

aptly compared the other day to the belief, which so long survived the fact, that the French kingdom belonged to the English Crown. It is impossible that at the present day any single power should hold the Empire of the Seas. Colonies must moderate their expectations or there will be danger of the greatest of all calamities, a parting in anger from the Mother Country.

THE United States Senate has vindicated the honour of the nation by refusing to ratify the Nicaraguan Treaty while the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, with which it is in direct conflict, remains unmodified. It was also resolved, by a large majority, to enter into negotiations with Great Britain for the modification or abrogation of the latter Treaty, a course to which duty and honour alike pointed, and in which success may reasonably be expected. There is no strong feeling in England against the abandonment of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. All that is needed on the part of the American Government is courtesy and respect for honourable obligations, breaches of which can hardly add to the real dignity of any man or nation.

So far as at present appears, the only tenable hypothesis respecting Mrs. Dudley is that she is insane or semi-insane, and that she was impelled to her onslaught on Rossa by delirious excitement about the dynamite outrages. Instances of public emotion firing weak brains and hurrying them into acts of this kind have been numerous in history. Mrs. Dudley has most likely played Charlotte Corday to this mock Marat. It was a matter of course that Irish newspapers should call her an emissary of the British Government, just as they have connected the names of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Spencer with the most infamous offences. A warning, however, has been given to Mr. Patrick Ford, Mr. Collins, and all the instigators or apologists of wholesale murder. The Irish have been assailing a highly civilized and moral community, which has shrunk from defending itself by means such as would at once have been adopted by one less civilized and less moral. But private resentment may not always respect the bounds of public law. Some Englishman, whose wife or child has been murdered by the dynamiters in a promiscuous butchery may, in his agony of grief, take a shorter and surer road to revenge than the observance of legal forms would allow. Messrs. Ford and Collins know what would be the result if they and their associates were to practise upon Americans with their wives and children what they are now practising upon the English. As to Rossa, his blatant tongue does his party far more harm than good, and it is to be hoped on all accounts that he will be preserved for an end better suited to his merits than death by the bullet of a lunatic.

SIR GEORGE CARTIER, (whose statue was unveiled the other day by his old friend and colleague Sir John Macdonald,) may be classed among the best representative French Canadians. More perhaps than any other of our public men he combined in his own person the theoretical and the practical Reformer. In his career were seen strong marks of the rude transition from the oligarchical to the constitutional system. Against the former at an age when the blood is hot and wisdom young he fought at St. Dennis, where discipline prevailed over ill-armed enthusiasm, and he found refuge in exile with a price upon his head. The belief was for some time general that in his attempts to escape he had perished miserably in the woods. Exile did not sour his temper, and when, the storm having blown over, he returned, no one was jealous of the undistinguished young advocate, who was only known for the hair-brained adventure in which he had taken part, and in which nothing but defeat had ever been possible; and as no one in his wildest dreams saw in the returned exile the future Premier, no one had any interest in curbing his ambition and holding him back. Cartier did not, like Papineau, in 1848 look to France for a model; he accepted in good faith the new Constitution, and determined to make the best of it. The redeeming point in the Conquest of 1760 was in his estimation that it saved Canada from the misery and the infamies of the French Revolution. Though he bore his part in carrying the leading measures of his time, Cartier's best monument is to be found in the Code of Civil Law and the Code of Procedure: a code common to the whole country was an achievement impossible to our public men. In the first he saw the stamp of the individuality and the nationality of his race and his Province. He used to say, half in jest and half in earnest, though he could not seriously have believed the prediction, that Ontario would one day borrow the civil code from her French neighbour. A French-speaking Englishman, as he would on occasion call himself, he settled in favour of his race the long-contested question of which law should prevail in the Eastern Townships, French or English, with the result that the French population, which was before gaining ground, bids fair entirely to swamp

the English in a region where Lord John Russell thought it desirable to build up a rampart of English colonists between the French settlements and the American frontier: a project founded on a state of things which has entirely passed away. Judicial decentralization in Quebec was one of Cartier's most difficult achievements; the local opposition aroused by dividing the Province into nineteen new judicial districts being of the most formidable nature. When in 1857 he succeeded Dr. Taché as leader of the Conservatives of Lower Canada, Cartier, breaking through the narrow limits of party, took two Liberals, M. Sicotte and M. Belleau, into the Cabinet, and made overtures to M. Dorion which the Liberal Chief was not able to accept. On the Lysons Militia Bill his immediate followers, yielding to vague fears among their constituents of the conscription not less than the great increase of expense, deserted in numbers, leaving him with only a small minority at his back. A good Catholic, he had yet the courage to defend the rights of the State against the encroachments of Bishop Bourget, at a time when the Bishop's influence was omnipotent: an act of duty which cost him his seat in Montreal. He saw the beginning and the end of the Legislative union which he cordially accepted and assisted in working, and which when it had served its purpose he was among the first to assist in superseding by the Confederation. Whatever success he attained was due in a large measure to hard labour and perseverance; for the first fifteen years of his public life he was, when not disturbed, as he was often, chained to the desk fifteen hours a day; and for thirty years he fancied that to get through his task he must labour seven days in the week.

"EMERSON is a citizen of the universe who has taken up his residence for a few days and nights in this travelling caravansary between the two inns that hang out the signs of Venus and Mars. This little planet could not provincialize such a man. The multiplication-table is for the everyday earth people; but the symbols he deals with are too vast, sometimes we must own too vague, for the unilluminated terrestrial and arithmetical intelligence." Such are the words of Dr. Wendell Holmes in his Life of Emerson. Are they serious, or parody and irony? In any case they are about the best description we ever saw of the Emersonian philosophy; better even than that given by the Bostonian who said, and no doubt had to fly his country for saying, that the only people who could understand Emerson were young ladies. To the unilluminated and terrestrial intelligence, though it may understand Plato, Kant and Hegel, Emerson is darkness. Mysticism was fashionable in his day; if he wished to be in the fashion, his wish was crowned with success, for even the "blue depths of Plotinus," in which he affected to delight, are hardly more unfathomable by the sounding-line of common sense. He cannot be said to be, in the proper sense of the term, a philosopher; he has no system or set of doctrines; nobody at least has yet attempted to show that he had, though his writings are pervaded by an identity of moral tone and aspiration. He was rather a preacher. Such was his hereditary tendency, as his biographer's account of his pedigree shows, and such was his own original vocation. Scepticism, breaking just at that time into the New England theocracy, transferred him from the pulpit to the lecturing platform. His essays were platform lectures, and they bear their original destination on their face. His good points are preacher's points. His style is a preacher's style. A system of philosophy never was produced in sentences which in structure and relations to each other resemble an avalanche of pebbles—pebbles which to the unilluminated and terrestrial mind are sometimes transparent, sometimes translucent, but mostly opaque. We see everywhere also the platform tendency to exaggeration and hyperbole. The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is a man of sense and taste; he almost avows once and evidently feels more than once that he is dealing with sheer nonsense, though his piety throws in at last the saving suggestion that after all there is "an underlying meaning." Emerson was a very admirable man and an antiseptic element in a generation which much needed it; his writings will be admitted by all to have had and still to have a moral value. But here to the unilluminated and terrestrial mind of which the Earth, not Venus or Mars, is the dwelling, his real usefulness as a teacher ends.

A PASSAGE of Emerson, apparently having some personal reference, about "a friendship carried greatly on one side without due correspondence on the other," and the uselessness of "regrets that the receiver is not capacious" sets Mr. Holmes speculating on the possible consequences of a sojourn of Carlyle beneath the roof of Emerson. Mr. Holmes himself evidently thinks that the result might have been inauspicious. This surmise is certainly correct. An intimate friend of Carlyle, writing about him the other day in an English review, mentioned that having called one