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WEDNESDAY.....JANUARY 5, 1887

PROTESTANT Ontario has killed the "No Popery" cry. No sensible person ever believed in it, or the men who raised it. Hereafter, we trust, there will be no more of that dangerous nonsense. Protestant wisdom and generosity has put a heavy foot upon the viper of bigotry.

"THE MAIL" threatens legal proceedings against Bishop Cleary, of Kingston, and quotes the late infamous Judge Keough to back up its demand for the suppression and punishment of His Lordship. The Catholic Church was attacked and threatened by the Tory party through *The Mail*, and Bishop Cleary did his simple duty in asking the people to pray for protection and deliverance from the enemies of the faith.

LOOKING at the constitution of the new Ontario Assembly, we are struck by the solid respectability of its personalities. We have heard it stated by those who are well acquainted with the Province, on account of their commercial knowledge and connections, that it would be impossible for the people to have selected a more able and thoroughly respectable a legislature. Liberalism in the sister Province has demonstrated its superiority by producing an assembly of public men who will compare favorably with any like number in any legislature in the world.

THE *Ottawa Citizen* must have been paralyzed by the events of Tuesday. It could give its readers nothing but the way of editorial than the returns of the Ontario election for 1883. This was very good as a reminder of what happened three years ago. The fall returns of the elections for 1886 would be later and more interesting news. But we can sympathize with our unhappy confreres. The 1883 returns were made up in advance to show how completely Mowat would be snuffed out on Tuesday. But, somehow or another the performance of the electorate of the province did not come up to the expectation of the organ. Hence the "take me out and kill me," flabbergasted, utterly ruined, gone down among the dead men appearance of the home organ of the Ottawa Government.

TAKEN as a whole, the course of party warfare in election matters in this country is cast in much the same mould as elsewhere. It follows the customary dull routine. The Conservatives have, however, during the past Ontario campaign brought into the field a new engine of political warfare. Or more correctly they proposed to do so. We shall probably hear, in future elections, now that the Chisholm incident has become well known, of "political ventriloquists" as an indispensable attachment to public meetings. As a rule, however, we are inclined to think a chestnut bill would be more appropriate and intercept with better effect in nine cases out of ten.

WE stated in these columns some weeks ago, on the authority of a prominent diplomatic agent visiting this city, that the war which is now hanging over Europe would, as one of its results, end in the re-establishment of the ancient kingdom of Poland. This is now "officially" announced, and the *New York Herald* of yesterday contains a despatch from its correspondent in which the statement is confirmed on the authority of Prince Czartoryski. Thus does time bring its revenges. Napoleon advocated the restoration of Poland and endeavored to bring it about, but Europe fought him down. The additional buffer against Russian aggression he tried to create is now found necessary,

But Poland will have to prove herself better fitted for government than she did before she "fell unwept, without a crime," into the hands of one of her former satrapates. The aspirant for the Throne is even named, but this is a work which may cause trouble if care be not taken. The Poles are proud, and there are descendants of the Piast and Jagellon families who may claim the right of precedence.

THE *Western Waterman* is a sterling Catholic paper, and what it contains is always worth study. In its last issue it says: "A Canadian Orangeman engaged to play 'the part of detective on the Dynamite' of Paris and had given assurance to the English authorities that 'he would bring the leaders to justice.' Now his friends would like some one to 'bring him in. As between a Canadian 'Orangeman and a Chicago Dynamitar, 'whichever one you get you would wish it 'were the other.' We concur."

If it be true that the Crown Prince of Germany and the Comte de Paris recently met to arrange certain details connected with the latter's coming kingdom, the world may expect stirring events very soon. That the story is likely to be true there can be little doubt, but whether the accession to the throne of the Count would produce the millennium is by no means certain. Still it would not produce any worse state of affairs than exists at present. France will hardly get back the Rhenish provinces and is likely to be shorn of Nice and Savoy, and these alone will be causes of perpetual rancor and ill-feeling. If the Crown Prince of Germany can play the part of a sort of universal peacemaker he will be appearing in a novel role. But it is said he hates war.

In the person of Mr. Goschen the Imperial Cabinet has obtained a magnificent financier, but otherwise no great accession to its strength in a party sense. Mr. Goschen has no such following in the Liberal ranks as will enable him very materially to influence it. Whether his acceptance of office will "strengthen the Union cause," is still the question to be settled; but there is no doubt that it Mr. Goschen applies himself to the handling of the public finances, which at the present moment especially need a strong hand, they will be put in good order. England now possesses a Chancellor of the Exchequer such as she has not had in office since the time when Mr. Gladstone, in the full force of his vigor, made his budgets the admiration of the world. For Lord Randolph Churchill to take such a portfolio was on the face of it absurd, as it stands to reason that it is the one which requires a very practical business man to hold it.

JUDGE TORRANCE.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Justice Torrance, an event which follows the departure of the late Mr. Justice Ramsay with startling speed. As in the case of the latter distinguished judge the demise of Mr. Torrance is a loss of no small moment to the Superior Court. The deceased was one of the most learned judges on the bench, and when he gave his attention to a case it was generally decided in a manner that very rarely admitted of hostile review. Mr. Torrance was a type of the student lawyer, who quietly and with a hushless, restless, persistency accomplished his work, without any needless seeking of public attention. He sought no bubble reputation at the mob's mouth, and in the persistent pursuit of his duty gained that higher reputation as a scholar and a lawyer, which was to him more valuable. The province has lost a valuable member of its judiciary.

ANSWERS.

One after another, constituencies and provinces have given their answers to the question—"Shall Macdonaldism govern?"

The county of Levis answered "No" by returning Mr. Gray, a Liberal.

The county of Megantic answered "No" by returning Hon. F. Langeheir, a Liberal.

The county of Chambly answered "No" by returning Mr. Prefontaine, a Liberal.

New Brunswick answered "No" by electing a Liberal local government in defiance of orders from Ottawa.

Nova Scotia answered "No" by sustaining the Liberal Local Government with a sweeping majority in spite of all the power of the Federal combination.

Quebec answered "No" by defeating the Ross Tory Government, although Dominion ministers made direct appeals to the people to sustain it.

Prince Edward Island answered "No" by electing a Liberal Legislative Council.

Ontario now thunders "No!" by sending the Mowat Government back to power with thirty majority!

The Dominion only remains to give its answer. When that is given, there will be a chorus from sea to sea. One big, emphatic, final "No!"

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

The result of the elections in Ontario has long been a foregone conclusion, even to the most ordinary observer of the affairs of that Province. Repeated general elections have shown that the people are satisfied with the present control of their affairs and are content to leave them in the hands of Mr. Mowat. As long as he holds the premiership it is unlikely that there will be a change of ministry. The Province of Ontario has not lost sight of the fact that for several years past the Opposition have not even had the material from which to form a stable or effective body of administrators. To-day, apart from Mr. Meredith himself and some three others of much mediocrity, there are not in

the Opposition ranks any members of the Legislature who could possibly be taken into a cabinet. And, on the present occasion, Mr. Mowat has been specially favored by other causes. The readjustment of constituencies has been in his interest. But his strongest assistance has been *The Mail* newspaper. The ridiculous course adopted by that paper has cost the Opposition thousands of Conservative votes, while it has not gained it for the Liberals. The age is too far advanced in education and a spirit of tolerance for any such evil tactics to have effect. The constitution of the new legislature is greatly changed, and in its composition is changed for the better in an intellectual sense. The country generally may be congratulated on the result, for it is one which presages the defeat of the Ottawa corruptionists when the next Federal elections are brought on.

ENGLISH TORYISM.

All Europe is looking with amused interest at the imbecile blind-staggering of the Salisbury Government. British Toryism appears to have gone to sterile seed after blooming with barren flower. Out of harmony with the times and incapable of advancing on any line of progress, it presents all the characteristics of those who have been described as unable to learn or to forget.

The resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill is a proof of the impracticable character of his colleague. He was the only man in the Cabinet who possessed a clear idea of the requirements of legislation and administration. The offer of a place in the Government to the Marquis of Hartington only shows that the Tories and Whigs are consolidating—a result which has long been regarded as inevitable. There is now no difference really between Tories and Whigs. They practically are one in political and social relations. All their interests have been resolved into that of class against the mass, and self-preservation compels them to unite. Old-fashioned Liberalism must also drift over to the Tories, for its instincts are conservative.

Against this union of forces we have the great and growing power of Democracy. These are the parties of the future, and by them the future of Great Britain must be decided.

But it is evident that the nation must in the meantime secure a government which will have the capacity and boldness to face and solve these pressing questions of home politics, which must be settled before England can assume her former importance among the nations. One thing is absolutely certain, a Tory Government can only cause delay and danger. The land question in Scotland, England and Wales, as well as in Ireland, must be settled. What is required is reform of laws favorable to aristocratic institutions, not paternal acts of parliament which only complicate existing difficulties. As Professor Lidgwick has clearly demonstrated, the rich, landowners and capitalists alike, can keep their property, but let them ransom the law in their titles by compensating the other human beings residing in their country for that free use of their material environment which has been withdrawn from them; only let this compensation be given in such a way as not to impair the mainstays of energetic and self-helpful industry. They cannot restore to the poor their original share in the spontaneous bounties of nature; but they can give instead a fuller share than they could acquire unaided of the more communicable advantages of social progress, and a fairer start in the inevitable race for the less communicable advantages; and reparative justice demands that they should be given this much.

This is the only practical solution of the difficulties that met the Government of England. The Tories, like Tories everywhere, will not listen to it, but they are willing to pass pampering measures for the better housing and employment of the poor. Government is not a bandit society. But the Tory idea is essentially that of patronage. It is opposed to the true idea of competition and co-operation, by the free exercise of which men can alone become strong, self-reliant and independent. Freedom of contract cannot be interfered with without sapping the foundations of social order, and making life all the more hard on the laborer.

There are rumors of war. Perhaps war will become a necessity in Europe. But most certainly a war will result in revolution. England, in order to preserve her influence in the event of such a conflict, must set matters right at home, and the first thing she should do is give justice to Ireland, then to her own people. If not she will learn a bitter lesson before the end of the century.

THE COUNTRY'S DANGER.

The Mail is amusing in its grief, of "chagrin," as it terms it. In the course of a half savage, half whining, comment upon the Ontario elections it says:—"The Mail has done its best to defeat Mr. Mowat, and though the verdict has gone against us, we decline to be disheartened by it. On the contrary, we know that our cause is a just one, and shall not cease to preach it." To be told that *The Mail* has done its best to defeat Mr. Mowat is infinitely amusing. If that gentleman had a potent ally in his recent contest it was *The Mail*, and it is whispered in club circles that certain people, high in financial influence and interest in the paper in question, had a spite to gratify, and gratified it by causing the paper to follow the lines it did. It is no secret that there were, not so very long ago, individuals connected with *The Mail* who considered that they were "powers behind the throne," and that whatever they might demand at Ottawa had to be done there and then. The result was that Sir John Macdonald, after

his customary manner, packed one of the political highwaymen, who was a leader in putting the pistol to his head, off to a constituency where he was safe for defeat, thus relieving him of his presence in Parliament. Since then there has been a coolness in the family, and rumor has it that the recent course of *The Mail* was as much designed to injure the Conservatives as to injure anyone else. The lie, if it be one, is certainly like truth, if the results of *The Mail's* work are any gauge.

But however much amusement *The Mail* may cause its readers while discarding of its "chagrin" and its efforts against Mr. Mowat, the reader cannot fail to see that it is an amusement similar to that derived from playing with a tiger. The great French humorist says in one of his essays that when his cat played "apish tricks" for his edification, he could not be sure that after all it was not the cat who was laughing at him. *The Mail* appears to have been playing the part of Montaigne's cat with the Conservatives. For this we, in a party sense, have only thanks to offer its management, and we have for months regarded the paper as doing the Liberal cause good which could hardly be overrated. But the tiger has tasted its first revengeful blood, and its teeth must be drawn and its claws cut.

We "shall not cease to preach it be the political consequences what they may." So says *The Mail*.

What do the province and country think of that? As to the ultimate result of that preaching, if any should listen and practice it, there can be no doubt. The "political consequences" have been again and again foreshadowed in these columns. The future of this great country, cradled in difficulty perhaps, but still full of hope and promise, would be imperilled. Antipathies the most bitter, now kindled by the pernicious Toronto sheet, would burst into almost inextinguishable fire. The national work of which our great dead dreamed and others tried to build would fall almost before its foundations have knitted. And all to gratify, if not as alleged, personal spite at least the aspirations of a villainous faction.

The lesson taught by the voting on Tuesday seems to be that the people are alive to the "political consequences" which *The Mail* threatens. It is well, but the snake is but scotched, not killed. Let the people of Canada remember that.

THE WAIL OF "THE MAIL."

Like a Turkish robber impaled on a forty foot pole, *The Mail* howls impotently to the deaf heavens. It was always good, always true; it is innocent! Public opinion has no right to impute good, honest men who understand the eternal verities better than anybody else on earth. And the people who applaud the cruel exhibition are merely blind, ignorant creatures whom "no sense of wrong can rouse to anger." What matters it, though Protestants and Catholics unite to condemn the course of the chief organ of Boodism, both are wrong. They know not what they do.

Even its Tory contemporaries, the *Montreal Gazette*, *La Minerve*, *The Quebec Chronicle*, *The Kingston News*, all of whom would have joined with *The Mail* in singing an *Io Pagan* had Mowat been defeated, are scornfully rebuked for attributing the rout of the Tories to the action of the chief organ. We shall see how long this topknot spirit will endure. But if we may be allowed to indulge in prophecy, we would predict that there will soon be another change in the management of *The Mail*. The Orangemen of Canada are neither so numerous, so wealthy, or so generous as to support a daily exponent of their views and principles. It is as much as they can do to keep their regular weekly mouthpiece, *The Sentinel*, going. They are a suspicious people, too, and some of them go so far as to say that Archbishop Lynch and Mr. Farrar put up a job on them! How full of anguish such a thought must be only an Orangeman can tell. O no! *The Mail* may solemnly declare that it will continue its crusade against the Catholic Church regardless of consequences—"pursue the path which honest conviction marks out, and the light of coming events illumines"—we are prepared to assert that "political exigencies" will soon find a way for changing that tune. Our reason for entertaining this belief is that the leaders of the Tory party have not lost their senses. We blame them for having made a profound mistake, but we give them credit for enough sagacity to see the enormity of their blunder, and enough tactical skill to endeavor to retrieve it. Should we be mistaken all the worse for them.

But, should our prophecy fail of fulfillment, and *The Mail* continue its present course of vilifying the Catholic Church, crying down Catholic institutions, abusing Catholics generally, as "herded together and sold to the highest bidder," and at the same time support Sir John Macdonald and the Tory party with all its genius and influence, then we shall enter upon the Federal election contest with absolute certainty of success. In that case we will know that the Tory party is determined to stake its existence on "No Popery" principles in the Federal arena as it did in Ontario.

We never believed the chief organ of Toryism was sincere in its fanatical ravings. We give it no credit for sincerity, in its present declaration of its intention to continue them. And, should it experience a change, we must still refuse to give it credit for sincerity. It is so circumstanced that it cannot pass out of the hands of its present proprietors without a sacrifice too tremendous for them to contemplate, and their lives and fortunes are bound up in the Tory party. Hereafter, perhaps, when Sir John Macdonald will have ceased to be the leader of that party, *The Mail* may repudiate its present course, and, as *The Globe*

has done, assume a better, wiser attitude under the direction of men of larger views and sounder judgment.

The federal elections are close at hand. The lines on which they will be fought are the same as those which were followed in the local contests of Quebec and Ontario. The attitude of the Liberal party is clearly defined. The speeches of Mr. Laurier and others; the unwavering policy of the Liberal press, have established in the minds of all men a clear understanding of the issues on which the Liberal party goes to the country. On the other hand the Tories are held to account for the innumerable crimes and misfortunes of their administration. And, as if to complete the madness which is said to be bestowed by the gods on those whom they wish to destroy, they have deliberately increased their diabolical record by an infamous attempt to raise a war of race and religion.

The Mail talks about "The cry, long heard and long unheeded, of the Quebec minority for relief from inequitable laws; the extraordinary success of the Rielite movement, which is directed and controlled by the Ultramontane apostles of French Canadian nativism and ecclesiastical privilege; the steady inroads which the Church is making upon the rights of Catholic and Protestant in Ontario; the return of three Rielite members to the Legislature; the commanding influence which Archbishop Lynch and Mgr. Cleary have earned in Ontario affairs for the next four years; and, above all, the tremendous tension between the two races in the English settlements in Quebec and in the French settlements in Ontario."

Such alarming phenomena as these, *The Mail* thinks, would in other lands be regarded as the precursors of civil war, and it seems to be astonished that nobody but itself is convinced that "the day for dalliance with the political power of the Papacy in Canada is past." All this is extremely melancholy, but since nobody but *The Mail* appears to be alarmed, we may preserve our equanimity. With the abolition of Macdonaldism the wail of *The Mail* will cease forever, and the cry of "No Popery and Boodle" will be heard no more.

MR. BLAKE ON THE MAIL.

The Mail, or, correctly speaking perhaps, its management, evidently possesses that malignant power known as the Evil Eye. An Italian would hold up his hand with the two middle fingers bent every time he passed its gloomy looking offices. Whoever it takes under its wing in a public sense perishes ignobly. Whatever it advocates is regarded with suspicion. Whoever it abuses and endeavors to crush rises with increased strength, and whoever it may persecute is regarded as a "blessed martyr," and may deem himself safe for anything he chooses to ask at the public hands. This is a condition which seems to have had some embittering influence on the management of the paper. There is a story aloft to the effect that Sir John Macdonald, like the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, has the well-known Scottish dislike of "unlucky" people, and has for a very long time past felt distrust and fear whenever measures of public moment were advocated by the leading Conservative journal. Be this as it may, results have more than justified his alleged dislike for the unlucky paper. It has brought nothing but disaster to the party it has pretended to support from the moment of its ill-omened birth. Its evil fortune seems to have made it case-hardened, and its present course seems to suggest that its management is in some such gloomy mood as the "Murderer" in *Macbeth*.

When the vile blows and buffets of the world Have so increased that I am reckless what I do to spite the world.

So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune, That I would set my life on any chance To mend it or rid it of it.

For "world" read "party and public" and we almost hear *The Mail* speaking.

Well may that paper cry:—save me from those who ought to be my friends. And now, as if it was not in trouble enough in consequence of its recent escapades, so disastrous to the Tories, Mr. T. C. Patterson must needs draw down upon its unhappy back the merciless lash of the Hon. Edward Blake. It happened in this way. Mr. Patterson was manager and chief editor of the unfortunate sheet in its earlier days, when its scurrility was even more florid than it is now. Every morning the vilest abuse was heaped upon somebody. At last the late lamented Hon. Adam Crooks fell under the harrow, but the managing editor found that he had been barking up the wrong tree, and was speedily hauled before a judge and jury, there to be duly punished. Then it was that a phrase, which has stuck to *The Mail* ever since, became public property. It was said that *The Mail* had to "stab some grit under the fifth rib every morning," and "Rib stabber" has been the nickname of *The Mail* ever since. It fell out that Mr. Blake referred, a few days ago, to this familiar incident in his Orillia speech. Thereupon Mr. Patterson, who has retired to the comfortable seclusion of the Toronto Postmastership, rushed out to break a lance with Mr. Blake. In brief, Mr. Patterson denied the authorship of the phrase, and said that it was the invention of an employee in *The Mail* office, and a junior one at that, but whether that irresponsible junior originated the phrase or merely repeated what he had heard "up stairs," is not stated. But the point is not an important one in the eyes of Mr. Blake, who, however, makes out a very good case in support of his theory that Mr. Patterson was the author of the phrase. Having stated that "I freely accept your denial," Mr. Blake proceeds to lay the lash on as follows:—

"You must allow me to add that, as plainly appears from my speech, it was not the use of the words, but the doing of the thing, that I was reproaching. I hold to the view that the terre and pic-

unreque phrase, used twelve years ago by a Mail officer over *The Mail* counter, admirably described the editorial management of his then superior.

"Indeed I think that, had that officer been borne ever since on the vessel's hooks, he might have truthfully declared to-day, 'no matter how often the *Black Mail* had changed owners and captains, crew and pilot; no matter by what merchants she was chartered, what freights she was paid, with what goods she was laden, in what company she sailed, to whom she was consigned; no matter what canvas she carried, what weather she met, what winds impelled her, what seas she crossed, what tacks she made, what courses she steered, how her compass varied, on what lee shores, or shifting sands, or rotten rocks she ran; no matter how her rig and hull and armament were changed, against whom her guns were pointed, what ransom she levied, what fraudulent manifests she carried, what double logs she kept, what false papers she produced, what false lights she showed; no matter what colors she was painted or what other flags she flew; yet the old craft might be always recognized by the black signal, run up when first she reached the open water, and kept flying ever since, with its pirate's devices of a death's head and crossbones, and the goy form of an unhappy Grit, fresh stabbed under the fifth rib each lawful day."

This is "word-painting," and it describes the unhappy sheet which Liberals and Tories alike dread, and whose support the former would as soon be without, potent though it has proved within the past few days, and more potent it is likely to prove in the future, if the ill-starred journal continues its mischievous ways.

THE WAR CLOUD IN EUROPE.

A more pitiable spectacle, or one more calculated to awaken the heartiest sympathies of all lovers of freedom for oppressed nationalities, could not be presented than that of Bulgaria struggling to establish constitutional government. Left to themselves, the Bulgarians were in a fair way to erect an independent constitutional State. They had found in Prince Alexander a man whose popular sympathies and personal courage supplied the qualities they needed. But it suited the designs of neither Russia nor Austria to let a constitutional power, possessing popular, as opposed to despotic, institutions, should be established on the Balkan peninsula.

Romanoff, Hapsburg or Hohenzollern have never relinquished the principles of the Holy Alliance, and should either of the latter recede in earnest from them they would have to prepare for a death grapple with the first. The keynote of European politics has been, since the fall of Bonaparte, the unbending opposition of the rulers of the Triple Alliance to everything favoring of liberty, or even constitutional government, freely accepted by monarchs. True, the Emperor of Austria has been compelled to accept a constitution, and Hungary enjoys her ancient institutions of government, but in the ramers of war that now come to us across the Atlantic, we can discern the familiar historic cries of the people in protest against the encroachments of tyrants without, as well as within, the borders of nations struggling to be free.

Race, a will never permit the establishment of a free state, such as Bulgaria is striving to become, upon her borders. To do so would be a reversal of that policy which she has pursued, with relentless energy, since the days of Peter the Great. Despotism cannot tolerate the existence of any form of government than its own. In the eyes of the Czar the very thought of liberty is blasphemy—a crime not only against himself but against the Almighty—for which no punishment is too great. And he is prepared to smother the Bulgarians in their own blood sooner than permit them to erect upon his borders a form of government which he regards as revolutionary and a menace to the institutions of despotism. The same spirit animates the Imperial heads of Austria and Germany, and history has prepared us to refuse, from astonishment should the threatened war in Europe be nothing more than an invitation to the Czar to put his legions in motion to suppress the rising tide of democracy in the south of eastern Europe. It would not be the first time that Russian bayonets were employed to crush constitutional freedom within the dominions of Austria.

It cannot be believed by any one who is conversant with the last century of European history, that Russia and Austria are really going to war. Pretences are plentiful for massing troops on their respective frontiers, but the genius of Bismarck still stays, though that arch-enemy of liberty be dead, the councils of both emperors. Their object is plain. It is to extinguish all hope of freedom among the people of the late Turkish provinces and to divide the plunder of the Sick Man between them.

This is what history teaches us to expect. It may be, however, that Austria has become alarmed at the approach of the gigantic power with which she has hitherto acted in harmony, and perceives that in backing the cause of the struggling nationalities lies the only hope of her own salvation. This is the idea which British diplomacy has endeavored to instill into the Austrian. But without the moral and material assistance of England, Austria cannot successfully resist the secret intrigues or open hostility of Russia. We prefer, however, to think, in accordance with experience, that a secret understanding exists between Romanoff and the Hapsburgs; that hatred of popular rights and greed for territory are stronger motives than resentment on one side and fear on the other.

Under these conditions it is deeply to be regretted that France should be wrought upon with the hope of a Russian alliance to estrange herself from England. Still more regrettable is it that England, under Tory auspices, should refuse those reforms to Ireland, the granting of which can alone enable her to face the coming European cataclysm.

In the complications which now threaten the peace of the world, America is playing no insignificant part. The unprecedented spectacle of great, free, industrial nations, in itself a menace of tremendous import to the military despotisms of Europe. But it is the enormous productiveness of America in food and manufactures which is their immediate difficulty. American ideas of liberty, with the products of American labor and enterprise, are forces of incalculable importance. The one educates, the democracy, and the other tends to beggar the workmen of Europe. Hence the protective tariffs of European State. But no system of tariffs can prevent the slow paralysis