

is no aristocratic reaction. The life of a mere Tory Government would be short.

THE Queen's visit to Edinburgh was a success, as it was sure, from causes irrespective of politics, to be; and one is glad, at this crisis, to see anything national superseding for a moment party objects and demagogic eloquence in the interest and imagination of the people. But political loyalty seems to me to have been reduced to a low ebb by the seclusion of Royalty during the last quarter of a century. All the world over, the work of hereditary monarchy, and of the hereditary principle generally, seems to have been nearly done. We shall have to devise some other securities for order, stability, and continuity of government, though what they will be, or how amidst this tossing sea of universal suffrage Conservative institutions are to be founded, it is very difficult to divine.

The work will not be done by the Primrose League, which, with its "Knights," and "Dames," and "Habitations," appears, so far as I can learn, to all rational Conservatives, an organization of fantastic folly, destined in the end surely to collapse, and to do no small mischief to the Conservative cause. Its main object is the very equivocal and dangerous one of bringing social influence, especially the influence of ladies of quality, to bear by personal canvassing on the elections. I agree with Mr. O'Connor that personal canvassing is altogether degrading to both the parties concerned, and that it ought to be suppressed, though I should extend the suppression to the canvassers of the blunderbuss and the boycotting notice as well as to the canvassers of the Primrose. These Knights and Dames had better turn their attention to better modes of forming popular opinion, such as the promotion of a healthy journalism for the cottage, and be content with the Red Rose of England instead of assuming the colour of the Quarantine or the Ghetto. The great comfort is to feel that, though the national spirit is somewhat low, there is still in all the ordinary walks of life abundance of British worth and force. These, it may be hoped, will in the hour of extreme peril come to the front, though it is too likely that to bring them there the nation may have to go through some experience more severe than one likes to contemplate.

INQUIRIES into the causes of the disturbance at Belfast are neither very needful nor likely to be very fruitful. The general cause of the disturbance and lawlessness in Ireland is the abdication of authority by the national government, which, since Mr. Gladstone's accession to power by the grace of Mr. Parnell, has been nothing but a limb of the League. In the "Correspondence on the Irish Question," invited by Mr. Gladstone himself, and published by the House of Commons, I find this paragraph: "A widow having a shop and public-house was coerced to promise the League that she would not supply certain boycotted persons. She wrote to me telling me this, and stated that she was willing to supply them if it could be done secretly. When I told her that her license would probably be forfeited if she refused to supply them, she burst into tears and said she did not know what to do between the League on one hand and the law on the other." This is Gladstone's government, and respect for law in any quarter is not its natural fruit.

"NOTES on Ireland," in the *Morning Post*, are a most instructive series of papers. In the last, the writer shows how the operation of the Purchase Act has been defeated by the machinations of the League, which will not allow the tenant to buy the land, because by so doing he would acknowledge the rights of landlords and give their interest a substantial value. The League intends to rob the landowner—every landowner at least except Mr. Parnell—of all; and Mr. Gladstone intends to help it and to receive office from its hands as his reward.

THE Chicago Convention was useful in impressing on the minds of the people here the fact that the conspiracy was foreign, and making them understand of what sort of elements it is composed. The politic semblance of moderation, assumed for the purpose of playing into the hands of Messrs. Gladstone and Parnell, could deceive few, even if there had been no Congressman Finerty to let the cat out of the bag. Americans can hardly fail to see the close connection between Irish Nationalism and the Anarchism and Nihilism of which also Chicago is the lair, and against which American civilization is now defending itself. If an Irish Republic is ever set up, it will be sport to see the struggle for ascendancy in it which will ensue between the revolutionary Nationalist, who, like the other sons of the Revolution, is apt to be sceptic, and the priest. The priest will probably gain the upper hand at first, the revolutionist in the end. The Americans will note that amidst all the abuse of Great Britain and the Union, not a single practical grievance of any kind was named. The Irishman, so long as he is law-abiding, is on a footing of perfect equality in every respect, political, legal, social, and religious, with the Englishman or the Scotchman. When he becomes lawless the British

Government is obliged to repress him by special legislation, while the Americans shoot him down. Americans are themselves patriotic, and I should be surprised if even the most anti-British of them did not feel more respect for an Englishman who was defending the unity of his own country than for Mr. Gladstone's beloved and trusted friend, Mr. Labouchere, who sends to the sworn enemies of his country, in the language of a burglar's pal, his advice "to lie low."

In the midst of these home troubles, and not without connection with them (since Russia is, no doubt, encouraged by England's difficulty in Ireland), a curious political waterspout has suddenly formed and as suddenly burst upon the Danube. Instead of flying at each other's throats, these little principalities ought to form a military federation, under the nominal suzerainty of the Sultan. They might thus become independent of Russia and of every foreign power. As to the question of Russian advance in the East, I have expressed my opinion—very undiplomatic as I dare say it is—before. Nothing will keep a growing Empire from making its way to an open sea, and the least dangerous point at which Russia can be allowed to reach the open sea is the Gulf of Scanderoon. Even to let her pass the Dardanelles, where she would be watched by Austria and Germany, would be less dangerous to England than to bring her navy into the Persian Gulf, where she would be pitted against the British Empire alone.

THE Canadian Ministry, I see, has lost an important election in Quebec. Canadian statesmen will soon be compelled to admit that a French nationality cannot form a basis for a British Government. GOLDWIN SMITH.

London, August 26, 1886.

A WELL-NIGH FORGOTTEN CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE old adage, "happy is the people which has no history," has, we venture to say, done duty long enough. In the case of Canada, of British origin at least, it is doubtful whether the saying has proved true. Without a history of great deeds, and a literature to honour it, the happiness of a people, in times like these, is not likely to be very marked, or to find expression in a career which is patriotic or in any way commendable. With no appreciable heroic past, and with little, in the popular judgment, on which the historic memory cares to linger, the contemporary interests of a people are apt to be trivial and prosy. In a history considered lacking in the elements of greatness, and barren of notable achievement, what wonder that, in the case, especially, of English-speaking Canadians, ward politics, and the petty issues of the party game, so largely engross the public mind? With these for its gods, how can the public concern itself with more serious topics, or rise in the scale of intellectual well-being?

At the outset, it must be admitted that it is difficult successfully to combat the apathy or indifference of a people who are either ignorant of their own history or see little of good in it. Let us understand, however, what plea is put forward for the prevailing apathy. Is it seriously said that we have no history, or that there is nothing worth concerning our minds about? If this be affirmed, we have nothing more to say. If ignorance of it, however, be acknowledged, then there is work for the schoolmaster and hope for the patriot. Thanks to the Roman Catholic presbytery of Penetanguishene, we have just been reminded of an event in our history which, we fear, is either little known or has been little appreciated. On Sunday last, a ceremony took place in that shrine of Canadian martyrdom, the picturesque village of Penetanguishene, which vividly recalled the tragic past in Canadian history, and won for it a sympathy which might well be the test of our patriotism. On that day the corner stone was laid, with imposing ceremonies, of a national monument—a memorial Roman Catholic Church—in honour of the martyrs Jean de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lallemand, who, in the year which saw the extermination of the Hurons by their inveterate enemies, the Iroquois, fell victims to Indian ferocity and savage lust of blood. Canadian literature has in some measure paid its tribute to the sublime courage and the unflinching faith of those devoted sons of the Church and their heroic companions; but the thrilling story of the Huron Missions in the first half of the seventeenth century may well continue to furnish material for heart-stirring epics and soul-inspiring histories, for the annals of no country, it may truly be said, record a deed of more revolting cruelty or of grander heroism than is to be found narrated in the "Relations" of French evangelization among the savage tribes on the shores of the Georgian Bay.

That the memorial is undertaken by those and for those whose belief may not be shared by the majority of the readers of THE WEEK should