

prevail. Is a demagogue to be allowed, for his political ends, to pass a sweeping sentence of confiscation against a large class of citizens whose property, like that of other citizens, is guaranteed by the State, and who have not incurred forfeiture by any crime? The result of the present conflict will decide.

The fact has just been elicited that of the evictions, about which so great an outcry is raised, a large number are merely nominal and for the purpose of asserting the right of ownership, the tenants being left in as caretakers; so that stories of the ejection of thousands of Irish families from their homes, even when told by a Parnellite ex-Secretary for Ireland, must be received with large deduction. More would pay their rent, or a part of it, and remain undisturbed in their holdings, if they were not prevented by League Law. We may feel pretty well assured that no Irish landlord in his senses will eject any tenant who is not withholding what he is able to pay, and what would be paid by another in his place. It appears from recent returns that the Savings Banks in Ireland are full of money—an indication that many of the farmers who plead destitution are well off, and a positive proof that the country was on the road to increased prosperity when American Fenianism arrested its progress by setting this conspiracy on foot.

MEN who are themselves in open alliance and correspondence with the foreign enemies of their country, who have throughout done their utmost to excite disaffection in Ireland and to paralyse the efforts of the Queen's Government to put it down, are now solemnly denouncing the Protestants of Belfast as rebels because they say that they will not submit to being thrust out of the nationality to which they belong, and thrust into one to which they have never belonged, and which would be not only alien to them but hostile. These objurgations are the prelude to the use of British troops for the purpose of aiding American Fenians, as the allies of British Separationists, to coerce the loyal Protestants of Belfast. Mr. John Morley, who is the chief preacher of the doctrine of passive obedience to Acts of Parliament, has derived his sentiments from the Jacobins, who are the objects of his historical admiration. Jacobinism is absolute monarchy turned upside down, and ascribes to mobs as divine a right to govern wrong as ever was ascribed to kings.

THE House of Commons has witnessed renewed scenes of Irish behaviour, which the extreme Radicals abet, reckless, in their factious frenzy, of the authority and dignity of the House to which they belong. These scenes, however, are instructive in two respects. They show what an Irish Parliament would be; and they show that the leaders of the movement do not represent the cultivated, respectable, and independent class in Ireland, whether Protestant or Catholic, but the same class which supplies the saloon-keeping politicians of New York.

I SEE on the stalls the fifth thousand of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet. That it would have a large sale was certain from the eminence and position of its writer. But its effect is not likely to be great. People cannot believe the "history" of Mr. Gladstone's "idea." They will say that if he has been, as he pretends, all along a Parnellite at heart, he must be a Jesuit in act and speech; and this inference will not do him much good. A rough writer in a Lancashire paper, speaking of his past services and his present destructiveness, compares him to a cow which fills a pail with milk and then kicks it over. Unfortunately for himself and his country, Mr. Gladstone has kicked over more pails than one. A sudden accession of popularity, coming late in life, and producing mental intoxication, seems, as I have said before, to be the cause.

THE watering place at which I am staying, though expensive, is very full, the visitors being mainly of the commercial class; and there is evidently plenty of money for excursions and pleasures of all kinds. There must be a good deal of wealth still in the country, though the commercial outlook is unsatisfactory, and I should not wonder if something serious were impending. Any disturbance or depression indeed is serious where commerce and industry are on so vast a scale that the failure of a single trade deprives thousands of their bread.

NEAR this place is Chatsworth, the palace of the Duke of Devonshire, who, five days in every week, throws open his apartments and gardens to sight-seers, at the sacrifice of his own comfort and privacy, allowing his domestics to act as guides without charge. It might have been thought that such good nature would soften the heart even of a communist towards a landowner. Yet, in the crowd waiting at the gate for admission, I overheard people, evidently belonging to the wealthy and cultivated class, denouncing property in land, and expressing the hope that the day would come surely though slowly when it would be abolished. I do not know what distinction they would draw between the case of real estate and that of any personal goods or securities which they may themselves possess,

Nor do I comprehend how low down the levelling is to go. When the reign of social justice arrives, is no artisan, however skilled, to receive a higher rate of wages than his fellow? And are those capitalists who now hold two hundred millions of dollars in the English Savings Banks to be treated as wicked enemies of Labour, and despoiled as well as the rest?

THE cloud in Eastern Europe grows darker, and the storm may burst before this reaches you. Austria is chiefly menaced, and it looks as if Bismarck meant to leave her to her fate and take her German provinces out of the wreck.

I HAVE all this time omitted to notice the presence of our Governor-General in England. I only wonder he does not stay here. A man of real ability, as English statesmen consider Lord Lansdowne to be, is wasted on a figure-headship. He has, besides, as one of the greatest Irish land-owners, a vast interest at stake. Not that I wish him removed from Canada. He has played his part with sense and dignity, doing all that was kind and genial, but not, like some of his predecessors, hunting for popularity or administering to our people draughts of indiscriminate flattery which are disparaging to their intelligence as well as injurious to their character.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Buxton, September 4, 1886.

### OUR PARIS LETTER.

NONE but Englishmen should be permitted to remain in Paris during the latter part of August. We have had the most demoralising weather you can imagine. For the past two weeks most people have appeared to little better advantage than a good "catch" of unfortunate fish cast upon a mossy bank. But in spite of heat, fire, and tempest—*il faut s'amuser*. The last judgment may be at hand to-morrow—it is no reason for missing to-night's opera.

Just behind the Palais de l'Industrie, between it and the river, all through the summer months one sees a fairy-like illumination among the trees, and hears very enlivening music. It is the Jardin de Paris, which, when other comforts fail, more than satisfies no small portion of French society. Entering the enclosure, for the Jardin de Paris is by no means free, you find yourself in rather a fantastic crowd. Everywhere under the trees are tables and chairs, tiny booths, and in the centre a large platform for the band, which is encircled by a wide pavement of asphalt for the dancers. We have also an improvised stage, upon which rather droll performances are gone through—we have the English (negro) minstrel, and the French nymph—a veritable nymph indeed! But all this is only a preliminary pastime in waiting for the serious business of the evening. The Jardin de Paris is the essence of all that is most Parisian. Nowhere can you so well examine the very core of French life as in these "*bals de nuit*."

At ten o'clock the dancing begins. Of course, excepting in the waltzes and polkas, none but "professional" dancers take part. These latter form themselves into groups of four, and are closely surrounded by admiring spectators. It is needless to say that the performance is not a little astounding. From his abashed, yet infinitely satisfied expression, and inevitable hunting-cap, you distinguish the Englishman, the most interested of onlookers. Between the dances you have an opportunity of studying the motley company, seated or walking beneath the illuminated trees. We find a charming little Russian who evidently has "come to see," and we find an endless number of Frenchwomen who have come to be seen. We remark a grave gentleman, "decorated," and of thoughtful mien; watch his capture by that gay butterfly fluttering round. First there is a glance which greatly disconcerts the grave gentleman, who hesitates, but finally stops in his walk. Another glance breaks his rigid lips into a smile; a few words sets his heart aglow. But it is going too far, he must leave. Then comes the look of two despairing eyes, and the sudden, pathetic touch upon his arm. "The spirit is willing," etc., etc. The grave, decorated gentleman of sixty is caught!

After the dancing is over there is a grand display of fireworks and the ball closes.

We have here, by far, the most popular field of Parisian summer amusements. Some enterprising "restaurateurs" have had the good sense to pick out some charming little spots in the environs of the city, to which it is not difficult to be beguiled in the sultry evenings.

Driving westwards along the banks of the Seine, in whose waters the red, yellow, and blue lights of the boats and bridges are beginning to tremble, you reach, after an hour or so, the town of Meudon.

We were going to the "Hermitage," a cosy little nook of some *renommée*. On the outskirts of the town, near the entrance to the wood, a