



OUR PARLIAMENTARY PROTEUS;

OR, THE ENERGETIC BEING AND THE THREE GREY SISTERS.

"What these hon. gentlemen remind me of is a story which those of us who have classical reminiscences will remember. I refer to the old Greek story of how Proteus sets out to get the head of the Gorgon, and he has to go to the hyperborean regions, behind the north wind, to see the three grey sisters and ask from them where he shall find the Gorgon. And he finds the three grey sisters. There they are, beneath the moon, sitting on ice. They have only one eye among the three, and one tooth, and they sing a doleful song of how the old days were better than the present, and they hate the sun and the presence of this young energetic Greek, half divine, and of a heroism never before equalled—this Proteus who was bound on a most dangerous task, to get the head of that Medusa, which, once looked on, would turn the onlooker into stone. The sight of this energetic being angers them like the sight of the sun, and they sing the same monotonous wail of how the old times were better than

the present, and how they hate the sun and the adventurous hero. When Proteus intrudes on them one wants the eye that she may see him, and the other wants the tooth that she may bite him, and they pass the eye from the one to the other, and they pass the tooth from the one to the other, just as our friends do here. The tooth which our friends pass around is the exodus, and the eye was made in a Yankee workshop and can only see ruin in anything Canadian. Still they hate the sun, the sun of Canada's prosperity, which at the present hour, is shining above them bright and clear—aye, bright and clear and in, as nations go, an unclouded sky—and the sun of the future may be felt by any man of prophetic vision, any man of prophetic sense, so to speak; but they hate it all, and they sing the same doleful song of how the old times of deficits were better than these days."—*Nicholas Flood Davin, in Budget Debate.*

me to tell you plainly that I regard the present sad condition of things as being really your fault. You start at this serious charge. But sir, let me ask, what was your attitude as public monitor, when, some years ago, the country was shocked by the Pacific Scandal? You reply, no doubt, that on that occasion you rose in all your majesty and forced the guilty parties to retire from office. True; but what after that? Did you maintain the majestic attitude? No, sir. Within five years you so far modified your abhorrence that the very same men came back to power again. And when we consider just how they came back, it deepens the blame which it appears to me you must bear. They carried a general election by an appeal not to the intelligence but to the cupidity of the people. What were you about to allow such a thing as this to come to pass? Is it not one of your principle functions to protect the public mind against the entrance of ignoble ideas? Yet in this case, by your supineness,

you permitted the people to fall so low that they were willing to restore impenitent wrongdoers to the highest places on the promise that the National Policy would fill their pockets with gold. What we are now indignant at or mourning over is nothing but the natural outcome of that great error. You apparently threw up your commission at the time, and, as I have already said, you have ever since been of no account in the Dominion. It was commonly reported, in fact, that you were dead, but this I am glad to know is not true. I hope you will take the present opportunity of atoning for your fault by proving yourself very much alive indeed. You ought to lose no time in so affecting the people of this country that they will demand and secure the expulsion from power of every boodler and knave, and make it hereafter impossible for such crookedness as these investigations has revealed ever to be imitated in our annals.

Yours, sir,

JUNIUS, JR.