

regarded only with unmixed sadness by every one whose sympathies extend to the whole English race and beyond it to humanity. The ostensible cause of the American Revolution was utterly inadequate, since the Government of England was not absolute but Parliamentary. The fault of a particular ministry might have been repaired and almost certainly would have been repaired, in the case of the Tea Duty, as it had been in that of the Stamp Act, by the other Party immediately on coming into power. The absence of a sufficient ground in fact betrayed itself, as soon as the real stress of the struggle began to be felt, in that lack of genuine enthusiasm which, as we know from Washington's letters, kept the armies in a perpetual state of moulting, and had reduced the Revolution to the last gasp when French intervention came to its aid. Nothing was gained by the rupture which would not have come in time of itself and without blood; for a man must be an idiot or a clerk in the Colonial office if he can believe that great communities on this side of the Atlantic would have remained for ever in vassalage to a nation on the other side, superior to them in antiquity, but inferior in diffused wealth, in average intelligence, and in general power of self-government. The independence which the wisdom and magnanimity of the Protector had once practically granted to the Colonies, a wise and magnanimous minister would have been found again to grant. Hardly anything was too liberal to have been done by Pitt in his earlier and better days. The result of the rupture, in bringing which about the machinations of Boston smugglers conspired with the insanity of George III. and his ministers, was disastrous to all concerned, though in different ways and degrees. To England, it was loss of renown, soon repaired, however, by Rodney's victories, with the compulsory concession, during her hour of weakness, of legislative separation to Ireland, the blessed fruit of which after a few years was a civil war of devils in that country. To the United States it was that revolutionary bias in politics from which Canadian character is happily free, and which, attended as it was, by the habit of treating authority as an evil and indiscriminately glorifying rebellion, powerfully conspired with the separatism of slavery, in bringing about the civil war of 1861. To the French monarchy it was total ruin, the meed of the folly which to the counsels of Turgot preferred the shallow and hare-brained Quixotism of Lafayette. But it was to humanity at large that the consequences were most deplorable. Up to that time the great intellectual and reforming movement of the eighteenth century had been peacefully advancing, and it was rapidly gaining possession of the thrones and governments of Europe. It had found organs, more or less enlightened and beneficent, in Frederic of Prussia, in Joseph of Austria, in Catherine of Russia, in Leopold of Tuscany, in Pombal at Lisbon, in Aranda at Madrid, in Tanucci at Naples: it was soon to find one in the younger Pitt. Had nothing occurred to bring it to a violent head, civilization might have glided quietly into another and a happier zone. But the American Revolution, involving France, and precipitating a financial crisis there, brought on a world-wide catastrophe of the effects of which we have not yet nearly seen the end. In the eyes of those who have the course of history before them the Black Death or the earthquake of Lisbon would be a rational subject of annual jubilation compared with the American Revolution.

LET American historians lay on the patriotic varnish as thickly as they will. Those who study the records for themselves will be inclined to think that the heroism of the Revolution lay in a pretty narrow circle round the tent of Washington, and that there was exceedingly little of it at any time behind the curtain which shrouded the proceedings of Congress at Philadelphia. The close of the conflict was as ungenerous as its course was, on the whole, devoid of grandeur. Civil war is the greatest of calamities; it is a calamity to be avoided at almost any expense saving the moral life of a nation; but at any rate it should be concluded by amnesty. The Americans, to do them justice, did so conclude their last Civil war; they shed no blood; confiscated hardly any property but the slaves, and restored to the vanquished their civil rights as soon as it could be done with safety. But their ancestors were not so merciful or so wise: they proscribed the vanquished Tories, stripped them of their possessions and drove them into exile. The Tories, or not a few of them, had undoubtedly given bitter provocation. Lord Cornwallis, who knew them too well, afterwards likened them to those Irish Fencibles, against whose lawless and murderous ferocity he was contending as Viceroy of Ireland, with a sick heart. The respectable and intelligent classes, a large proportion of which had at first adhered passively, if not actively, to the king, were soon estranged by the mad acts of the Government or its commanders; and when the party lines were finally drawn, the Tory party consisted largely of the poor, the ignorant and the unsettled, who are always more ready to follow names and persons than principles, and who joyfully welcomed the licence of

marauding upon rebels in the king's name. Beyond doubt they did much mischief, especially when their action was combined with that of the Indians, to the cause, of which Cornwallis was the worthiest servant, and to which it was essential to appear as that of law and order upheld not by parties of raiders, but by disciplined soldiers under commanders representing the authority and dignity of the Crown. To beat the Revolutionary armies in the field was comparatively easy: the king's generals never failed to do it when they could get fair battle; the difficulty was to overcome the local and irregular resistance, the fury of which was everywhere inflamed by Tory outrage. Some of these men, it can hardly be doubted, were guilty of crimes which the mantle of a political cause could not cover, and for which they might have been righteously delivered into the hands of justice. Tracing pedigrees in that direction, in fact, is attended by some danger to the escutcheon. But there was nothing to put the party out of the pale of mercy, and sweeping proscription was not less impolitic than unjust. It rendered perpetual that which would otherwise have been a transient division of the English race; it established a hostile community on the border of the new Commonwealth, and as England was bound in honour to protect the exiles in their asylum, it rendered impossible her complete withdrawal from the Continent, which some of her wisest councillors desired. But all this belongs to the past. If we could now trace out the descendants of all the old Tory families, we should find that many of them had ceased to be Tories altogether, perhaps that not a few had found their way back with the general exodus into the United States. It is vain to expect that in deference to the pedigrees of such as happen to remain, a young and expanding country will allow its destinies to be for ever crushed into a narrow and antiquated mould. The same people who are now threatening with insult and violence all who raise the question of Independence once threatened with insult and violence all who advocated Responsible Government. Let family recollections be cherished: they enhance the poetry of life; but it is preposterous to pretend that Toryism is to be regarded as the life of Canada and the source of the prosperity of which the Jubilee has just been celebrated in Toronto. That prosperity could never have existed if Toryism had not been set aside.

THE position on which Lord Salisbury has fallen back in his resistance to the Franchise Bill seems to be in itself not only strategically strong, but politically sound. Taking up the amendment brought forward by Mr. Albert Grey in the Commons, he demands that the Franchise Bill, instead of being passed by itself, shall be accompanied by the Re-distribution Bill, so that the scheme of reform may be considered as a whole. In this he has reason on his side. What sort of polity will the proposed change produce? What will be the practical effect on the character of government? These are the questions which the amenders of a constitution ought always to ask themselves, but which they too seldom ask, and have certainly failed to ask on the present occasion. The notion that the question of extending the franchise can be settled, irrespectively of practical consequences, by the simple appeal to natural right, will not bear examination: natural rights can be claimed and enjoyed only in the primal woods. That to which man has a right in civilized society is the best attainable form of government; and what form of government is the best must be settled in the case of this, as of any other machinery, by the degree in which the practical end is secured. Lord Salisbury is right in refusing to consent to an extension of the franchise till the whole plan is before him. Unfortunately, he has discredited his own argument beforehand by rushing into general opposition. It is truly calamitous that at this perilous crisis in the political history of England, the Conservative party should be headed by a Polignac. What the situation needs is a leader, independent of class interests, to organize democracy, while yet there is time, and to make it a polity of public reason, not of popular passion, instead of blindly extending the franchise, and leaving chaos arbiter of the practical result. But no such man is on the scene, or likely to appear there till some convulsion brings him to the front.

A BYSTANDER.

HERE AND THERE.

THE sporting programme of the Semi-Centennial contained some interesting events. On Tuesday the Canadian Wheelmen's Association held their annual sports on the Rosedale grounds, when the records for Canadian championship were considerably cut down, a fact which speaks volumes for the track. The chief events were the one mile championship, won by Lavender, of Toronto, in 3m. 9½sec. The two miles, open to all amateurs, was taken by G. S. Lowe, of Montreal, in 6m. 56½sec. The five miles championship produced the finest race of the day, being really