

brief weeks which now remain before the high court of the people will be called on to choose between the rival aspirants to national favour and confidence. This declaration, especially when put beside that reckless prophecy and apparent sanction of an armed rebellion of Ulster Protestants, on which we commented in a previous number, sounds more like the desperate boldness of a leader who anticipates present defeat and is already laying his plans for renewing the contest on new lines with a view to future victories. On its merits, as a matter of political expediency rather than of profound economic principle, there is a good deal to be said in favour of the view which has drawn forth such a chorus of disapproval from all quarters. The proposal to raise a larger part of the revenue from a tax on luxuries could hardly fail to commend itself to the democratic majority which is rapidly becoming the determining factor in British legislation. Again, there is something in the proposal to put the Government in a position to retaliate on the continental rivals who are now somewhat meanly striving to turn the very magnanimity of Britain's policy to her injury and their advantage, which will appeal powerfully to the belligerent instincts of the multitude. But, on the other hand, it will not be very difficult to make it clear to the more thoughtful that, as Britain is more completely a trading nation, and more absolutely dependent on her trade, than any other, so she is the one which is sure to suffer most in the end from the war of tariffs for which Lord Salisbury's new policy would be the signal. Meanwhile it is obvious that, so far as the Premier's speech has any relation to the Imperial Customs Union movement, it is distinctly unfavourable, inasmuch as he declares frankly that any tax upon raw material and food products, which are the very commodities which Canada at least has to dispose of, is out of the question. In a word, it is clear that, rightly or wrongly, Lord Salisbury recants nothing in respect to his free-trade principles, but only maintains that a mistake is being made in their application. Like many others, he sets out on the easy descent by proposing to impose a retaliatory tariff in the interests of freer trade, just as many statesmen are found advocating increased military armaments in the interests of peace.

#### OTTAWA LETTER.

THE little holiday which we at present enjoy is most acceptable to all concerned, as it affords a breathing spell before the bitterest fight of the session. By the time this letter reaches you the House will have been three months in session, and really very little has been accomplished for the time spent. In a previous letter I drew attention to the fact that the Opposition was going in for obstructive tactics. But the obstruction of last week was far more thoroughly carried out than hitherto. Ever since the Redistribution Bill was brought down there has been a not unreasonable disposition on the part of the Opposition to prevent the estimates being passed. From a Government standpoint this is an inexcusable waste of time, but, to those who are not endowed with Conservative spectacles, the obstruction which has been so effectually carried out is not without reason.

There is no doubt about it that the Opposition is in a very angry mood. According to their lights, they think the Government has acted towards them and the country in an entirely wrongful manner. The Caron investigation has been blocked, the London election case shelved, and to add to these two misapplications of justice, a regular gerrymander is proposed for the concurrence of the Opposition. One of their most prominent members told me the other day that if that Bill should pass in its present form it would have the effect of practically wiping out one of the great political parties.

Several deputations have waited on the Government protesting against the Bill, and there is a general opinion that it will be modified to such an extent as to make it much less objectionable to the Liberals than as proposed on its first reading. This is, however, only surmise, and may be entirely wrong. If it is not changed it will be fought very bitterly by the Opposition. If the Government can show that the Bill is based upon equity and justice, and is not the result of party demands, well and good. But the honest electors of the country, whether they be Tories or Grits, are most thoroughly opposed to an attempt to interfere with the expressed opinions of any constituency. What honest man is there who does not respect the Oxfords in Ontario, because they remain true to their political convictions, or Cumberland in Nova Scotia, which seems as though it always would return a Conservative, or a Carleton County in New Brunswick, which will on no condition be seduced from its Liberal allegiance?

During the past week the Opposition did well in exposing a distinct and glaring grievance. The way in which postoffices are strewed over this country is nothing less than a sin and a shame. The public should know, if they

do not, that Dominion public buildings are erected only in those constituencies where Government supporters are elected. When the members of the Ministry objected to the discussion on this question, because the various items had been already fully debated, they gained no credit. The principle is a wretchedly wrong one, and the gentlemen who held in House all through the night before they would pass the various votes did a good service to the country, and deserve the thanks of the electors. The sad feature about it all is that we fully expect that should these gentlemen reach the treasury benches, they would be quite as bad or even worse than those whom they would supplant.

There is an old story told of the Crimean War which it may not be amiss to relate here: A soldier mortally wounded was lying in great agony on the field of battle. The weather was extremely hot, and a host of flies swarmed over his body and thrived on his life blood. A comrade was about to drive them off, when the dying man said: "Oh, do not do so. These flies are full now, if you drive them away a new lot will come, hungry and eager, and will cause me more suffering than those which are now repleted." So, some people think that if the Liberals come into power, there long abode in opposition would have so hungered them that their capacity would be enormous. At present it is their duty to be very virtuous and to declaim against the iniquity of their opponents. If we were called upon to lay any failing to their charge as a body, we would say they are a little too much inclined to cant. But perhaps this is not to their blame. They must profess virtue even if they in reality do not practice it.

It is hard to say what will be the result of the Caron commission. The notice of motion recommending to the House that Judges Tait and Routhier be appointed the commission will be made on Friday. Mr. Edgar and his friends complain that the charges have been so altered as to make their entirety different from those originally prepared, and it is quite within the range of probability that they will decline to be responsible for the indictment as amended by the Ministry.

A long night's session is a wearing thing, and, although there is lots of fun during the early hours of morning, by the time the sun comes out the fun is over. Let not the country for an instant imagine that it gains anything by its representatives worrying themselves out of a night's sleep. The public interest is not one whit better served. In fact, if there were an arbitrary rule that the evening session should end at midnight, just as the afternoon session ends at six, it would be both wise and humane. All-night sessions completely demoralize the members, and the worst of it is that they become so sleepy and so wrathful that they are incapable of any serious work for nearly a week after.

T. C. L. K.

#### MY LADY.

My lady is not over tall,  
In sooth a little maiden she,  
Yet I who am beneath her thrall  
Am more content therein to be.  
Than ever subject yet, I ween,  
To bow before his rightful queen.

My lady hath an eye of blue,  
That bears its shading from the sky,  
And purposes so pure, and true,  
Within her timid breast do lie,  
That every thought arising there  
Doth deep the blue as with a prayer.

My lady's hair is like the light  
Illuming a falling mist;  
It floats adown her shoulders white  
In waves that nothing can resist,  
Yet minds her very lightest touch  
When straying o'er her face too much.

My lady's voice hath said to me  
The sweetest words that one may hear,  
Yet had I every simile  
That to the poet's heart is dear,  
I could not liken it to aught,  
With so much music is it fraught.

I love my lady, not as those  
Who sip the fragrance of an hour,  
For every moment doth disclose  
In her some yet more priceless dower,  
And if it bring me weal or woe  
I care not for I love her so.

STUART LIVINGSTON.

At a dinner of the Cobden club a good many years ago, I sat next to an English member of Parliament. A well-known man, Mr. John Bigelow of New York, a personal friend of mine—then United States Minister to Paris—was called upon to reply to a toast. "Who is this?" asked my neighbour, the well-known member of Parliament. "Mr. Bigelow," I answered. "Oh," he exclaimed, "I must hear his speech—I am so glad to listen to the author of the 'Bigelow Papers.'" I told the story both to Mr. Bigelow and to Mr. Lowell.

#### PROMINENT CANADIANS—XII.

SKETCHES of the following Prominent Canadians have already appeared in THE WEEK: Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Principal Grant, Sir John A. Macdonald, K.C.B., Louis Honoré Fréchette, LL.D., Sir J. William Dawson, Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G., Hon. William Stevens Fielding, Hon. Alexander Macenzie, Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, C.B., K.C.M.G., Alexander McLachlan, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, Sir Richard Cartwright, K.C.M.G., Sandford Fleming, C.E., LL.D., C.M.G., Hon. H. G. Joly, Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, Sir William Buell Richards, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, M.P., Hon. Honoré Mercier, Q.C., Hon. William Macdougall, C.B., Rev. Principal MacVicar, D.D., LL.D., Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, M.A., George Paxton Young, M.A., Hon. Auguste Real Angers, Principal Caven, D.D., William Ralph Meredith, LL.D., Q.C., M.P., Sir William Pearce Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., Senator the Hon. John Macdonald, the Hon. John Hawkins Hagarty, D.C.L., Chief Justice of Ontario, Lieut.-Col. George T. Denison, Sir Antoine Aimé Dorion, His Grace Archbishop O'Brien, Charles Mair, F.R.S.C., Chief Justice Allen, Sir John Thompson, K.C.M.G., Archibald Lampman, John Cook, D.D., LL.D., Grant Allen, Rev. Doctor Dewar, Chief Justice Sullivan, Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald, D.C.L., LL.D.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES WILLIAM WILLIAMS, D.D.,  
FOURTH BISHOP OF QUEBEC.

Born September 15, 1825; died April 20, 1892.

A YOUNG Dominion like ours draws its life-blood from many sources; some of our leading men are born in the country, others come to it in early youth, or in adult maturity, and when these last devote to the highest interests of the people at large, or to any considerable body amongst them, earnest attention and faithful work, these are entitled to be regarded as Canadians like the rest. The subject of this sketch had been Bishop of Quebec for twenty-nine years; he has lived less than sixty-seven years, and of these years close upon thirty-five have been spent in the Province of Quebec.

Bishop Williams was the son of an English clergyman, the Rev. David Williams. He was born at Overton, Hants, in 1825; afterwards his father moved to the Rectory of Baughurst in the same county, that containing Winchester with its ancient cathedral and famous school, Southampton with its great steamship traffic, and the lovely glades of the New Forest. The two godfathers of the boy were men of note. The first was Isaac Williams, a saintly poet and learned divine. He was one of Newman's ablest lieutenants, but distrusted that leader for some few years before his secession to Rome in 1845. The soul of singleness and retiredness, he was surprised at the commotion caused by his Tract on "Reserve in communicating religious knowledge"—the first of the famous Tracts for the Times, which excited the suspicion of Anglicans. Isaac Williams was a true Anglican, nevertheless. The other godfather of the boy was Sir George Prevost, afterwards Archdeacon of Gloucester. A reverend baronet is not altogether rare in England. This one was the son of that Sir George Prevost who was Governor of Canada from 1812 to 1816. He was recalled to answer some paltry charges, but died before the matter could be investigated. The Prevost family had been very friendly in Quebec with the first Bishop of Quebec, Dr. Jacob Mountain, and his son, afterwards the third Bishop, Dr. George Jehosaphat Mountain. It is thought that Sir George Prevost's advice may have helped to determine the path of Mr. Williams towards the Province of Quebec, in which he was destined to be so prominent a figure. These were two noble godfathers, and the godson proved worthy of their sponsorship.

Though benefited in Hampshire, the Rev. David Williams was of a Welsh family. He was a good scholar, and gave his son solid classical instruction. The boy became at quite an early age familiar with Horace as well as with Virgil. In 1839 he was sent to the grammar school of Crewkerne, a little old market town in Somerset. This school, though overshadowed by Sherborne and Tiverton, was one of the best known schools in the west of England, and was then under the rule of Dr. Penny, an old Oxford Don of Pembroke College. The boy remained here for three years and laid a good foundation of scholarship. But the years which the aspirants for university distinctions usually spend in the sixth forms of schools under the careful training and drilling of able headmasters were very differently spent by young Williams. In 1842, when he was seventeen, he went out to New Zealand with a party of engineers. Here he encountered many adventures, and graduated in the art of "roughing it." This last was no special preparation for college honours, but an admirable apprenticeship for the Labrador voyages and back township experiences, which are part of the regular routine of the life of a Bishop of Quebec. One object of the journey was to avert a threatened delicacy of constitution, for more than one of the Bishop's brothers died young. The Bishop always looked massive and strong, but had an incipient delicacy of the lungs and heart, and this proved fatal to him at last.

It so happens that the writer of the present sketch, at a tender age, sailed along the east coast of New Zealand in a voyage from Tonga to Auckland. The first land sighted is the North Cape; then the Bay of Islands is traversed, and on by a lovely coast the voyage continued. The fertile slopes seemed green down to the very water's edge. The islands appeared like gems, set now in azure, now in emerald. It seemed indeed a "delectable land." The writer once asked Bishop Williams whether his recollection of the beauty of the scenery along those capes and coves was in accordance with his own boyish memory. The reply of the Bishop amply confirmed the childish impression of loveliness, and the Bishop added: "I was myself