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Observations.

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There is one creature in this world that I pity from the bottom of my heart, and that is the demagogue. It matters not in what sphere of life he is found, he is a source of sorrow to his friends, trouble to his enemies, regret to himself and ridicule to the whole world. His life labor is that of Sisyphus. Up the hill of fame he laboriously rolls the stone of his fortune, only when it nears the top to have it go thundering back again into the depths of ignominy and despair. The time spent by patient merit in that preparation which is necessary to success, he spends in ventilating some fancied grievance in order to attract attention to himself, or, worse still, in cultivating those devious arts whereby the rights of the people are bartered for selfish ends. But after all what does he gain? What benefit is it for a man to secure a seat in the councils of his fellows, or even the delights of leadership, if he knows inwardly he is unworthy and that those whose opinion is really worth having will measure him and find him wanting?

This dissertation is to a purpose. We have only to look around us to find numerous examples. True, the trade of the demagogue often pays, as no doubt my friends John Armstrong, Dan O'Donohue or Andrew McCormack could tell, but still beyond the loaves and fishes what is there in it? Absolutely nothing but vanity and self-reproach.

For instance, there is Edmund E. Sheppard, a journalist of no mean ability, although grammar is not his forte. Endowed with the keen sagacity of a Down-east Yankee, the aggressiveness of a Hebrew, and the pliability of a Conger eel, he has successively played the part of a cowboy, a farming editor, a labor agitator, a Canadian patriot, an Imperial Federationist, a society editor, and lastly the role of municipal reformer. Now the original Sisyphus himself could hardly envy him, and what is the reason? Because everything that this man does is prompted by selfish motives, and not by any desire to benefit his fellow man.

What has E. E. Sheppard ever done for humanity? Has he built a hospital for sick children? Has he alleviated the sufferings of the poor, has he righted the injuries of the oppressed? Has he ever done anything for anybody in this world but for himself? Echo answers No! and Sisyphus-like the rock which he has labelled "Popularity" is no sooner rolled near the goal of his ambition than it goes thundering down again.

Last week I took occasion to stir up a few of the labor men. They did not like it, but I cannot help that. There is still plenty of room to swing my club and a few heads worthy of a knock. Now there is George Beales, for instance, the orator of the Plasterers Laborers. I remember, when George was seeking popularity, how when there was a strike, he used to get information on the inside

and go to the newspaper offices with it. He used to sit up at night to do this. Of course he was a handy man to have on a string, and the newspapers patronised him accordingly. They always gave prominence to his speeches. Many a good item of news the *World* and other papers got out of George. But a change came over the spirit of his dream. One day he was missed, the next and then again the next followed and no George. Had he left the city? Was the cause of labor no more? Was labor's battle won? Not a bit of it. He had secured a job at the City Hall, as water inspector. It was what he wanted.

Next in order comes A. W. Wright. He is by far the brainiest man of the lot. The Conservatives ruined Wright politically by sending him out to constituencies as a forlorn hope. The historical Captain Cutts never presented a bolder front or fought a braver battle than Wright for his party. Were he member now for a constituency in this Province I know of no man more capable of filling the office of Cabinet Minister. Wright was educated in the greatest debating school this country has seen. Those were indeed palmy days when he used to stump the Province with Jim Fahey, King Dodds, C. F. Fraser, G. W. Ross and Wm. Macdougall. To-day there is not one man in the Conservative party his superior on the stump or in debate. But "Aleck," as he is known among the boys, is not in Canadian politics now.

When the labor fever began to rage A. W. Wright took a slight attack. Every effort was made by Alf. Jury and his gang to keep him out of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor, but he finally got there, and now he is organiser for the order at a salary of some \$2,000 per year and expenses. But he is not a labor agitator for what there is in it. Oh no.

The city is at present threatened with an epidemic of diphtheria. Of all diseases next to small-pox, this is the most loathesome. It is fully as dangerous and as infectious. People do not pay half enough attention to sanitary conditions. Diphtheria is purely a filth disease. Sewer gas and privy pits are the direct causes, although the disease can be communicated by cows and cats, as recent scientific research has shown.

For one who has given the slightest attention to modern sanitary science to sit half-an-hour at the sessions of the Board of Health of the city is a revelation. Why, some of the aldermen even claim privy pits are healthy. These men by their looks show that they themselves are strangers to the bath-tub. Clean socks to some of them are a luxury. I know that this is a little rough, but a wooden comb best suits a horse's tail, and the epidermis of the average alderman is so thick that it would even dull a mill pick.

The dear ladies of the W. C. T. U. are shocked because the boys in the schools are drilled like soldiers. The poor dear women! Of course soldiering has a tendency to put some back-bone into a man, and he is not liable to develop into that boneless jelly-fish, that the women of the W. C. T. U. so much admire. But still, is

society any the worse for that? True, soldiering is something women are debarred from doing. They want to wear the garb, vote, and to all intents and purposes do just the same as a man, but soldiering is beyond them, and the cruel men who object to the r voting claim that this is a duty to the state, that man is prepared to fill, and that since woman cannot back up her ballot with a bullet she should not vote. This is why women of the W. C. T. U. object to soldiering.

There is nothing that will develop what is best in man like a military training such as the schools or our militia force gives. Mazzini laid it down as a principle always true in life, that a man must first learn to follow before he can lead. Our young men who go out into life filled with ideas of individualism either learn discipline in the hard school of experience or make failures. Why, discipline is at the very root of all our institutions. If discipline were abolished from the state; if the *ego*, the rights of the individual, were made supreme over the rights of association, or the state, we would have anarchy pure and simple. By all means train the youth up as soldiers. Military training is good for their bodies, military discipline is good for their minds, and when they grow up they will love their country, their homes, and their families better.

The sermon delivered by Rev. W. F. Wilson last Sunday to the Canadian Order of Foresters was a triumphant vindication of the work of secret societies. He laid down the principle that by their fruits ye shall know them, and he certainly made out a strong case for the societies. In his sermon, which was reported verbatim in parts in *The Mail* and which possessed passages sufficiently powerful to mark him as a master of pulpit prose equal to any clergyman in Canada, I could not help noticing the reference that he never asked a favor from anyone on account of his membership in any order.

This suggested the thought that there is nothing a great mind so abhors as envy and jealousy. Preachers are notoriously envious of each other. Seldom indeed do these stragglers after fame rise to heights where they can afford to look complacently upon the success of a fellow-minister. No sect is free from this, and many a rising star in the church is consigned to the oblivion of a backwoods circuit, or shipped off to the mission field in some far off country, where those great minds that are suited to adorn society and bring brilliance and lustre to the pulpit are allowed to dim in innocuous disuetude or else burn out like a taper under a bushel.

Rev. Wilson was only refuting a charge which has been so often made against other able clergymen, that of using social influence to obtain preferment. Those who have never come in touch with social influence recognise his power and ability, those who have and know him can apply to him the words of Denham to Fletcher:

But whether am I strayed? I need not raise
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise,
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
Nor need the juster title the foul guilt
Of Eastern Kings, who to secure their reign
Must have their brothers, sons and kindred slain.