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THE TIMES.

Our Canadian politics are being well aired. The Prime Minister is stumping it through the East, and Protection is the enemy he cries out against. I believe he does get ovations down there in spite of all that the *Mail* may say; I believe they have fired off some small cannon by way of salute, but all that can hardly inspire our political primus with confidence as to the result of the coming elections. For myself, I believe that he will hold his position for another term of office; for though the East may be mainly against him, the West will be mainly for him, that is to say for Free Trade. True, Sir John has done a little to gain favour with the Orangemen; but Mr. Mackenzie has not turned his back upon them.

But I should like to know where Mr. Mackenzie got his history from, and by what rules he is guided in the interpretation of it. At a Reform meeting in Nova Scotia he is reported to have said, that "our policy should, as nearly as possible, be in harmony with that which had made England the greatest commercial and maritime nation in the world." That seems to me about as foggy as Mr. Mackenzie's often repeated idea of the condition of the workingmen when Abraham lived in Egypt and the Pyramids were being built. The truth is, that under a system of protection England became "the greatest commercial and maritime nation in the world"; and then, when there was a feeble foreign competition, when England was—by reason of money and perfect machinery and skilled artisans—master of the situation, Free Trade was demanded and granted. It is also true that under Protection France and the United States have thriven most wonderfully—and that now there is a strong feeling gaining ground in England that the situation is changed, and that there may yet have to be a readoption of the old policy. Free Trade is sublime as an ideal; when the Millennium comes it will come along with it doubtless. I like to think of four millions fighting for a great principle as against forty millions—but when I am one of the small militant party, the thing gets to be hard.

The Conservatives of Montreal are jubilant, and with good reason, speaking of things in the main. Mr. Justice Coursol stands for the East, and every man who votes against him will do so on party, and not on personal grounds. Mr. Archambault is a brave man to oppose him, and in the conflict he will gain credit for himself—for Mr. Archambault is an able man and a gentleman withal—but he can hardly hope to achieve success this time. Still, the Judge and his friends will have to work; over-confidence is a source of danger. Of one thing we may be quite sure—if there be any dirty work done the candidates will not be the authors of it.

Mr. M. H. Gault has issued his address to the electors of Montreal West, and I am glad to see that it is nothing like Mr. Ryan's. These addresses are nearly always clumsily written things, and Mr. Gault's is no exception. For example:—"The country is undoubtedly in the midst of a severe commercial and industrial crisis, how severe, is unfortunately too well known to us all, especially to the working classes." Why "too well known," Mr. Gault? I should say to be "in the midst of a severe commercial and industrial crisis" and not to know the fact to its full extent would be a calamity. And then, if we all know it *too* well, how can the working classes know it especially? If "too" is a comparative, what is the superlative of that? But although there is more of the same sort, I like this address. It is marked by a strong common-sense—has no rhetorical limpings—but gives evidence of a knowledge of our national situation, and of a strong conviction that palmier days are possible. I hope Mr. Gault will have a chance of trying his hand at the work of mending matters.

But what is the matter with the Montreal Liberals? Are they disorganized? or is it that there is a dearth of good men among them?

Certain it is that they find it difficult to get candidates for the Centre and West divisions. Mr. G. W. Stephens is out as an Independent, and a Protectionist; so that, good man as he is, having a well-earned reputation for caring for the interests of the people, he can hardly be reckoned among the staunch supporters of Mr. Mackenzie. Mr. McLaughlin is still worse. For although he attitudinises as the very dear friend and brother of the workingman, shouts a lot of cheap nonsense, and so forth—his candidature can scarcely be regarded as serious. The wire-pullers are disclaiming and vilifying through the columns of the *Herald*, but the practical spirit has gone out from among them. Mr. Holton will not trust himself in their hands—and the question is—who will?

The trial of the Orangemen is developing some peculiarities. Sir Francis Hincks—who speaks his mind on the matter in this issue of the *SPECTATOR*—has been called to give evidence as to past legislation with regard to the subject; while Colonel Smith has hung himself and the presiding Magistrate on the horns of a dilemma. Asked whether he is an Orangeman or no, he declined to answer, on the ground that it might criminate himself. It really amounted to a demand that he should give his judgment on a point of law—which he wisely abstained from doing. Then it devolved upon the Magistrate to allow or disallow the question—thus forcing him to declare, in a direct or indirect way, his opinion as to the alleged criminality of the Orange Order. To a mere layman this looks more clever than wise. A most important question has to be decided upon, and we want to have more responsible judgment upon it than Colonel Smith can be expected to give.

I do not court criticisms on my published sermons, for they are generally as wide of the mark and profitless as are the ordinary criticisms passed on unpublished sermons; but when they are written in a kind and friendly spirit I do not object to them over much. But I must tell "Senex," who takes exception to my exegesis of the text "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force," that he is absolutely and altogether wrong. I preached the sermon on "Christianity as an Energy" after careful thought, but "Senex" must have written in a hurry.

Earl Dufferin is making good use of his popularity; for during his visit to the Eastern Townships he gave some sound advice, which if followed must lead to good results. The Earl made an effort to remove the glamour which, in the eyes of a country youth, envelops life in the city, and spoke words of counsel to farmers' sons, who instead of being contented to stick to agricultural pursuits have been tempted "with insufficient capital, scant experience, and defective training—to set up as small traders to their own ruin, and the great disadvantage of the country." The false estimate of the advantages to be derived from living in a city is the root of much evil—for this country is essentially a place for farmers. We want men who are willing to work and can take life in the rough for a few years. The Earl has never put forth his power to better purpose than he did when advising the French Canadian farmer to stick to his farm. I wish he could be induced to visit our cities and tell our youths who must be in some "respectable" calling, although they are a drain upon their parents and a dead weight on society, that they had better be men enough to go to the country and farm the land for a living.

The advent of the Marquis of Lorne and his royal wife is looked forward to with a tremor of expectation, and I think there is danger in the atmosphere. The heads of ordinary colonists are easily turned, and in Canada, where we are so enthusiastically loyal, it will not be difficult for Her Gracious Majesty's daughter to possess our hearts and dictate to our heads. But what I am afraid of is that many of us will be trying to ape the English aristocracy, and to put ourselves through the formalities of court etiquette. Already some are trying to make a trade out of it, and hope to make a fortune out of our sons and daughters who expect to be presented. Now it is quite certain that Her Majesty's daughter will comport herself like an English lady—that is, with the grace of simplicity. She will put on no airs of peculiar stateliness, and any attempts on our part after court etiquette—which are sure to be awkward and blundering—would only amuse her and prove our extreme youth and silliness.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—For Clergymen, Public Speakers, &c.; and for all Diseases of the Throat