripes with a well defined preference, we are still not given to gush about "loyalty," but we protest against the "Canadian born" idea as we do against every phase of the propensity which seems to come so genially and readily, to some of the party which happens to be out of power, to disseminate race, party, professional or sectional antagonisms.

The idea is not only an insolent, but an ineffably stupid one. What population would Canada have to-day if her citizens were limited to those born on her soil? Whence is her population being built up to-day with yeomen of means, and laborers and mechanics of muscle and brain, who, in a very few years will know as much about Canadian politics as is necessary to the discharge of the functions of intelligent citizens.

Besides this larger and more important class, there are gentlemen throughout Canada who, though not born in the country, have lived the better part of long lives in it, have benefitted it by many thousands (perhaps millions) of pounds sterling, both in the way of capital brought with them, and of income expended in it, for not a farthing of which they have been indebted to Canada.

Some of these men have distinguished themselves in her service, parliamentary and otherwise; have, in various grades, commanded her forces in emergencies; and have sometimes served in her ranks without any grade except that of non-commissioned officer or "full private," though their intelligence and ability have often enough called them speedily to positions in which these qualities were of more avail.

Let us hear no more of this rubbish. "Know-nothings" like Mr. Lister have to be made to understand that, as long as we are "under the Union-Jack," every Briton settling in Canada has the fullest rights of citizenship.

THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CRAZE.

The world is familiar enough with literary impostures. They are of two sorts. The direct creation of a fictitious author, as in the letters of Phalaris, and the frauds of Macpherson and Chatterton, and the ingenuity displayed by men, often of no contemptible scholarship, in fitting historical facts to foregone conclusions. The portentous mythical literature, from Dean Faber to Dr. Cumming, and the remarkable cuts of the Pyramid and the descent of the Anglo-Saxon race from the lost ten tribes, are striking enough examples of the latter.

It remained for Mr. Ignatius Donnelly to propound a theory more lunatic (and that is saying much) than any that had gone before, in the assumption that the plays of Shakespeare were written by Bacon!

The *Cosmopolitan* for May publishes an elaborate article on this controversy, which is the most dancous piece of sarcasm we have seen.

Mr. Edward Gordon Clark in his "The 'Bacon Farce,' a Tragedy," sets out with the solemn warning that he is "one of the doubters respecting Shakespeare."

He then goes into details of Bacon's "cypher," illustrated by fac-similes of the tablet inscription, and a number of diagrams of the intricacies thereof, in which certain letters and hyphens are spoken of as "large counters" in the scheme of interpretation.

The inscription is the well-known one in Stratford Church—

"Good friends, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

These lines are construed by the application of the precious "cypher," to represent an extraordinary amount of hieroglyphic which, after a good deal of necromantic manipulation is, it appears, to be read thus:—

Fra. Ba. Wit. Ear. Ay.—Shaxpere.

Which is further to be interpreted by the initiates of this remarkable occultism—"Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's Plays."

But this is far from exhausting the portentous revelations of the "cypher." It goes on to reveal the facts that Bacon, having written the plays, and being unable to avow them on account of his position (playwriting not being then so creditable for a chancellor as it would be now), was blackmailed by Shakespeare, and ultimately suborned Ben Jonson to poison him, which was the cause of his sudden death, of which so little is known.

It is evident that the clever writer of this burlesque, which is put forward with all gravity, relies on the popular ignorance of what is known of Shakespeare in the first place, and on the ostentatious elaboration of his diagrams in the second, the latter being well calculated to daunt investigation. When, however, examination is at all persisted in, it is seen that either unable to elaborate a consistent theory, or tired of the trouble involved in the attempt, he talks some very great nonsense.

The absurdity of the whole arrangement is glorious, and we wish space would allow us to give our readers all the wondrous examples, but one must suffice. The cipher is made to speak as follows: "G. & Francis (I

Shakespeare) ahe. Tut! he (Shakespeare) dies. ah, he erred! Bacon is the him. That is the Shakespear. Ah, that Bacon! (that wretched manly G), be it known, signifies Jonson because G has sometimes the sound of J.

Surely the force of folly or impudence could no further go, and we fancy we see Mr. E. Gordon Clark with his tongue in his cheek.

There is nothing like boldness, and to make Ben Jonson the poisoner of Shakespeare at the instigation of Bacon, is deliciously original. Ben Jonson who was his boon companion, who, surly to the general, affectionately recognized Shakespeare's greater merit, living, and eulogized him dead in the stanzas which contain the famous line, "He was not for an age, but for all time," who speaks of him as "Sweet Will" and "My Shakespeare."

Mr. Donnelly is, in our humble opinion, an astounding crank, but who must Mr. E. Gordon Clark think of him?

"MATERIAL."

As we have predicted, it has come to pass. Probably it came to pass in reality long ago, but, under provocation, certain medical journals have allowed their discretion to be overbalanced, and have said things which, from their point of view, would have been better left unsaid. Some months ago there was published a work of fiction called "St. Bernard's," which contained revelations of the inner life of the great English hospitals so startling that, although people were made uneasy by the possibility of their truth, they were generally thought to be the sensational incidents supposed to be necessary to romance. But there has now appeared a work entitled "Dying Scientifically," by E. Culapins Scalpel, which is a key to "St. Bernard's," and in which every one of the serious charges made against hospital practice in England is supported by evidence drawn from medical journals, or from the statements of medical men of fame and credit. The frankness of the medical papers is indeed astonishing, but we cannot quarrel with them for letting the public behind the scenes. It is, it seems, the fashion among medical men to speak of hospital patients as "material," and the *British Medical Journal* is "informed that henceforth the abundant clinical and pathological material: the Brompton Hospital will be utilized (italics our) for the purposes of more systematic teaching." A doctor at an important medical meeting said: "As to the workhouse hospitals, the profession had a right to ask admission to them for the purposes of clinical teaching," and another bitterly complains "that no House of Commons would permit this.

The details given of the gratuitous torture of moribund patients are specially ghastly, but we can only give one choice specimen from Dr. Ringer's *Handbook of Therapeutics*: "Dr. Rickards and I gave to an habitual drunkard, making him 'dead drunk,' twelve ounces of good brandy in a single dose, without the smallest reduction of temperature. Drs. — and — gave to a healthy young man, in divided quantities, for six days, a daily amount of absolute alcohol, varying from one to eight ounces, and, on a subsequent occasion, twelve ounces of brandy for three days, observing, meanwhile, the temperature of the body every two hours. In a boy aged ten, who had never in his life before taken alcohol in any form, I found, through a large number of observations, a constant and decided reduction of temperature," and on almost every page of "Dying Scientifically" may be found information of the same remarkable kind.

This sort of thing is only the natural and inevitable result of the callousness induced in the medical mind by habituation to the contemplation of the cruel sufferings inflicted on countless wretched animals in the vivisectional torture chambers. It is plain proof that in one direction moral preception is destroyed, and compassion eradicated.

THE JUSTICE OF THE PAPAL RESCRIPT.

The details elicited in the trial of the murderers of Fitzmaurice not only justify the Pope in asserting the legitimate power of the church in insisting on "Christian justice and charity," but entitle him to the gratitude of every creed, denomination and shade of christianity. The Pope alone could speak to the Irish people in the tones of an authority resting on the deepest basis, and to his honor, and that of the Princes of the Church, they have not shrunk from doing so.

The murder of Fitzmaurice, waylaid on the road and shot in the presence of his daughter, presents, unapparently, no features which are new, but it is the latest case of its (too numerous) kind, and affords in its sequence an apt illustration of the justice of the Pope's intervention.

The murderers had no personal feeling whatever in executing the mandate of the league, but confessed to have performed their task for one pound each, and, of course, the approbation of their task-masters. The deed being done, the widow and daughters were ruthlessly boycotted, and remained in such danger of their lives that they had to be continually guarded by police. After six weeks Norah Fitzmaurice mustered courage to go to mass. No sooner had she entered the church than a signal was given, and the majority of the congregation left the building in spite of the remonstrance of the officiating priest.

What had this poor girl done? Certainly nothing to incur personal hatred, but the terrorized people simply did not dare to disobey the word of command. Her father had taken a farm from which another had been evicted, and sentence of death from the "vehmgericht" had gone forth. She had seen her father murdered, and had borne witness against the murderers.

Against such utterly dastardly methods, who shall say that the Pope has not a right to fulminate the moral authority of the church which he, in unison with all good Catholics, must feel to be disgraced by them?