

The Bystander.

"Not Party, but the People."

JULY, 1881.

Carried on in the absence of Mr. Goldwin Smith, by
Mr. GRIP, the only man competent to do it.

CANADIAN.

—Enquiry at the office of the Allan Line in London has finally disposed of the rumor that the Princess contemplated returning to Canada. She is a woman of taste and sense, and it is not to be wondered at that she prefers Belgravia to Rideau. Jingoism and the stifling oppression of the British aristocracy are at the bottom of this.

—The training-ship *Charybdis* has arrived, after a labored passage, in which her rotten boilers tempted the avarice of Neptune. Unless the Dominion Government expend some of our scanty thousands upon this wretched hulk, Davy Jones will get her before long. Let us hope he will feel more grateful for the gift than we have any reason to be. This is another move of Jingoism—silly as well as *Charybdis*.

—The Governor-General has been talking about establishing a Canadian Literary Academy. The suggestion is, of course, ridiculous, but then His Excellency must have something to talk about. At the same time it is not unlikely that he has an ambition to shine after the manner of Dufferin, that peerless distributor of aristocratic taffy. The *Globe* attacks the proposition with its usual coarseness, conscious that a Literary Academy, if feasible, would be another element in its fast approaching dissolution.

—Mr. Blake has gone to the Lower Provinces preceded by the fulsome laudations of one party and the fishwife vituperation of the other. He will be listened to with respect, and will perform his part with fairness and ability. The pity is that such a warrior should go forward with so scantily filled a quiver. His mission is to secure votes for the next election, and he may succeed in gaining some if he succeeds in convincing the people down by the sea that a tax on coal is a bad thing.

—Mr. Gordon Brown is still abroad, and the country yet lives.

UNITED STATES.

—The assassin has failed in his bloody deed; the nation gets back its President, and the gallows yearn in vain for their rightful prey.

—The attempt of some American journalists to stamp the stigma of Giteau's crime upon the foreheads of the Stalwart leaders is a dastardly piece of rufianism which shows how far partyism is capable of carrying some men. Such an attempt proves its authors to be but little above Giteau in the moral scale.

—Jefferson Davis' *History of the Rebellion* has been published, and is, of course, severely reviewed in the North. As a version of the story from the Jingo standpoint, however, it is entitled to a place on the bookshelves of all who wish to be fair-minded. And who does not delight in history? And who (excepting ourselves) has not yet something to learn of this greatest of all human studies?

EUROPEAN.

—The Land Bill will soon go to the Lords, and if they have their will about it, it will speedily go to the —. But let us be calm. The measure is a good and fair one, which is sufficient to ensure its rejection by the aristocracy. The fact that it will prove a benefit to some millions of wretched tenants is more than counterbalanced by the other fact that it will make the pheasant shooting bad in some parts of the island.

—Mr. Bradlaugh, the avowed infidel, is still being persecuted by the real infidels of the House of Commons. Christianity stands behind the Speaker's chair and weeps hot tears of shame at the whole spectacle.

—The "Reciprocity" movement is gaining force in the manufacturing centres of England, and it would not be very astonishing to see the anti-Corn Law battle fought over again before long. Sir John Macdonald's presence in England no doubt strengthens the hands of the Protectionists. As a member of the Cobden Club we cannot but warn our English readers to beware of this wily colonial statesman, whose National Policy, however, as a Canadian journalist, we generously support.

—The Czar is still in self-imposed banishment, a wreck of royalty, with no wretch in the Siberian mines so poor as to do him reverence. He had his opportunity; he did not lose it or let it slip—he spurned it, and spat upon the beneficent hand that offered it. We have no pity for the Czar of Russia, though we must feel both commiseration and contempt for the hapless being who wears that hateful title.

SLASHBUSH ON NEWFOUNDLAND.



on the susceptible hearts of the swains of Tamracville; "I see by the papers that all the swells, or nearly all, have left the cities for the seaboard, the Saguenay, or the White Mountains. What a splendid thing it is to be rich! Here am I, condemned to live on this farm year in and year out, and nothing to break the monotony, except an occasional visit to Toronto."

"Well," retorted Almira, "I reckon this is about the best place for you. There's no danger of falling into bad hands, and getting among evil characters, as you did in Toronto when you fell in with them newspaper employees."

"Ah! Almira, I beg that you won't speak of that dreadful time. I shudder with horror and disgust when I think of it."

"I reckon father made you shudder with that ox-gad the morning after you came home. And no wonder. You were in an awful state, tight as an owl."

"Don't speak of it, Almira; let it be among the memories of the bitter past. But I say, Almira, it's a wonder that some of the rich folks don't go for the summer to Newfoundland. It would be a change from the conventional places, and to the observing mind a country interesting in a very great degree."

"Wall," replied Almira. "I do wonder why them fellers who come out here after brook trout don't go down there. I hear tell it's a great country for fish."

"Yes, Almira," continued Gustavus, "it's a great country for fish and a great many other things. It is a most extraordinary island, and its people have a very independent spirit. These islanders won't join with Canada nor any other country (except Great Britain, which they can't help). See how they went for the unscrupulous and irreligious blue-fish-eating Yankees who had the audacity to set their nets to catch fish on their sacred coast on the Sabbath, which shows that they are a pious as well as an interesting and independent people. Old England, solid old England, actually paid £15,000 without grumbling to the perfidious Yanks. Just I suppose to encourage an independent spirit among the colonies. And now there is another 'nigger on the fence.' The French on the west coast of the island refuse to pay any

duties on importations on account of assumed rights given them years ago by the Treaty of Utrecht. Their territory is only half a mile in depth, but there has been no defined line drawn, and the Newfoundland Government are kicking about the situation, as the rest of the inhabitants have to pay duties. Now Almira, what have they to do? Why, according to a well established president, they ought to make a raid on the Frenchmen and destroy their property; then the French Government will kick up a row and demand indemnity from England, who will pay it of course. This is the course suggested by the *Globe*, and is certainly a quiet and magnanimous way of settling every difficulty with a foreign power. Pay them what they ask, and settle it!—that's the idea, Britannia rules the waves, everybody knows that, but the waves don't include the coast line of the colonies. Of course pay it, let us have peace! Yes, Almira, there is no use talking. Newfoundland is a great country for fish, and —"

"Great conscience," interrupted Almira, "do hurry up and get the chores done. Never mind any more about the fish, or when dad comes home you'll be apt to get a whalin'!"

Sir Hector in P. E. Island.

Sir Hector arrived in P. E. I. last Monday evening to inspect the Dominion property there. Our special correspondent (a dramatist on his vacation) sends us the following particulars.

Government House. His Worship, Mayor Dawson (on behalf of citizens, and in strictly non-political tone of voice).—Glad to see you, Sir Hector Lan-je-veen, you are a great man.

Sir Hector.—Very, but it is the Queen who has exalted me to gratify the Great Canadian Nation.

Sir Hector, next afternoon after inspecting the safe in the post office, twirled by the P. E. I. narrow gauge to Souris village.

Inhabitants of Souris.—Welcome, Sir Hector, you are a great man. We want another break-water.

Sir Hector.—Undoubtedly my friends, I am a great man. But the light of my honors is reflected on the people of Souris—and the rest of the Canadian nation. The break-water you want is a good thing, (aside, if you can get it.)

Sir Hector, after spending an hour in Souris, and inspecting the Marine Hospital (in which there never was a sick mariner) runs up (per narrow gauge) to Miscouche.

People of Miscouche.—Par Dieu, Sir Hector, but you are a great Frenchman. Welcome to the convent.

Sir Hector.—Thank you, compatriots, I am indeed a great man—the Queen recognizes my greatness. We have great Frenchmen in Canada—there's Landry of New Brunswick (great applause) and Mr. Perry, of Tignish, (increased cheers.)

Sir Hector same evening returned to Summerside.

Prominent citizens of Summerside.—Sir Hector, you are a great man. We want a new Post Office and Custom house. Welcome.

Sir Hector.—The Queen values my great abilities. I thank you for your disinterested address.

Sir Hector returned home after having spent one whole day in P. E. Island.

"Won Kon, a rich Chinese laundryman, has married an American girl at Columbus, Ohio." Won Kon hardly believe it; but no doubt the girl took the yellow boy for the sake of his yellow gold and "forgot his other name."

One of the rules of a bicycle club reads: "A horse should never be passed on both sides at once." We suspect that when a bicyclist attempts to pass on both sides of a horse "at once," he is expelled from the club. He would certainly be dismissed from a temperance organization.